

MCCALL'S

NOVEMBER 1927

★ TEN CENTS



FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES
- HESTER PRYNNE -
The Ninth of a Series Being Painted
by Neysa McMein . . . See page 32

DEAR WAR MOTHERS: XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX by GENERAL PERSHING

A NEW NOVEL by ETHEL M. DELL

***** IN THIS ISSUE *****

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Again...Armstrong sets the fashion in floors

Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Design No. 89

New and exclusive creations of Armstrong designers bring floors of lasting beauty within the means of all.

ARCHITECTS, decorators, designers—all have been called upon to help make the floors in our homes more than just something to walk on. Out of literally hundreds of suggested floor motifs, Armstrong's expert designers have created a series of floor effects that set a new fashion in floors.

The floor you see above is one of these new designs first introduced this season. Style and elegance are reflected in its squares of richly marbled black. Such a floor is "at home" in the most stately interior, and in the room of simple design as well. It makes a floor of unusual beauty—and a

practical floor, too, that does not show footmarks.

This black marble effect in Armstrong's Linoleum is just one example. There are scores of designs—for large rooms, for small rooms, for period design, for modern effects—and for every size of budget. All usher in a new fashion in floors—a practical fashion you can follow without being the least bit extravagant.

Your local department, furniture, or linoleum store will tell you how little these new Armstrong Floors of permanent beauty cost for any room of your house. Call in and learn how quickly any new Armstrong design you select can be cemented over your old wood floors how these modern floors never need scrubbing, never need expensive refinishing.

Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
trademark on
the linoleum back



Embossed Inlaid No. 6005



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And write for
Hazel Dell Brown's new book entitled, "The Attractive Home." Full color illustrations of model interiors. Color scheme planning explained. An offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. Send 10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2659 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPE . . . ARABESQ . . . PRINTED

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BEDROOMS in the homes of WELL KNOWN WOMEN



The Princess
NINA of RUSSIA
SISTER OF
MRS. W. B. LEEDS

The Princess Nina of Russia is the sister of the Princess Xenia, better known in this country as Mrs. William B. Leeds. They are cousins to the late Czar of Russia. Princess Nina, who by marriage is Princess Paul Chavchavadze, makes her home in England but often visits her sister at "Kenwood," her great Long Island estate overlooking Cold Spring Harbor.

IN these delightful bedrooms—typical of hundreds in America's better homes—the schemes differ yet each has individuality and charm. In each the most important piece is a Simmons Bed. For Simmons Beds, by the largest makers of beds in the world, offer the widest choice in pattern. Being of metal they are amazingly durable.

They come in many color schemes from demure soft greens and parchment tones to the brilliance of lacquer red. And their wood finishes—mahogany and walnut—are so nicely grained that they perfectly simulate the natural wood.

In furniture and department stores you will find Simmons Beds, from \$10 to \$60; Simmons Mattresses, \$10 to \$100; Springs, \$7 to \$60. The name, Simmons, is on every one. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



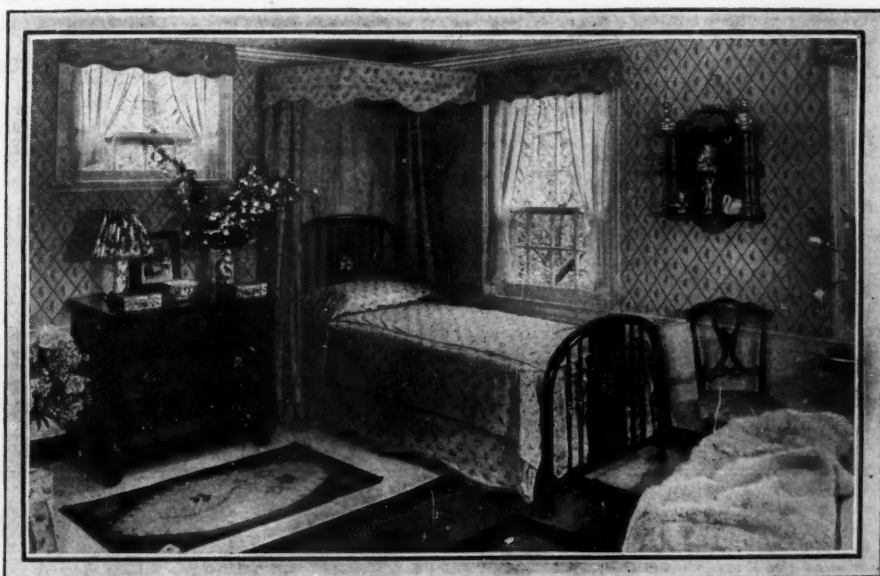
Mrs.
CAMERON
TIFFANY

Mrs. Cameron Tiffany is a member of a leading New York family, world traveler, and generous giver to charities. Mrs. Tiffany says: "Having just returned from a trip around the world, and having experienced the bad beds of the East, I am glad to return to my own Simmons Bed. The two poles of comfort are an Indian sleeping car and a Simmons Bed."



**A BEDROOM
IN MRS. LEEDS' HOME**

(top picture) A room of dignity, elegance and color, furnished with a green-and-gold lacquer desk, commode and bed table; yellow damask curtains; and a Simmons metal bed, Model No. 1588, painted green with yellow damask counterpane. Of this slender-spindled bed, Princess Nina, when visiting her sister recently, said: "My charming Simmons metal bed is characteristically American, with slender spindles quite new to me. It typifies your national genius for beauty of line, for precision in every detail."



**MRS. TIFFANY'S
CHARMING BEDROOM**

(lower picture) In "Glen Nevis," her Long Island country home, two hundred years old. It overlooks an orchard and is enchanting in a scheme of pink, white and green. An old armoire, a chest of drawers and a metal bed by Simmons in walnut finish with old fashioned canopy of green glazed chintz, complete this delightful room. This bed, Simmons Model No. 1540, with slim turned spindles and panels with little knots of flowers, seems fairly to have been made for this quaint canopied retreat.

SIMMONS BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES
{BUILT FOR SLEEP}



FOR HOME AND HARVEST GIVE THANKS
Illustration by Hubert W. Logan

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

By REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



LET us give thanks! For the old sweet fashions of nature, for the ritual of its seasons, for the wonder of seed-time, summer and autumn harvest; for the stores of material good for our use and blessing; for the spur of necessity which impels industry; for the sky over all, deepening as we gaze, and for that other heaven within which widens into strange distances.



LET us give thanks! For the old world-road along which we journey, trodden by so many feet before us; for the flowers of Divine grace and human kindness along the way; for the thorns that require careful handling, and the disciplines and tasks that train us for strength and honor; for the Kindly Light that leads us, for the love that heals our hurts and the mercy that lifts us when we fall.

LET us give thanks! For our country and its laws; for home and family and the dear love of comrades; for the sorrows that subdue us to sobs and weld us in love unto our kind; for the growth of pity and justice in the hearts of men; for the increasing purpose of goodwill running through the years; for all teachers of art and insight who interpret to us the way and the will of the Eternal!



LET us give thanks! For the organization of life in education, art and character; for the fellowship of man in spiritual faith, moral endeavor, and the quest of truth; for the dream that love will one day everywhere prevail to the confounding of all unkindness, all uncleanness; for God the Father of all—who is the meaning of life, the home of the soul and the hope that "love can never lose its own." Amen.

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LES PARFUMS COTY

THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITES

L'ORIGAN — *the matchless fragrance, expressing the most enthralling of women, exquisitely sophisticated in the grace of life.*
 "PARIS," — *with its thrilling gaiety, its tantalizing charm, its vanquishing loveliness — wholly adorable and bewitching.*
 COTY CHYPRE — *exotic delight, seductive enchantment, entangling itself in the senses, subtle, eastern, ardent.*
 EMERAUDE — *the perfume of ecstasy, brilliant and languorous — and always, for each, a different facet of fragrance.*

CREATIONS IN THESE PERFUMES

{ ESSENCE
EAU DE TOILETTE
BRILLANTINE
HAIR LOTION
FACE POWDER
DUSTING POWDER
COMPACTE
SACHET
TALC }



2 OZ. CRYSTAL FLACONS (illustrated) EACH IN FANCY BOX
 also PURSE SIZES of 1 OZ., ½ OZ., AND ¼ OZ.

COTY INC.
 714 Fifth Avenue, New York.
 CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal



For rose-petal complexions— hothouse coddling?

Ask the doctor!

Not so long ago a certain young woman we know was talking to her doctor. . . . "My skin isn't as fine and fresh as it was," she told him, "and I'm only twenty-five. What is the matter?"

"What do you do to your skin?" was the doctor's question. And when he found out that she was trying to cleanse her skin with costly creams, and using lotions and astringents, he said: "Why not try washing your face with Ivory Soap and warm water?"

"Just soap-and-water?" she asked—in surprised protest, she told us later. "But my skin is so sensitive!"

And then the doctor said something like this: hot-house coddling is *not* good for human skins. It tends to *make* them sensitive—is all too likely to age them before their time. Beautiful complexions are the result, first of all, of good health. Second,

of real cleanliness. And *real* cleanliness is soap-and-water cleanliness.

With Ivory Soap, warm water, cool rinses, and a little cold cream, her doctor said her complexion would be finer, fresher and much better able to withstand wind and weather. He was right, of course, and her skin has improved—noticeably.

Why do you suppose doctors recommend Ivory? Because they know that Ivory is pure and gentle.

For nearly fifty years Ivory has been keeping the skin of tiny babies soft and smooth and unfretted, and has been guarding millions of lovely, grown-up complexions. For Ivory gives what every skin needs to be its loveliest—*safe* cleansing . . . the safe cleansing that a soap can offer only when, like Ivory, it is *as pure as a soap can be*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap

Kind to everything it touches
99 $\frac{1}{100}$ % Pure • It Floats

Beauty receives a gift—and a heart

"One minute more of delay," roared the King, "and somebody's head is coming off. We're three hours late starting on this journey now! Why isn't my royal daughter ready?"

"Please, your Majesty," spoke up a page timidly, "but the Princess Melisande has mislaid the box containing all her beauty soaps and lotions and creams."

Melisande: (arriving breathless)—"I'm so sorry I'm late, father dear, but I've been having the most *interesting* conversation."

His Majesty: (exploding)—"Conversation! With those beauty thingum-bobs?"

Melisande: "Oh, I couldn't find those. But the nicest prince just brought me from the Far West—what do you think—some *Ivory Soap*! Isn't that marvelous? Now my royal mother won't have to worry any more about the things I've been doing to my complexion."

His Majesty: "Where is this enterprising prince? He shall be rewarded!"

Melisande: (blushing)—"He is changing horses. He's coming along so that he can talk to you about a *very special reward*!"



McCALL'S

FOR
NOVEMBER · · MCMXXVII



HEADQUARTERS
GENERAL OF THE ARMIES
WASHINGTON

Dear War Mothers:

A DECADE ago the Gold Star Mother made the supreme gift to the nation. The solemn pride of the mothers of another generation was hers when she "laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom." The tribute which the great heart of Lincoln then paid to the mothers of the Civil War we pay to the mothers of our day.

We know what service the women of America rendered during the World War. We saw them marshalled by the millions in the homes, the canteens, yea, on the very battlefields. We saw them bravely fighting back the tears when sending their sons, their husbands, their sweethearts into the unknown. Peace-loving women who had not seen the battle flags nor heard the tramp of marching men for almost a generation rose to the heights of sublimity. Theirs were the words of the Spartan mother of old, "Come home, my son, with your shield or upon it."

The bugles are not blowing, the drums of war are not now throbbing. Yet a grateful country needs the Gold Star Mother just as much today as it did then. She cannot be less fearless, less brave, nor less unswerving in devotion to her country than she was ten years ago. We reach out for her support, her patriotism, her moral grandeur just as we did in those troublous days.

For now we are engaged in another conflict—penetrating and insidious, led by so-called pacifists, demagogues and others who would undermine the foundations of free government. They employ even more dangerous weapons than shot and shell. Through unwholesome propaganda they would lure us into the strange and uncharted sea of internationalism and communism. They would destroy all that we cherish and substitute in its place something of hideous mien.

Under the guise of lofty purpose the present day enemy tells us that preparation for national defense is not necessary to prevent the tragedies that have come upon us each time we have been called to arms. This enemy seeks to hypnotize the thoughtless through the fallacious theory that by training our youth for defense we are encouraging war. The truth is exactly the contrary. Without exception along with their elementary physical and military training and discipline, specific instruction is given these young men in the obligations of citizenship, and no well informed citizen can ever be in favor of aggressive war.

We are a peaceful people as all the world knows, but to sit and idly dream of peace is not a guarantee against war. The development of a real and adequate system of national defense is the surest means of preserving honorable peace. None of us wants war, but if our rights are not worth protecting they are not worth having. If we are not ready to defend them, we deserve to lose them.

Never yet has lack of preparation prevented attack by an aggressive foe. Yet the blind or foolish pacifist propaganda of today seeks to shake

even the steady sublime faith of the mothers of those of our comrades who were called upon to make the final sacrifice in battle. They tell these mothers that it is a terrible thing to teach our youth to handle a gun and shoot it. They call those who believe even in moderate preparation "Imperialists." If we dare say that another war is possible, they term us "Militarists." Are we to become apologists for America? Have all our wars been wrong? Is one who defends his country's rights in error? These questions most logically follow the arguments of the pacifist.

But I ask you in all earnestness, who in our country is a militarist? Am I a militarist who would turn our people over to military domination? I have spent my life as an honest advocate of peace because I detest war. I pray to God that America may not again be compelled

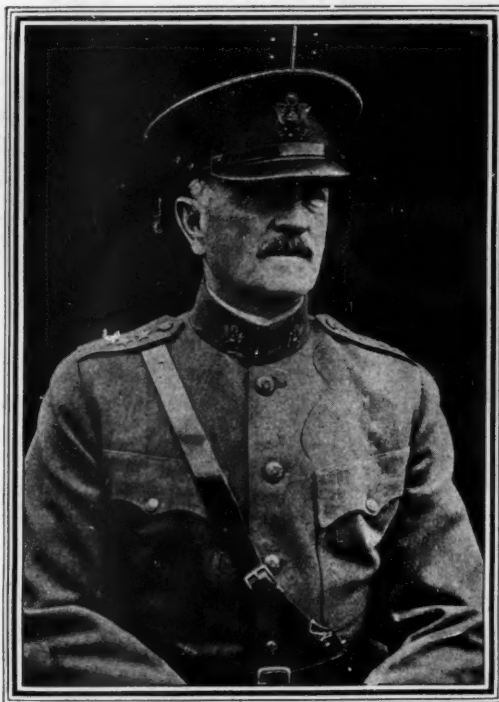
to send her armies into battle. But even now ten years after the greatest of all wars we see in the world the same conditions that have ever led to conflict.

The millenium has not arrived. Peoples are not yet free of jealousy and covetousness. We cannot yet look out upon human nature and say, "All men are honest; we must beat our swords into plowshares." Let us not deceive ourselves and indulge the phantom of hope that we are safe. Our wealth and our greatness are not a protection but a temptation.

The system of national defense that was adopted in 1920 is one of the greatest movements for peace and security ever undertaken by the American people. After a century and a half of inaction we have adopted a modest, economical plan capable of expansion which embraces a small regular army, a well organized though limited number of national guard, or state troops, and a proportion of selected men from civil life listed as reserves. Supplementary to these are young men trained in Summer camps and colleges to become officers in case of need.

If we had initiated such a system a generation ago, it is altogether probable that we should not have been forced into the World War. Or, once in the war, if we had been able to throw even half a million fighting men into the field in the Spring and Summer of 1917, it could have been ended that year.

A letter has recently been found written by George Washington, dated Mount Vernon, November 18, 1781, about a month after the surrender of Cornwallis. Speaking of that event in this letter, he says, "If it should be the means of relaxation and sink us into supineness and security it had better not have happened. Great Britain for some time past has been encouraged by the impolicy of our conduct to continue the war. One thing we are sure of and that is, that the only certain way to obtain peace is to be prepared for war." The enemy we must combat today seeks to find lodgment in the tender emotional nature of our women for his vain reasoning, his false delusion. He seeks to persuade the dauntless [Turn to page 113]



General John J. Pershing



ROMANCE LIVES ANEW
in Every Glowing Line of This Great Novel by Ethel M. Dell

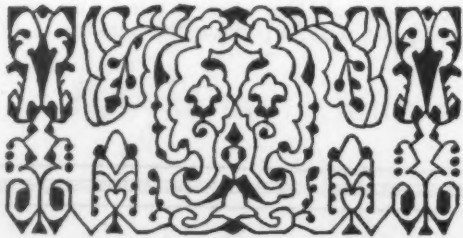


"Oh, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF," SHE SAID, TORN BETWEEN ANGER AND DISTRESS

BY REQUEST

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



PEGGY MUSGRAVE! Peggy Musgrave! Marguerita! Where are you?"

The ringing voice sent its clear call across the playing-fields in advance of its owner who was scudding over the ground as fast as her active young legs would carry her. The July sun was sinking behind the elm trees where the rooks were cawing to each other with immense zeal. It was the last official school-day of the term, and there was to be a great gathering of parents on the morrow for the prize-giving and concert of the year. And after that Peggy Musgrave—Marguerita, as they had dubbed her—was going to leave for good. She was the head of the school, and no one knew quite what was going to happen without her, least of all the little flying sprite of a girl with her vivid red-brown hair and laughing eyes who was to succeed her in the place of authority. "For," as she had been heard to remark, "no one would be such an ass as to do what I told them."

Yet little Joan Mordaunt who was seventeen in spite of her extremely youthful appearance was not without influence, as the Head had realized long since. There was pent in her small frame an energy which asserted itself perpetually, and close association with Peggy Musgrave had done much to train it in the right direction. For Peggy Musgrave at eighteen was a prize pupil of whom any school might be proud.

She was of a far more feminine type than her tomboy friend, Joan; a very fair girl with deep blue eyes and a most bewitching mouth and chin. That everyone loved her was not surprising, but she commanded more than

love. It was the standing small bundle to her of India succeeded simple for year mother's that fun at all re eyes ha hard to cried. In to dry child's b

That n but Unc Muriel a gracious been her and for was not to her. F far-off d had gone Muriel, a never ret even thre had avail was old leave his left in l his pers

"Peggy to fetch he said. for her."

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"I don't here any r friend's be "It's not p only have ing to Indi been presen it have bee "Never r and we'll l

love. There was in her strength as well as sweetness, and it was to this strength that little Joan owed a great deal of her own development. Their friendship was of long standing, dating from a certain night when Peggy, a small mother of eleven, had clasped Joan, a sobbing bundle of homesick babyhood barely a year her junior, to her breast and comforted her with long, weird tales of India narrated in a sibilant whisper until sleep had succeeded the tears. Peggy was never homesick, for the simple reason that she had been parted from her parents for years. Peggy had not even wept when the news of her mother's death had been very tenderly broken to her by that funny little man, Uncle Nick, who was no relation at all really, only a sort of self-constituted guardian. Her eyes had grown big and dark, and she had tried very hard to grasp the meaning of it all, but she had not cried. In fact, it was she who, maternal again, had tried to dry Nick's tears, holding him very tightly to her child's heart and entreating him to "Never mind!"

That mother was no more than a dream to Peggy now, but Uncle Nick was a very living reality, and dear Aunt Muriel also who had always been her ideal of loving, gracious womanhood. To become like Aunt Muriel had been her aspiration for as long as she had known her, and for years she had nursed a secret regret that she was not the daughter of those two who meant so much to her. For she had not seen her own father since those far-off days when her mother had been there too. They had gone back to India and left her with Nick and Muriel, and then her mother had died and her father had never returned. Nick had often urged him to do so, had even threatened to go out and fetch him, but no threats had availed. His little girl must come to him when she was old enough, Will Musgrave said, but he could not leave his work in India to go to her. Work was all he had left in life to interest him. And so Nick had ceased his persuasions at last, realizing their utter futility.

"Peggy will have to fetch him home," he said. "He'll come for her."

And thus, while Peggy was growing up in England, her father had pursued his work in the Civil Service till he had made for himself a name that stood practically at the head of the engineering world in India. He was Sir William Musgrave now and had a great many letters after his name, but worldly success was dust and ashes to him. He worked for work's sake alone, to still, or at least in a measure to forget, the emptiness of his heart. There was no other palliative for his soul's hunger.

"If I don't keep on working I shall go mad," he had written to Nick once. "As for my poor little girl, I know too well that she is better off in your care than she would be in mine." It was this letter which had made Nick relinquish his efforts to bring Will home.

And now his little girl was eighteen and ready to go to him. Her last day of school life had arrived. Tomorrow she would be a sort of vice-hostess at Elm Mead where she had been for so long a pupil, and the next day she would be gone.

"I don't believe that after tomorrow you'll never be here any more," said Joan, perched on the side of her friend's bed and swinging a bare leg contemplatively. "It's not possible. I don't believe it's true. If you could only have stayed another year, and then, instead of going to India, if you could have come up to London and been presented with me as we planned! Peggy, wouldn't it have been much nicer?"

"Never mind!" she continued. "You're not going yet, and we'll have some ripping times these holidays first.

And all the Olympians are arriving tomorrow; just think of it! Your Uncle Nick, my daddy and mummy and Violet's. By the way, did you hear that Aunt Olga and the children are going down to Weir for part of the holidays to be with Dr. Jim, and perhaps Uncle Max too? And if I am down at Brethaven with you at the same time it will be ever so jolly, won't it? I do so love being at Redlands in the Summer, don't you?"

"It's my home," said Peggy, but she said it rather wistfully, for it would not be her home much longer.

THE gathering on the lawns of Elm Mead on the following day was a record in the school annals. This Summer celebration was looked upon as the great day of the year at which nearly every girl could boast of a relative to represent Home.

That Peggy Musgrave, the beloved head-girl, could not do so was a matter for commiseration with some, though others declared that to have a substitute in the form of Nick Ratcliffe was more than compensation for the fact. He arrived early with his dark, graceful wife who spoke so little but whom Peggy loved so devotedly. Nick Ratcliffe at forty-five was quite as unimposing of appearance as he had ever been. His meager frame was as straight and full of energy as in his Indian days, his face rather more like old parchment than of yore.

To Peggy who had just presented a rather piteous and by no means hopeful suggestion that he and Muriel might feel tempted to accompany her to India for a cold weather season, he explained the situation as they walked up and down in the sunshine.

"You see, dear, it isn't that I won't or Muriel won't. We've talked it over dozens of times. If it weren't for dear old Brother Jim—but he's getting on in life; he isn't the man he was, never has been since young Jim was killed. If the other two lads hadn't gone in for this South African farming business, it would have been a different

would say the same. He owes him a good deal too." "Oh, why won't he come home?" said Peggy despairingly.

"That'll be your job," said Nick cheerily. "You've got to make him. And by the way, I think I've got hold of some one who will take care of you on the way out. But we'll discuss that later. Hullo, there's Violet! Jove! What long legs! Hullo, kiddie, hullo!" He raised his voice. "Come and talk to your old great-uncle!"

He left Peggy and went to meet her, Violet tearing along the terrace as fast as the aforesaid legs would carry her and flinging herself precipitately upon him.

"Oh, Uncle Nick, I didn't know you'd come! Mummy isn't here yet, and I never thought you'd be so early. Oh, it is good to see you again! How perfectly sweet you look!"

Nick's laugh, cracked and cheery, answered her. And then, a moment later, "Hullo! There's Max getting out of that car! And who is the lady with him? That isn't Olga."

"Oh!" cried Olga's daughter. "That's Aunt Chris! Mummy can't have come!"

She left, as she had arrived, like a miniature whirlwind, and Nick and Peggy followed at a quieter pace to greet the new arrivals.

THE proceedings came to an end at length, and the great day was over. The Olympians prepared to depart. Peggy and Joan, looking very childish in their white frocks, came up to say goodnight.

"And we all meet again tomorrow," said Muriel, with Peggy's hand close held in hers. "When are you coming down to Brethaven, Joan?"

"When Mummy goes to Scotland, please," said Joan promptly. "We've fixed it all up, thank you ever so much, dear Aunt Muriel, so that Peggy and I can see as much of each other as we possibly can these holidays. My

brother Bertie is going to Scotland too, so he won't miss me, and he'll see lots of me at Christmas anyway. I shan't have anything else to do then."

"So you're not coming near us any more when once Peggy has gone!" said Nick.

She shook her head in silence, her hand in Peggy's arm.

"Oh, Joan, darling!" said her mother reproachfully.

Peggy turned swiftly. "It isn't Joan's fault, Aunt Chris. You'd—you'd feel the same. I know you would."

Joan's eyes were full of tears, and her throat was working. Nick flung himself after Peggy into the breach. "Well, I hope Aunt Chris will ask me instead then, for I can't afford to lose all my nieces at once. And as for my boy Reggie, of course he'll be heart-broken. In fact, I don't know how I shall break it to him."

"You must all come," said Chris. "We'll have a jolly party. I am hoping that Noel may be home for Christmas. He hasn't taken home leave for about ten years. Wouldn't it be

nice if we could get everybody together—you, Max, and Olga, and everyone?"

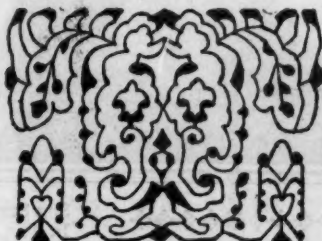
"All but my Peggy!" murmured Muriel, squeezing the girl's hand more tightly.

Peggy looked at her with a quick, brave smile. "Daddy and I may be coming home by then," she said.

Muriel smiled also while



"SHE'S LIKE AN EEL," HE COMMENTED, "BUT I'LL CATCH HER"



matter. Of course they don't see why he can't go out to them, but I do, and I can't leave the poor old chap as things are. Olga does what she can, but with three kids to look after at home as well as Max, she naturally can't do much—I owe him more than I can ever repay in any case. Your father

she stifled a sigh. "I shall have to set out myself and fetch you both if you are not," she said.

Joan recovered her speech with a great effort. "It's a horrid shame if Uncle Noel does come home just as you are going out," she said. "He's the only person in India that you know. Some one ought to write and tell him he is to stay out there and take care of you."

"Oh, don't be silly, Joan!" said Peggy with some impatience. "I shan't want anyone to take care of me besides my father."

When the others had departed, Peggy and Joan went up the stairs arm in arm for the last time and parted at Peggy's door.

"We won't stay up and gossip tonight, dear," she said, when Joan would have entered. "We shall see lots more of each other at Redlands. We'll wait till then."

Joan clasped her close. "I don't know how I shall come back to this place without you," she said, with tears in her voice. "Mummy would take me away, I know, but Daddy won't. I've done my best to persuade him, but he simply won't listen."

"I expect he's right," Peggy said. "It would be shirking, wouldn't it?"

Joan hugged her again and turned to depart. "Where there's a will, there's a way," she said.

Peggy entered her room alone, and softly closed the door.

It was full of moonlight and she did not turn on the light, but went to the window and stood there, looking forth upon the old elms, gray and still in the quiet night.

"I shall never see you again," she whispered to them, but she could not convince herself that it was true. Her mind wandered back over the years that were past, happy years, careless years, that could never come again. The régime of school life was past. A free road lay before her, and she was still too young to realize that only the mode of transit and not the choice of route was hers. Yet some mysterious sense of destiny was upon her that night, checking all presumptuous aspiration.

Dim memories of the land to which she was returning hovered cloud-like in her brain. A veranda with hanging rush screens which had been her playground was her most vivid recollection. Here her mother had sat—a white figure with patient eyes and strangely silvered hair; while other figures had come and gone, chief among them a young man whom she at six years old had always regarded as a boy of about her own age. This was Noel Wyndham—Noel the Wonderful, as she had since in strict privacy come to call him—closely related to the Olympians, Joan's uncle, in fact. Curiously, though her mother had figured in later days than had Noel, her vision of him was far clearer, infinitely more alive. Noel had been her playmate in a land where playmates were scarce. Noel had taught her to ride, earning her undying gratitude thereby.

At the back of her mind there had been a hope, scarcely acknowledged, that in fulfilling the obvious duty that called her to her father she might by some lucky chance renew the happy friendship of her baby days, but now this was dashed to the ground. Noel was coming home just as she was going out. They might actually pass each other on the way and neither would know.

She had woven no romance about him and had keenly resented

Joan's doing so on her behalf. She had never been a hero-worshipper, and in any case he had been too much of the comrade for that. But her loving regard for him had never changed. It would have given her immense pleasure to have seen him again. That the passage of years could in any way have altered him was a possibility that scarcely occurred to her. Noel at twenty-two had been the chosen playfellow on equal terms with the baby of six. Noel at thirty-four would probably be at least as young as herself at eighteen. She had sometimes had a troubled wonder if he would recognize her, but this also she had always dismissed as absurd. She was sure she had not changed to that extent.

"Oh, I wish you were going to be there, dear Noel," she whispered to the stars. "I wish—I wish you were!"

To have been sure of at least one friend in that veiled future that lay so blankly before her would have made such a difference.

HULLO, Peggy! Coming for a bathe?"

Reggie Ratcliffe, attired in a loose coat to hide the shortcomings of a bathing costume, and dangling a bath-towel round his neck, stopped under Peggy's window to dance a bare-footed jig for her edification.

Peggy, more elegantly arrayed in a blue silk mackintosh and a pale blue rubber cap, stood and watched him with humorous tolerance. Being practically the same age, she naturally regarded him with the eye of a mother. They were playfellows of many years standing, and the fact that he had succeeded a playfellow of more advanced age had probably fostered this attitude on her part.

"Yes, I'll come," she said, as he paused for breath in a nymph-like pose. "Go and put on your sand-shoes! You left them in the summer-house last night."

He held up his arms to her. "Jump! I'll catch you." His sunburnt face and merry smile had all the fascina-

tion of reckless youth, but though she smiled in answer they excited no answering recklessness.

"Run along! I'm coming," she said, and disappeared from the window.

Reggie did not run along. He waited for her on the precise spot on which she had seen him last, and when she came he sprang to meet her and enfolded her in a large hug before she could prevent him.

She emerged from it without coquetry, still smiling maternally. "What a great baby you are, Reggie! When are you going to grow up?"

"Is one obliged to grow up?" said Reggie. "I don't see the necessity myself."

"You will when you get your commission," she said. He laughed. "Yes, that'll be a thrill, won't it? You'll have to buckle on my sword, Peggy, and give me a favor to stick in my helmet."

"Oh, you can ask some one else to do that," said Peggy. "Some one young and romantic—like Joan!"

He made a face. "I wish to goodness Joan wasn't coming," he said. "It's much more fun without her."

Peggy opened her eyes. "Reggie! How can you say such a thing? Why, Joan is a darling—a darling!"

"Oh yes, I know," agreed Reggie impatiently. "But she's a nuisance all the same. She gets in the way."

"She doesn't!" said Peggy.

"Yes, she does. And after all, you and I were pals long before she came along. I don't know what you want with her when you've got me."

There was such obvious sincerity in the remark that Peggy did not smile at it. She treated it with the respect it merited.

"But, you see, dear," she said, "I shan't have you all the holidays in any case. You are sure to be gazetted in a few days, and then in another week or two I suppose you'll be gone."

"Don't call me 'dear'!" said Reggie unexpectedly.

"And I wouldn't mind you having her after I'm gone in the least, but I do think, all things considered, you needn't have her before."

Peggy turned her clear blue eyes upon him and surveyed him with serious interest.

"It never occurred to me," she said, "that you could get jealous of Joan."

"I'm not!" declared Reggie with some indignation. "But when girls get together they're so silly. It's always 'darling' this and 'dearest' that, and nothing but hats and dresses at the core. A fellow wouldn't be human if it didn't feed him up."

"I wonder if you will ever have anything to do with us at all," remarked Peggy with slightly heightened color.

"That's just it," said Reggie ingenuously. "I like you all separately, but I can't digest you in herds. I love you by yourself, Peggy; always have."

"That's very nice of you," said Peggy. They had reached the summer-house, and she paused.

"Haden't you better go in and get your shoes?"

"Now you're cross!" said Reggie, sighing deeply. "It's dashed unreasonable of you, because I haven't said one word that you could possibly object to if you weren't prejudiced."

Peggy's eyes began to smile. "I'm not a bit cross," she said. "Do get your shoes and hurry up!"

He dived in and snatched them from the seat. "Well, then why aren't you?" he said, re-

[Turn to page 42]



♦♦♦♦♦ SHE SEEMED TO HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN IN THE WORDS... AN ECHO OF HIMSELF ♦♦♦♦♦

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ARMISTICE DAY! THE WAR ENDED!

And in the Last Flight of Battle a Woman's Selfless Love Rises Triumphant Above the Glory of Victory



SPADS SCREAMED . . . FOKKERS DIVED UNDER HIS TAIL. BULLETS CRACKED AGAINST HIS WINGS AND HE IN TURN FIRED MADLY

NOVEMBER 11th

BY STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

LIFE seemed suspended at the Souilly airdrome. The huge, green and brown hangars, like dim canvas tabernacles in the rain, loomed at spaced intervals around the mist-laden, hilltop plateau of the flying field. From the north sounded the guttural rumble of the guns and occasionally from one of the hangars, as though some prehistoric beast were denned there, came the long drawn roar of a two-twenty Hispano motor being tested by its guardian mechanics. There was the pleasant omnipresent smell of burnt castor oil. There was the slow gray rain.

At the western edge of the field, overlooking the village, the hospital, the great supply dump, and the traffic burdened highway from Bar le Duc through Souilly to

Verdun, were the squadron barracks, orderly rooms and pilots' quarters. Young men lounged about, idle and restless, smoking cigarettes, writing letters, talking in low voices. In a front room of the Thirteenth Squadron barracks a group of seven were playing cards, swift-eyed, wind-tanned faces seeming too young and human and good natured in their moment of relaxation to be the

faces of men who tomorrow would die or deal death in the lonely caverns of the blue.

In another room, farther down the corridor, a young man sat alone on his bunk, breaking his somber thoughts

at moments to delve into a scarred and battered army trunk which sat open on the floor at his feet. The bunk against the opposite wall was empty, eloquently empty for Lieutenant Stanley Haycock. Phil Savage had been his best friend, with that intensity of comradeship born of war. And so he had been the one selected, as was customary, to go through Lieutenant Savage's effects, his letters, mementoes, his diary, to make sure that nothing would remain in his family's memory of him which might be "misunderstood." Haycock's eyes were blurred

as he turned the scrawled pages of a diary. "Stan Haycock and I," he read on every other page. "Stan Haycock and I went out to get a balloon today. Good old Stan knocked a Fokker off my back . . ." "Stan and I go on leave together in Paris tomorrow."

There were other portions which had little to do with Stan Haycock or flying at the front. They were clumsy promises to a girl at home, the girl who had inspired Phil Savage to be the pilot he was, the girl who would marry him if he came back an ace. "Had my third victory today," read the diary. "Shot down a spangled Fokker over Dun sur Meuse. He burned, poor devil. Well, anyway, Carolyn, I need only two more to become an ace as I promised you—and in my thought always is what you promised me if I did."

Lieutenant Haycock muttered something about the amazing ferocity of young ladies who were some three and a half thousand miles from the front. He wondered what it was that could make a man so rapturous over a girl who was only interested in him if he hung up a record, and then, turning back the pages of Phil's diary, he found what was a possible answer.

"Went down to Philadelphia to see Carolyn for the last time," read the entry in Phil's hurried script. The date was the Summer of 1917 when they had been together in the aviation ground school at Princeton. "Carolyn made me very happy when she told me she had cancelled her date with Peter Ogden just for my sake. We dined at the Philadelphia Country Club and all I could do was sit and look at her. Sometimes I think Carolyn's eyes are really purple instead of only seeming so. Afterwards we walked out upon the fairway and the dew was so heavy that I had to carry her some distance to the Number Three Tee bench. That moon made a fool of me—but no, it was Carolyn. I'd have been a fool if I hadn't. Well, anyway, she gave me a hope and told me to knock down a few Huns for her. She said if I became an ace, she'd meet me at the pier . . ."

Haycock took a pencil from the top tray of Phil Savage's trunk and began writing grimly in the empty final pages of the diary, the last service he could render a friend, an account of his last battle so that all might know that his defeat was attended with as much valor and honor as his victories.

Stanley Haycock put down his pencil. He couldn't think. There was such an infernal racket going on. A motorcycle was popping outside by the orderly room. The card game in the front broke up with a clamor of shouting and laughter. Heavy steps tramped down the dark, narrow corridor, and then a brown head, gay, blue eyes, peered into the room and a tall, spare figure in a dusty, tattered, though still rakish uniform, leaned in the doorway. "Well, I'm back again, Stan," he said, laughing. "They may knock a good man down but they can't keep him there. What you doing? Writing my obituary?"

They shook hands silently. Heroics were frowned upon in the Thirteenth. "Glad you're back, Phil," said Haycock. "Now you can save me the trouble of repacking all this junk you've collected. I didn't find anything particularly incriminating."

"Pack nothing," said Phil Savage. "We are going to hustle to the village for food and drink. When I return

from the grave I expect to have things done right."

Phil Savage and Stan Haycock came to the red door of Madame Pinard's arm in arm, as many had come before. They asked for the table in the little alcove in the rear where they would not be disturbed by noisy sergeants dropping in for a quick shot of cognac while the heavy trucks boomed by on the highway, like an endless train. They ordered everything from beefsteak to French fried potatoes and from aperitifs to liqueurs. Neither of them became in any degree drunk.

Phil Savage did not even become happy. As soon as the general joy over his return had subsided he had lapsed into a strange mood of depression, answering everybody's questions in monosyllables as if he were trying to cover up something. Stanley Haycock had simply waited. He knew Phil Savage. "Well, you got credit for your fourth Hun out of it anyway, Phil," he said. "I suppose these rumors of the big show ending have got you worried that you won't have time to get your fifth and become an ace before it happens."

and made a good landing. Or rather it should have been good. As it was, the axle of the landing gear wrapped itself around a surveyor's stone, hidden in the grass, the only stone in the whole field. The rest of us made a beautiful smash forty feet beyond."

"Nice calculation to have your crashes right in front of a hospital," said Stan.

Phil paid no attention. "The ship didn't burn. I broke out the belt, rolled away, and stood there sort of stunned while a whole crowd of Frenchmen came running out of the hospital, gesticulating and insisting that I lie down. They had a stretcher. For some reason or other I wouldn't get on the stretcher and there was great excitement about it. Then a voice behind me said: 'Oh, sit down on their blessed stretcher, soldier—just to please them.' I turned around and saw a girl, an American girl, an American girl who was a nurse in a French hospital. She'd been that for four years—and every day of those years had put some new depth of something or other behind her dark eyes. I guess you'd call it sympathy, or maybe pity . . ."

"Good heavens!" said Stan. "Isn't one girl enough . . .?"

Phil shrugged. "If you want to take it that way. You know I'm in love with Carolyn but . . . but it just bowled me for awhile to discover that another sort of girl existed. Miriam—that's her name, Miriam Converse—isn't pretty. Not in the way that Carolyn is at least. But she makes Carolyn seem like a baby. She makes me seem like one too. She makes you think of a lot of things that never especially occurred to you before. And yet she's only twenty-three."

"I suppose you learned something from her? That's why you spent five days letting us think you were dead?"

"That's why I stayed. I tried to get the field on the phone and then I sent word by an artillery captain who swore he was headed direct to Souilly. Besides, there was a bump on my head which the French surgeon thought might be a fracture. But I did talk a lot to Miriam. She sees things differently from the way we see them."

"How differently?"

"Listen, Stan." Phil pushed back his glass and became serious. "I didn't tell them quite the truth about my getting back, at least not all of the truth. Want to hear it? I can talk to you. Something funny has happened to me, Stan. Well, that red Fokker with the white scimitar on his fuselage

stayed on my tail all the way down to the tree tops, banging away with his Spandau while I kicked the rudder and the wire screamed. One of his bullets creased the top of my helmet so that I was out for an instant. I'd come pretty well back to our lines though in the dive and when I finally pulled up I was alone. I saw that blasted red Fokker climbing back into the German sky as though he were satisfied that he'd done for Spad No. 10, Thirteenth Squadron, once and for all . . ."

"Yes?" Haycock prompted him. "And then you flew down to Loxeville."

"That's right," said Phil. "I couldn't get over the hills to get back to Souilly, couldn't climb ten feet in fact. The motor was turning only fourteen hundred, enough to keep me afloat and that's all. I went straight south looking for a field and in the end I saw one, that big white cross in front of the hospital at Loxeville. I went for it

"Well, she doesn't think it makes much difference whether you're a woman or a man, or a Frenchman, a Belgian, a German, or an American. She thinks we all have about the same things to go through with in this world and that to make more joy and less suffering is the only worth-while thing. She hates the war."

"Don't we all?"

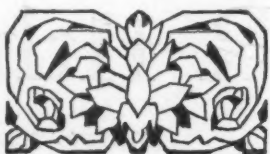
"Not the way Miriam does. We say a man got shot through the chest. She says that a man was hit in the chest with a piece of steel which tore through sensitive muscles until it struck and shattered another bone, and then dug its way out through his back. You see, that is the way it appears to them in the hospital—and I'm afraid that is the way it will appear to me the next time I'm about to pull the machine gun triggers on my control stick."

"So you've signed a separate treaty of peace with the Germans, eh? You don't want to be an ace any more, and Carolyn can wait for some one who hasn't the 'new understanding.' Why don't you join the Red Cross and have done with it?"

Phil Savage sat there biting his lips. "Miriam would make you ashamed of that, Stan. I felt so little beside her that I actually boasted about having shot down four Huns." The next morning she told me that if I ever became the kind of man she thought I was going to be, I would find her waiting somewhere [Turn to page 94]



"SHE MAKES CAROLYN SEEM LIKE A BABY"



A WOMAN ON AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER— THE YUKON TRAIL IN '98!



Out of those epic days
comes this picture
of the mad gold rush—
seen through
the eyes of Mrs. Robinson,
whose reminiscences as
"The Circus Lady"
have already delighted
McCall Readers



MRS. ROBINSON, WHO JOINED THE RUSH TO ALASKA, IS SEEN PANNING FOR GOLD IN THE YUKON

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

BY JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

ON July 28th, 1897 I was giving a dinner party. My diary shows the entry, followed by an agitated remark or two, then nothing. The rest of that book is clean and white and has no entries. Not, however, that I had nothing to enter.

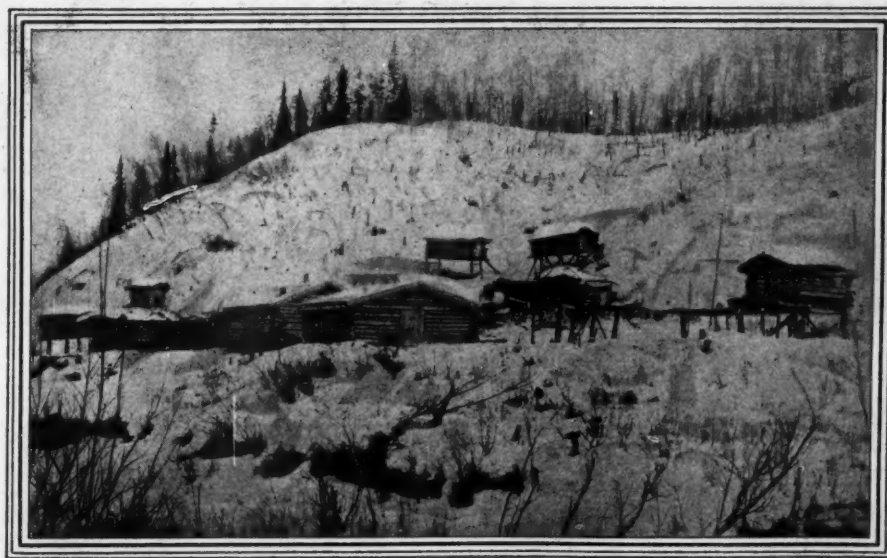
Most of the talk at that dinner was the gold discovery at Dawson and the papers were full of stories of still forms found in the snow, of men disappearing forever, of the payments in blood exacted by that far-away frozen land, in return for her gold.

Suddenly I heard my husband saying, "Guess I'll go to Alaska."

Our guests looked at him in amazement. One man laughed. "You, the hot-house plant?" he said.

But my husband refused to smile. "I mean it. All my life I've wanted to stand on ground no man has ever touched. I'm going if I can."

The man next to me told me not to worry—the last steamer



DURING THE FIRST WINTER MRS. ROBINSON SPENT HER DAYS IN THIS LONELY INDIAN VILLAGE WHERE SHE WAS OFTEN THE ONLY WHITE PERSON ABOUT



to make Dawson before the Yukon River froze for the Winter had gone. But two days later my husband heard of one more expedition going to Alaska that fall. A steamship company had chartered the steamer *Humboldt* plying between San Francisco and Seattle, and planned to carry about two hundred passengers, with thirty carpenters and the parts, cut and ready to put together, of a boat, the right size for going up the Yukon. This was to be put together at St. Michael, and the passengers would get to Dawson before the freeze-up.

Charley had wired Chicago but found all passages taken, but with a chance of two cancellations. He promised me he would not go alone, and my brother-in-law planned, to go with him. But after my husband was on his way to Seattle, the tickets secured, my brother-in-law found he could not go.

I was frantic. He wanted to go to the gold-fields badly, I knew, and he would not go alone if I insisted. And here he

was flying toward Seattle and it was all up to me.

By morning I had decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to go with him myself. I found an old friend to take charge of the house. I hurriedly packed and said good-by to people who thought I had gone suddenly insane.

I think I must have cried all the way to Seattle. I had wired Charley to meet me at the station, and he thought I was just coming out to bid him *bon voyage*. He looked back of me. "Where's Fred?" he asked.

"He couldn't get away. I'm going with you instead."

He looked at me astonished. He started to remonstrate. Then something in my tired, tear-marked face must have moved him, for he patted my shoulder and called a porter. "All right, old lady, if you say so," he said.

I had left my old diary back home, but there were many things I didn't want to forget so I bought a new one next morning, of leather with fair margins and dates. It is stained and dirty now, written up with all kinds of inks and pencils. In the little pocket on one side are tiny nuggets and dried northern flowers. The diary was filled long before the trip was over and so were two others made not of leather, but of cheap scratch paper, sewed over and over at one end into a book, fastened with wire, and every inch is full of my pencillings.

For it was three long, long years before the land of Alaska let us go, three terrible years that turned my brown hair snow-white. Three years empty of comfort and simple decencies, full of dangers and escapes and horrors. Years of frozen trails and snarling dogs, of quarreling white men and silent Indians, of high hopes and bitter despairs, of a life scarcely fit for a man, and well-nigh impossible for a woman—my diaries have chronicled it faithfully. —Josephine De Mott Robinson.

August 10th. I didn't find time to start my new diary until tonight.

supplies, I thought, for crazy people.

Everywhere we hear talk only of gold—of nuggets, pay-streaks, bedrock—unknown terms make the common talk here.

Grub is the only word for provisions. "How are you fixed for grub?" people greet you. We have the thousand pounds apiece that we are allowed on the *Humboldt*—stoves, clothing, tent and food. Clothing is of heavy stiff stuff, to keep out the winds. The people of Seattle know to a fine point just what an Alaskan gold hunter needs. They remind you continually: "A tin for coal oil. Extra leggings. Got a gun? Plenty of candles?" We forgot a lamp. I must buy one tomorrow.

August 11th. All the passengers are ready down at the office of the Company to find out just when the boat will sail. They tell us we are to sail on Friday, the thirteenth. All baggage must be on the dock that day. Much as I know we ought to get an early start I am glad the ship has not yet appeared. Friday, the thirteenth, seems a bad choice of days for such an enterprise as ours.

August 14th. Still no *Humboldt*. Passengers are storming the office and the doors are locked to keep them out. Notices are posted in the windows, "*Humboldt* sighted." "*Humboldt* will dock late tonight." But every sign brings only groans from the crowd. There seems but one common subject of discussion. "Will we make it before the freeze-up?"

One amusing thing is that the men all seem to think they must have beards along with their other mining equipment.

August 15th. About four this morning the *Humboldt* docked, to our great excitement. We are really going. At this definiteness, my nerve fails me again. I wonder if I ought to set my face against the trip. I can still pull Charley back to Cincinnati, with no loss of prestige, for everyone knows it is too late for so hazardous a

But backing out is something I have never done, and I hate to express my fears to Charley. He wants so much to go. So I might as well keep quiet and go. But I wish I was a nice big Amazon instead of only five feet high.

We have seen our stateroom—tiny with three tiers of bunks on two sides. There are to be six of us in the room—four strange men, Charley and myself—an uncomfortable situation.

August 18th. The precious days are going by. Still the *Humboldt* hasn't started. And we have so few, so very few to get to Dawson.

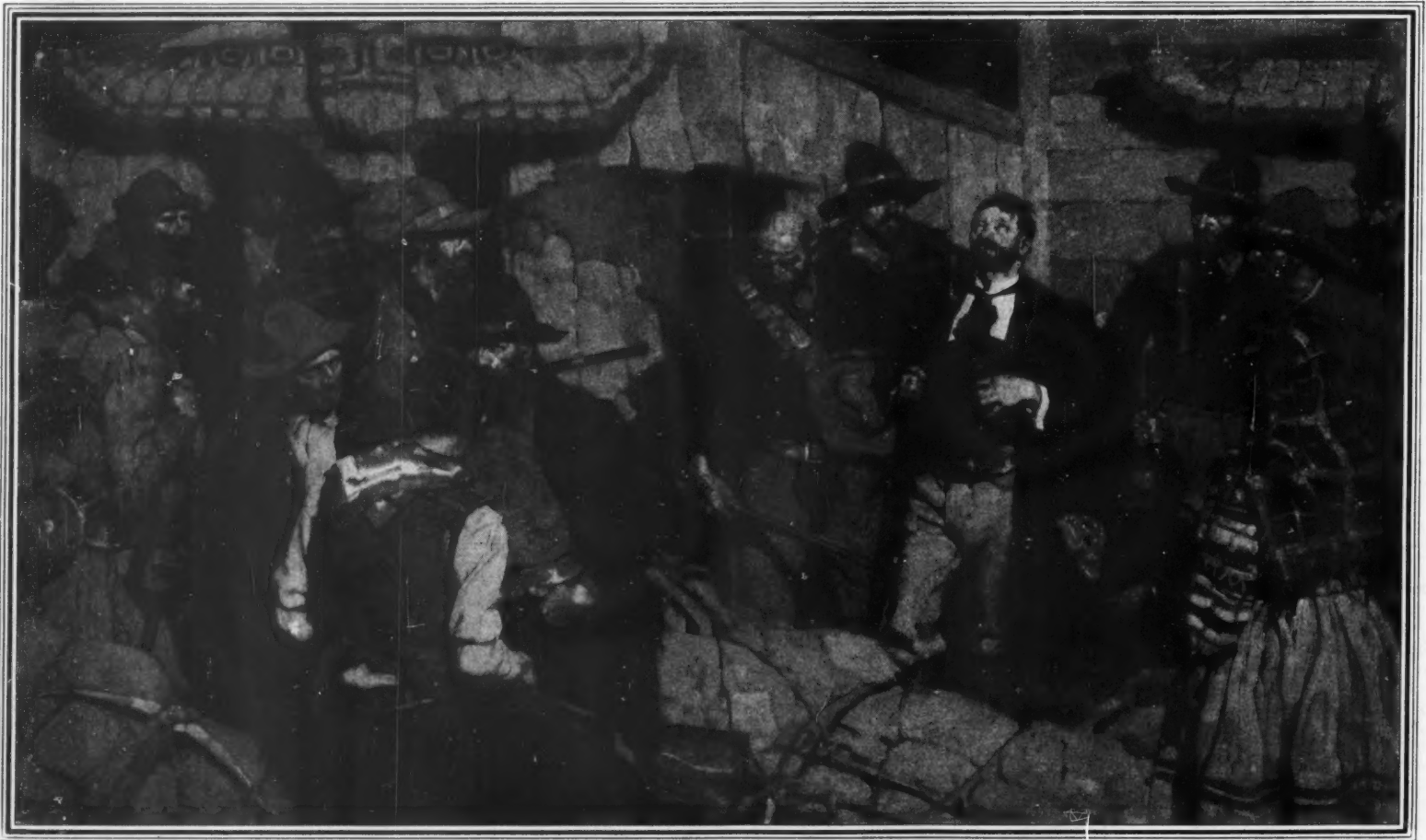
August 19th. We are actually sailing today—with one hundred and ninety-five passengers, fourteen of them women, including the wife and daughter-in-law of the Captain, who is to command the boat the passengers are to build at St. Michael, the last point where a boat as big as the *Humboldt* can navigate.

Our first adventure has come with the announcement of supper, and a rush for the dining room. I heard once or twice, "There's a lady being crushed," but the lady in question went right on being crushed. It was pretty late before we got in a bedraggled meal. But I reminded my annoyed self very coldly that I had forced myself into this trip.

August 20th. They called a meeting this afternoon, because the strongest are the only ones who so far have had enough to eat, and we are now allotted to shifts for eating—three of them.

The bunks are eighteen inches wide, so near together you can't lift your arm higher than your elbow. Two bowls for six people and no spare water to wash them out.

August 21st. I find it hard to adjust myself to conditions in our stateroom. The men—four strangers who bunk with us—certainly resent my presence. I don't blame them—I don't want to be there myself. Charley



FROM SOMEWHERE MARCHED A FILE OF MEN WITH
DRAWN GUNS, CALLING, "CLEAR THE WAY"



I can't get over my surprise at Charley's appearance. He is wearing corduroy trousers tucked into mountain climbing boots and a big wide hat, and looks like a roughneck.

Nothing here seems to matter much, except that we must keep on rushing. My real self seems far behind me, hundreds of miles of shining rails away in Ohio. We rush, first to the hotel, then to different stores, for blankets and tarpaulins and axes and stoves, for dessicated potatoes and bacon and flour. Everything is non-freezable this and that. We bought a lot of things I had never used before—crazy

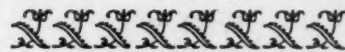
trip. And I am not filled with the gold lure. I have only one reason for going; some one must take care of Charley.

pays no attention to them and advises me to do the same. So now I manage to come into the stateroom late and leave it early, find a place in the corner and hide myself as much as possible. I go into my bunk, with all my clothes on, and watch for an opportunity some time during the day when the rest of the bunk occupants are busy playing poker or looking for whales to run into the stateroom to wash my face and comb my hair.

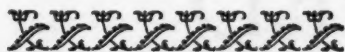
August 24th. Two of our passengers are the Saunders. He is a charming boy of much refinement. His wife is a lovely blonde with a loud [Turn to page 83]

And One Mother, Being Wise, Played The Fool

NERISSA SAID



IT WAS FATE



BY VIOLET QUIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

IF only something would happen," said Nerissa, the eldest one, drearily. "Life is so frightfully monotonous! You get up, you get dressed, you have your meals, and you go to bed again. It's all simply sickening!"

"It is pretty slow when you come to think of it," said Jane brightly, "but what's the good of nagging? That won't help matters any?"

Nerissa flashed her a look of contempt. Jane was so young. She was nineteen months younger than Nerissa, and she didn't understand the despondency that has to find an outlet. Poor child! She would learn later on.

"I wonder why I was ever born."

Henrietta looked up from her book. "Well, Nerry," she exclaimed with concern, "you'd better take something. You're going to be ill."

Nerissa didn't deign reply. Henrietta was even younger than Jane.

"Alison!"

"Hm," muttered the youngest one.

"Oh leave her alone! She doesn't hear you when she's reading." A door closed on the opposite side of the hall.

"Who's that?" said Nerissa mechanically.

"It's only Mother," said Jane. Just then Mother came into the room.

"Nerry isn't well," said Henrietta.

"No?" said Mother pleasantly, straightening the vases on the mantelpiece. "What's wrong?"

"I think it's the flu."

Mother flashed Nerissa a quick look but her expression didn't change. She took a duster out of a drawer and flicked it over the piano. "I could die," said Nerissa to herself, "and nobody would care." She stood up abruptly and went to the bedroom she shared with Jane. She closed the door and stood with her back against it.

Some one pushed against the door. "Kindly wait a moment," said Nerissa sharply.

"Dam it all! I've a right to come into my own bedroom!" It was Jane. "And what the Dickens are you leaning against the door for? I want a handkerchief."

Nerissa walked from the door, opened her wardrobe

and pretended to re-arrange her frocks. Jane found a handkerchief and went downstairs, saying with a grin, "Nerry was leaning against the bedroom door and when

kitchen. "Millicent tries," said Mother noticing that her daughter had followed her for a purpose. "But she is so untidy."

I got in I noticed she'd been crying."

Mother said nothing. But when all the children were in bed she unlocked a little box and took out a book. She turned over the pages till she found the one she wanted. On the top line was written, after a date. "Nerissa, my first child." On the following lines were other entries just as simple, such as: "Nerissa cut her first tooth." "Nerissa walked three steps without help," and "Nerissa said 'Mama'."

Mother read right down the page, then turned over. "Nerissa got a prize for drawing," and the last entry, "Nerissa has put her hair up." Then she took up her pen and wrote on the next line. "Nerissa is grown up."

She put her elbows on the table, and thought with a pang. "The next thing will be, 'Nerissa has fallen in love!'"

A few weeks later Nerissa's restlessness disappeared. She became happy, not in the care-free fashion of childhood, but consciously, happy. She spoke very gently to her sisters and much to their astonishment, insisted on doing things for them. Alison said anxiously to Mother, "I hope Nerry isn't going to die or anything. She looks so religious and she washed my white gloves for me."

"I think she's quite well," said Mother.

"Mother notices nothing," thought Alison smoothing her bob.

On Saturday morning—Mother put it down in her diary—Nerissa began the day with a cheerfulness that became positively aggressive. And at two o'clock she tracked her mother down till she got her alone. That was a very difficult business

because the Bradleys lived in a rather small house which had only two general rooms, and one or the other of the girls was always talking to Mother about something, or else Mother was talking to Millicent, the huge, well-meaning, stupid maid. Nerissa managed to get Mother's ear when Millicent went out on a message and Mother went into the

[Turn to page 90]



"I COULD DECEIVE YOU, BUT I WON'T...
I'M GOING FOR A WALK WITH JEROME"



*"Generous to a Fault" Might be Said of This
Man Whose Big Heart Leads Him to a Big Fall*

BIG HEARTED

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

His parents, physically, were whales. Intellectually, minnows. Their only offspring weighed twelve pounds at birth. He grew up into a big, breezy man. He did everything in a large, careless way. He himself was large and careless. So was his mansion which adjoined the Rippling River Country Club. His wealth, also, was ample. He strode through life in a large, sloppy, impulsive way, generous to everybody as well as to himself.

Anyway Mr. Duncan bought the Djamoukoff pearls. He read in the newspaper about the refugee Prince's arrival in New York with no seat to his trousers and several millions' worth of family jewels. So, in his large, careless way, he went down to New York, purchased the pearls, stuffed them into the side pocket of his coat, got into his large car, and drove back to Westchester.

When he arrived at his house, Shadow Court, he went upstairs to his own quarters, fished out the pearls and a bunch of keys, unlocked a closet in the passage between his dressing room and the little lounging room beyond, and placed the box containing the Djamoukoff pearls on top of a mass of private papers. He was a tall, well built, extremely good looking man of thirty odd. He seemed to be in excellent health. He was always generous to himself in his hearty, cordial fashion; and although, so far, no muscles sagged, and his waistline still seemed to be about normal, there was, about this very big and handsome man, a sort of richness of blood and body which hinted of future arterial pressure and too ruddy rotundity.

No hedge or wall separated his domain from the club golf course. He knew nearly everybody in the fashionable Rippling River Country Club; and, in his lavish, irresponsible fashion, opened his own house to his friends, so that there was continual coming and going between the two establishments. Always, at any hour, he was likely to encounter on his lawns and verandas, and even inside his house, groups of youths and pretty girls making free with his careless hospitality.

That afternoon, on his way to the links, he encountered



THE GIRL WAS COMPLETELY UPSETTING HIM. HE KNEW IT



a number of these—saluted all with an easy joviality too careless to recognize individuals, and went on toward the links lugging his ponderous clubs.

He played eighteen holes; which ultimately brought him back to his own veranda. It brought a dozen or so young people, too. He sauntered about, gossiping amiably with all he encountered, but neither mentioning nor even thinking of the Djamoukoff pearls.

It was the arrival of the early evening papers on the club train from New York with a notice of his purchase that started a flutter of excited gossip and a laughing bombardment of questions from his itinerant guests.

But to the gay volley of questions he replied in his large, carelessly humorous way: "Well, I bought them without any definite idea . . . They're handy to have

from—paid no further attention to it. Leisurely continuing to undress, a cigarette between his lips, he strolled about his chamber, and presently sauntered toward the living room to extinguish the lamp there. As he traversed the passageway his glance sought the closet in which reposed the Djamoukoff pearls. With a slight smile of amusement at his unreasonable purchase he brushed the locked door with his hand as he passed. And instantly smelled fresh paint, and found it sticking to his palm. He looked stupidly at the palm of his hand. Then he lighted the bracket in the passageway and examined the door. Three auger holes had been bored around the lock. These had been plugged with putty. A tiny disk of fresh white paint covered each plug.

Duncan went back and got his keys, unlocked the closet, opened the box, and found the pearls undisturbed. He was not given to nervousness; not easily unbalanced. He deliberately washed his hands, locked the closet door, took the pearls into his bedroom, shoved them under his pillow. On his night-table he laid an automatic pistol and an electric torch. Then, in pajamas and slippers, he made the rounds—testing every window

in the house . . . No fellow ever can tell what's going to happen to him—such as—

"Marriage!" cried a lively girl. "I'll marry you, Alec! I spoke first; please make that memorandum on your score card!"

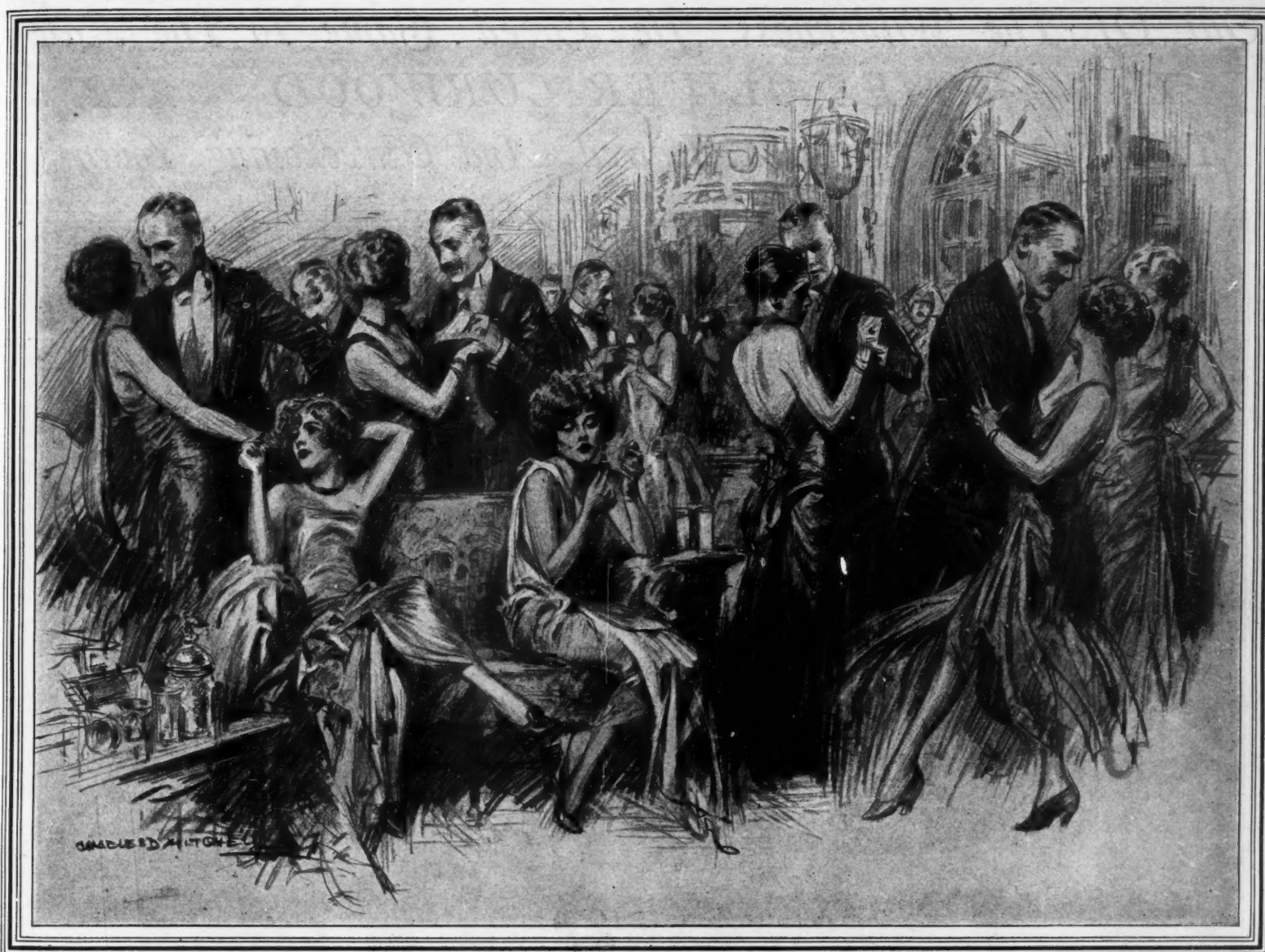
A man drawled: "Where are they, Alec? You don't keep them in the house, do you?"

"Certainly. I'll show them to you if you like."

With the excited chorus still assailing his ears he went into the house, up to his quarters, and presently returned to the terrace with the famous black pearls. For half an hour or more the new owner of the Djamoukoff pearls held a lively reception on his veranda; then, it being time to dress, the party slowly disintegrated; and after a while, Duncan took his pearls back to his closet, locked them up, and turned on his bath.

He was dining at home that evening. A dozen guests came over from the club. After dinner, others strolled over. The party didn't break up; it slowly evaporated under the full moon of June. About three o'clock in the morning the last loiterers had vanished from stairs and mezzanine.

About half past three in the morning, while undressing, Mr. Duncan noticed a very slight odor of paint—or thought he did—rather wondered where it came



THERE WAS MORE OR
LESS DESULTORY DANCING

and door in the cellar and on the ground floor; all windows giving on balconies or porch-roofs.

An inside job, probably. Anyway, somebody familiar with the house—familiar enough to be again admitted. Most probably a servant. There were more than forty people, all told, on or about the place He didn't care to entertain any theory concerning the possible guilt of anybody among his friends or acquaintances—and there were swarms of these from the Rippling River Club who came and went almost as they pleased.

Yet, nobody knew he'd bought the Djamoukoff pearls until the early evening papers arrived. Somebody who had seen him take the pearls to or from the closet Anyhow, it was a devilish unpleasant matter Not that he entertained any personal fear But treachery in servants—or, possibly, in others—bored him horribly.

He locked his chamber door, put out the light, and got into bed with the unpleasant feeling of one who must awake to a disagreeable situation and unpleasant duty in the morning.

He slept as soundly and as carelessly as he did everything else.

The next morning after breakfast he went to his living room and called Tremont 6800; which is Police Headquarters for the Bronx. Almost immediately an operator with a singularly charming voice connected him.

"Police Headquarters!" came in a man's deep tones.

Duncan gave his name and residence; told his story, and requested professional advice.

"An inside job," came the deep voice of authority. "We don't handle it. You can put it up to the County if you want to. But the best way is to call in some New York agency and plant one of their people in your house. That thief is sure to try to finish the job."

"What detective agency do you recommend?"

"Well, there are several You want me to connect you with a first class one?"

"Thank you very much."

"All right, Mr. Duncan; I'll get you The Universal

. . . . Just a minute; hang up, please; they'll call you—"

Duncan waited. In a few minutes his telephone sounded, and the Universal Detective Agency was on the wire.

"Sure," said a reassuring voice, "we'll plant one of our agents among your servants. What kind of servant do you require, Mr. Duncan? How about a valet—"

"I don't like valets. I don't want one. Besides, hiring servants is my housekeeper's business," explained Duncan. "If I interfered in domestic matters everybody in the house would be curious, and the guilty one would take alarm."

"Well, couldn't you use a private secretary? Maybe you have one—"

"No, I haven't All right; send him along."

"Do you want a man? Because a woman is a slicker inside worker."

"Oh I didn't know Very well. When will you send her?"

"She'll start in ten minutes. G'by!"

SHE had been there nearly a week—the woman from the Universal Detective Agency. Her first appearance had somewhat disconcerted Duncan, quite upsetting his preconceived notions as to what a woman detective ought to look like. She was gray-eyed, shy, quiet. She had a distractingly pretty throat.

However, now, he had fairly accustomed himself to her unprofessional personal appearance. She occupied quarters adjoining his suite, but not connected with it. By day she slept—though supposed by the servants to be at work on confidential matters behind her locked doors. At night, when the household was supposed to be



asleep, she went cat-foot about the great house.

She breakfasted at nine with Duncan in his sitting room, where folk below-stairs supposed she took the day's dictation.

On Friday, about nine o'clock, she knocked as usual at Duncan's door, which he kept locked. He opened the door for her in his slam-bang, impetuous way, greeted her heartily—he liked to shake hands with her because her fingers were so cool and silky-smooth—and presented her with a pink rose. He wore another in his button-hole.

"Fresh from the garden," he said cordially. "I was out early;

got myself all over dew and spider-webs."

She laughed in her dainty way—always with a charming hesitation as though not entirely confident of so much continued and democratic kindness.

Breakfast on the table and the coffee percolating, he dismissed the butler and second man and locked the door behind them.

"Well," he said cordially, drawing up a chair to seat his private secretary, "have you any pleasant news for me this morning?"

"Nothing pleasant," she replied in a low, charming voice which always gave him an agreeable sensation as though reminding him of some similar and pleasant voice heard long ago.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that your presence here has alarmed the culprit?"

"I am very sure it hasn't, Mr. Duncan."

"Why do you believe so?"

"Because, while I was asleep yesterday, somebody tried to jimmy your locked door." [Turn to page 81]

Out Of The Wilderness He Loved Came To The Late
 XXX JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD XXX
This Story Of Ancient Hatred And Unreckoning Youth



"NO FRENCHMAN WOULD STAND FOR SUCH AN INSULT, SIR," HE RETORTED

The PLAINS of ABRAHAM

XXX BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD XXX

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

THE ominous rumblings of the French and Indian War are heard on the Quebec frontier, but Henri and Catherine Bulain are too happy to heed them. Happy also is their twelve-year-old son, Daniel James Bulain—always called Jeems—though pretty little Marie Antoinette Tonteur, daughter of the neighboring seigneur, seems to prefer Paul Tache, her haughty young cousin from Quebec. As for Seigneur Tonteur himself, he regards the English-born Catherine Bulain with something exceeding admiration.

In vain does Hepsibah Adams, an English

For those who have learned to wait year by year for the thrilling beauty in his novels, "The Plains of Abraham" will have a new and tragic interest



trader and Catherine's brother, visit the Bulains to warn them of their danger. They insist that the Indians are peaceful and that there will be no war. There is a warm affection between Hepsibah and Jeems. Hepsibah gives the boy a gorgeous piece of cloth to present to Toinette and encourages him to resolve to thrash Paul Tache when

they meet on the morrow at a sale on a neighbor's farm.

WHEN Jeems went ahead of his father and uncle to Lussan's place he did not clutter himself with unnecessary habiliments

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of either peace or war. He wore his old suit of brown homespun cloth, with Indian-made moccasins and leggings of doeskin, and on his head was a frontiersman's cap with an eagle's feather in it. From under this cap his thick blond hair fell with its golden ends touching his shoulders, and with only his bow for a weapon his slim young body was free and buoyant and much handsomer than it had been the previous day with all its carefully chosen raiment and warlike accoutrements.

A part of Jeems' very soul was his love for nature, a passion which was claiming him even more completely than it had his father and mother, though he had not begun to express it clearly, even to them. From his earliest days both Henri and Catherine had sown in him the seeds which had now sprung up to shape the future of the man, and in the example of their own tolerant and nature-loving lives they had implanted in him convictions and truths which back in Catherine's puritanical New England home would have been regarded as blasphemous. Catherine had taught him that all things had souls and language, even flowers and trees and the birds and beasts they slew for food, and that while destruction of life for the achievement of necessities was neither wrong nor to be condemned, *wanton* destruction was a sin which only God Himself could forgive.

But the young blood in Jeems' veins demanded excitement and activity, and his was only an intermittent success in living up to what had been so basically a part of the teachings of his parents. There were many times when he killed sheerly for the thrill of slaughter, for the temptations about him were without number and ex-

prices were even lower, and turkeys were selling for fourpence, and a stag for a cheap jack-knife or a few iron nails. Squirrels were so numerous that in this same year of 1749, Pennsylvania paid threepence a head for six hundred thousand that were killed as pests.*

But this morning Jeems had brought his bow and quiver of arrows only because they were as much a part of him as the clothes he wore and he had no desire to inflict his might upon bird or beast. He was filled with an exquisite exultation mingled with a ferocious and determined eagerness. He knew he was going to fight if Paul Tache was at Lussan's place, and what was going to happen in that fight was as clearly and definitely fixed in his mind. He was about to wipe out the insults of yesterday and other days. He was on his way to elevate himself to supreme heights in the opinion of Marie Antoinette Tonteur—after he had given her the piece of velvet.

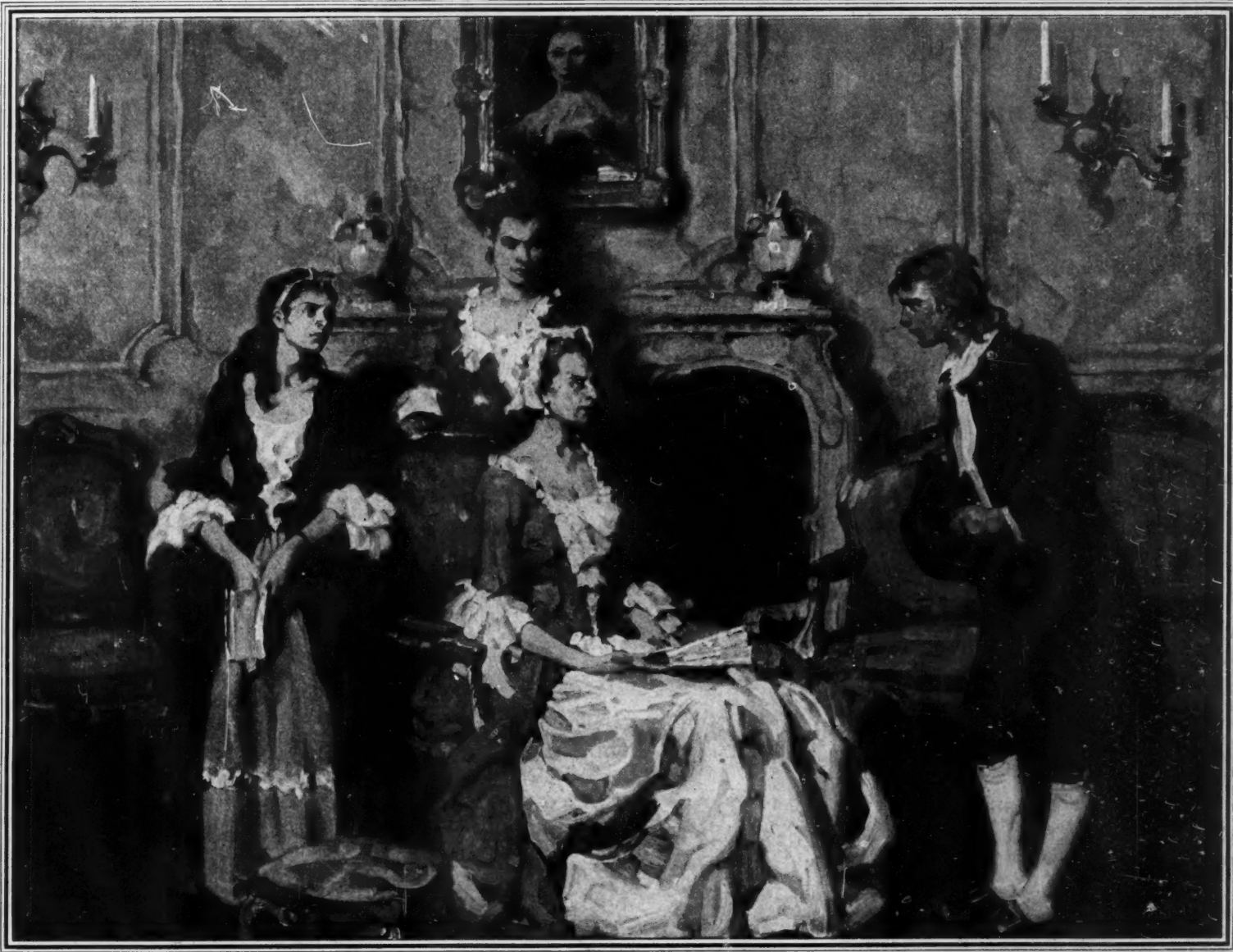
No one was ahead of him when he arrived at Lussan's place. It was nine o'clock and the sale was not until eleven. But Lussan and his wife and daughter and two sons, and the three slaves who were to be sold, had been busy since long before dawn, and Jeems immediately found ways in which to help them. Half of a young ox was already spitted on a long iron bar and slowly roasting over a red-hot mass of hickory coals. The outside Dutch oven was filled with a huge baking of bread, and benches were set with pewter and snow-white dishes of poplar wood. Lussan was a famous maker of whiskey and flip and beer, and three barrels were ready, hoisted on chunks of wood with their spigots down, waiting for the

willing hands of his friends and neighbors to turn them. About his prosperous home were the things which were to be sold, and the three slaves were working among these, their uneasy and aching hearts strengthened by their master's promise that they would be sold together and not alone.

After a time Jeems found himself with nothing to do and hunted out the plow and kettle and loom which his father wanted to buy. While occupied in this way he came upon a table piled with a hotchpot of small articles and his heart gave a sudden jump when he saw a number of books printed in English. How Lussan had come into possession of them, reading only French as he did, Jeems did not try to conjecture, for his mind was filled with the thought of his mother's joy if he could take these treasures home to her. There were five of the books, *Malvern Dale*, *Evelina*, *Telemachus*, *Eloisa* and *Joseph Andrews*, a thrilling list of titles it seemed to him, and as quickly as he could he approached Lussan upon the subject of their worth and purchase. Seeing no merit in printed English, and small chance for their sale, and being as well a free-hearted man and already warmed by his own excellent beer, Lussan gave them to Jeems in return for the hour of service he had rendered.

Overjoyed by this unexpected windfall of fortune Jeems began to watch anxiously for the coming of his father and Uncle Hepsibah, and for the appearance of

*Indians have always been conservationists. But it was at this period in American history that the frightful



"I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU I AM SORRY"



ceedingly great. The woods and hills and meadows were alive with game. It was so plentiful that wild turkeys were selling for a shilling apiece in Boston, pigeons for a penny a dozen, and fat young deer as cheaply as sixpence each, while in the town of Albany the

slaughter of wild life by white people began. As many as a thousand deer were killed in a single drive by a merciless system of fire-hunting. The carcasses were left to rot, for the animals were taken for their hides alone, which were worth from ten to forty cents each.

the seigneur Tonteur and whoever might be with him. Nearer neighbors arrived before his father and uncle came out of the forest, and he lost no time in depositing his bundle of books in the cart, after which he fastened Odd with a buckskin thong to one of its wheels. He did not have to guess what Odd would do if free when it came to his fight with Paul Tache.

The hour for the sale drew near, and fully half a hundred men and women and a score of children had gathered, yet Toinette and her father had not arrived. Jeems placed himself where he could see down the road that came from the Tonteur seigneurie, and when at last he heard the auctioneer's voice bellowing forth his announcement that the sale was about to begin, he felt a somber sinking of his hopes. They livened instantly when three figures on horseback appeared out of the forest at the end of the half mile of road. The foremost rider was Tonteur, the second Paul Tache, and in the third saddle rode a slim, wide-hatted little person who was none other than Marie Antoinette Tonteur herself.

Concealing himself behind the bole of a tree, Jeems watched them as they passed, so near that a pebble flung by a hoof of one of the horses fell at his side. His courage almost failed him then, for while his hands clenched at the sight of Paul Tache, his heart faltered in its beating as his attention turned from his enemy to Toinette. She had become, all at once, a young lady whom he could easily believe he had never seen before, and the change in her held him for a few moments so forgetful of his own existence that he would have been discovered had one of the three happened to glance in his direction. Toinette, within herself, was equally unconscious of a certain ten-year-old miss of yesterday, for one of her dearest anticipations had become reality, and she was wearing her first riding-suit, a gorgeous blue

After she had gone, Jeems felt an overwhelming sense of littleness and unimportance. For Toinette was no longer Toinette, but a real princess, grown up. And Paul Tache, riding close beside her, with hair powdered and tied, and with a red velvet coat that could be seen a mile away, seemed now to be infinitely removed from the plottings which he had conceived against him. Gloomily he stepped from behind the tree and stooped to pick up the pebble which Toinette's horse had flung at him. He could hear the auctioneer's voice, and others bidding for Lussan's properties. Then came a burst of laughter, which rose with unrestrained abandon above all other sound, a blast of merriment which he would have recognized anywhere in the world. Only his Uncle Hepsibah could laugh like that.

His spirit leapt like the flare of powder in response to the cheerful sound of his uncle's voice, and what he had lost for a few moments became a part of him again, stronger than before. He returned to the grass-covered open in front of Lussan's house as Paul helped Toinette from her horse; and then, to his amazement and increasing admiration, he observed his Uncle Hep approach the baron boldly and offer his hand. Tonteur accepted it, and a little later Jeems saw them drinking flip together. These matters he made note of as he stood at the outer edge of the throng gathered about the auctioneer, who was making the welkin ring with his stentorian descriptions of Lussan's goods and his exhortations for people to buy.

The sights and excitements of the scene about him would have made for Jeems one of the biggest and most thrilling events of his forest-rimmed world had his heart not been choked with the emotions of impending drama. Even the aroma of many good things to eat held no interest for him. The voices of the auctioneer and the bidders, the loud banging of a wooden mallet which put a note of legality to every sale, the hubbub of men and women about him, the play of children, the fighting of a couple of dogs all seemed outside the things he had come to seek. Yet he did not press his desires by undue haste, and it was half an hour before he found himself close to the one who filled his thoughts, and this happened in such a fortuitous way that Toinette, concealed by the ample forms of Lussan's wife and daughter, was within a foot of his shoulder before he knew it. She did not see him, and he stood with wildly beating heart, breathing

twisted his lips. It was this look which turned Toinette, so that she found Jeems standing beside her, his cap and a package in his hands, his face tensely set as he fought himself into obliviousness of his rival's presence.

He held out his gift for her. "My Uncle Hepsibah has just come from the English colonies, and he brought me this, that I might in turn give it to you. Will you please accept it, Toinette?"

He forgot Paul Tache. Spots of red came into his cheeks as Toinette's surprised eyes met his. She almost smiled and, as if for a moment something made her forget her magnificence and the dignity it imposed, she extended her hand, and the package was gone from Jeems. He felt the embroidered doeskin of her glove against his flesh, and the touch of it, the gathering color in her face, the manner in which she accepted his gift sent the blood racing through his body. He had scarcely hoped for this

graciousness after the way she had treated him yesterday, and Toinette, won by the unexpectedness of his act, was conscious in a moment of her forgetfulness, and of the embarrassing nearness of other eyes and ears about them. The color deepened in her cheeks, and, mistaking this for still greater evidence of the pleasurable thrill he had given her, Jeems was sure she was about to speak, thanking him for his gift, when Paul stood beside them. Ignoring Jeems, Toinette's cousin led her away, relieving her of the package as they went as if it were his intention to carry it for her. It was then Toinette turned to smile back at Jeems, in spite of all the eyes she knew were watching her. In this same moment her escort allowed the package to drop surreptitiously from his hand to the ground.

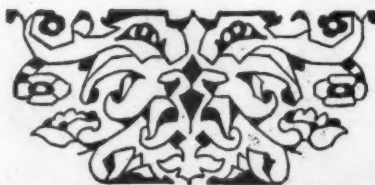
This act, inspired by a contempt for the forest boy, and urged by a meanness of spirit hidden under a display of wealth and fine clothes, swept Jeems' thought from Toinette, whose nearness of person, surprising beauty and sweetness of disposition had almost made him forget his one great reason for being at Lussan's sale. This weakness in the armor of his intentions was sealed the moment he saw his present fall to the ground. Toinette became instantly immaterial and commonplace in the path of a final storm of emotion which caught and held him fiercely. He saw only one person where there were two, and that one was Paul Tache. In half a

dozen seconds as many years added themselves to his shoulders, and with these years came a fuller capacity for hurt, for hate, and for a desire to avenge. In a brain white with the heat of these things, and in eyes blinded for a time to the presence of all living forms except that of the youth who had darkened his mind with bitterness, Toinette ceased to exist for him, and when he sprang forward to recover the bundle it was not with the thought that he was rescuing it for her, but that it was to be his reason for glorious war when the moment was at hand for him to hurl it in his rival's face.

That this moment should arrive almost as if inspired by a genius intent on guiding his destiny did not strike Jeems as unusual. Detaching themselves from the shifting groups of which they had been a part, Toinette and young Tache strolled back to their horses, knowing that many glances followed their elegant departure, and, after giving themselves a brief time in which to be admired, sauntered into the gardens [Turn to page 96]



FULLY HALF A HUNDRED MEN
AND WOMEN HAD GATHERED



the faint perfume from her person, his senses dazed by the nearness of her splendor, his world of vision filled only with a great broad-brimmed hat, an enravishing mass of lustrous curls, a sunset of crimson ribbons, a pair of slim shoulders—and then, his paradise broken by the ugliness of reality, he discovered Paul Tache. The young man was returning from a little journey to the barrels, and when he saw Jeems a contemptuous smile

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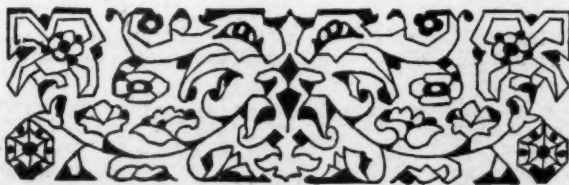
PARENTS UNIVERSALLY, THOUGH BLINDLY, LOVE THEIR CHILDREN, AND IN THEIR QUEER, HUMAN WAY WISH TO DO WHAT IS BEST

BRINGING UP PARENTS

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

*To Grow Up With Your Children!
Is Not This The Duty ...
And The Greatest Privilege
Of Parenthood?*



THERE is no deny-
ing that it takes a
big and brave soul
to contemplate the edu-
cation of other people
without quailing. The
spectacle made of him-
self by any human be-
ing of any age or class
who is learning some-
thing new can be en-
dured without laughter
or without bitterness
only by very magnani-
mous people, or very
wise ones. Consider for
a moment the aspect of
anyone learning to skate. The impos-
sibility of conducting the process with
any dignity is so well recognized that
most learners would do anything to
avoid spectators on the ice. Did the man
ever live, who, as a boy, did not look a
fool when ordering his first meal in a
restaurant? Or let your memory's ear
call up the anguish to all concerned
caused by someone who is learning to
play the violin. Or the French horn
which must have so many years of human life poured
into it before it produces a decent tone.
The learner of something new is always a sorry sight
to the eye finished and experienced in that line. This
may be one of the reasons why so few of us ever do
try to learn anything after we are old enough to resist
the people who wish to force us to.
And yet it is more and more evident that we must

go on educating ourselves after we are grown-up be-
cause we simply cannot learn enough in our youth to
last us the rest of our lives. What we are taught in
school in our young days is, after all, only how to learn.
If we are going to keep up with the modern procession,
and not get left behind or run over by it, we must use
our grown-ups' brains to go on studying and learning.
The louder and louder demand for developing human

personalities rather than
stagnant ones, constantly
reaches out into new
fields with its quickening
summons to keep going
intellectually. And one
of the fields where it is
most insistent, although
newest, is in the field of
parenthood, astonishing
and disconcerting the
practitioners of that old
profession, who had
(judging from their ac-
tions) never dreamed
that any intellectual ac-
tivity at all was needed
to meet the demands on them.
Parents have been, in regard to the
growth of their children's minds and
personalities, as ignorant of the first
principles of understanding what it is
all about, as one may imagine the
earliest generations of agricultural man
to have been about the principles of
vegetable growth. Was it dropping those
little dry, dead-looking grains in the
ground that made the crop of corn
grow? Or was it the beating of the tom-tom by that
highly-paid medicine man beside the field in the dark
of the moon?
In the matter of what was the best thing to do for
our children, we have been very much in this bemused,
tom-tom beating state of mind. Why did some of them
turn out so well, and others who had had just as much
care to go to the insane asylum or the [Turn to page 105]

XXXX While Others Scoffed, XXXX
*the Kindly Vision of Four-Score Years and Ten Brought
 Peace and Thanksgiving to Hearts That Needed Understanding*
AUNT CAR'LINE'S MISSION

BY F. H. McCULLOCH

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

SOMETIMES when I remember the many things my Aunt Caroline did and said that influenced my life and the lives of many others in our community, I marvel at the wisdom contained in her agile old brain. She had little of what she called "book learning" and but small experience in the world that lies beyond the confines of the beautiful cove in the granite hills in which our village lies. She went to Washington once during the Civil War to bring Uncle Dan'l back from the hospital when he grew strong enough from his wounds. She and Uncle Daniel went to the Centennial at Philadelphia and she remembered everything, it seemed, she had seen on those epochal journeys.

She read few books and newspapers save the village weekly, the Bible and the *Christian Advocate*. Sometimes it seemed she was not reading at all as she sat on the vine-draped porch of the white house on the hillside. She would read a verse or two, push her "specs" up into her white hair, and sit with the book open on her lap, a far-away look in her eyes as if pondering the meaning of the words.

We rarely saw any save people of our own kind in the village, for strangers came seldom to the cove. A few motorists stopped to admire the beauty of the hills, then moved over the Gap to the lakes leaving us in peace. The younger generation talked progress—developing water power, bringing in factories and building a great Summer hotel. But most of us were satisfied, preferring peace to a little added prosperity.

The first "foreigner" we ever had was Mostchinsky, a little dark Jew. He rented a little store that had been a harness shop, partitioned off the rear for living quarters, and opened a tailor's shop in front. He cut down garments of the men for their sons and grandsons, cleaned, pressed and repaired garments and, occasionally made a suit from new cloth for some bridegroom.

He was a curiosity among us. The boys nicknamed him



"BUT HE WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM. SO DOES JULIUS, AND FATHER SAID YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHICH TO CHOOSE"



"Jakey the Jew" and he became a well-known figure. He worked long hours, slowly and patiently, bought his meager food and prepared it himself. He spoke English laboriously, making many mistakes. He seemed shy and half afraid of offending. Saturdays his shop was closed, although it was the best business day of the week. Sun-

days his blinds were drawn, but he worked in the rear rooms, considerably avoiding offending those who observed the Lord's Day strictly. He was very lonely.

I gathered at one time from his broken explanation that he had suffered in Russia and that he was very grateful for the freedom and kindness he found in the new land.

One Saturday some of the boys thought it would be "fun" to tease Jakey, whose shop was closed while he observed his Sabbath. A dozen of them invaded his place, threw his dummy out, and drove him frantic with fear and anger. He fought wildly, striving to drive the invaders out. The disturbance brought the town Marshal to the scene, two town boys, members of good families, were arrested and fined.

Mostchinsky was the injured one, yet the incident stirred up feeling against him. He was sneered at, called "Jew" contemptuously and abused. His business fell off. Even those who sympathized with him were afraid of public opinion and avoided dealing with him.

Young hoodlums threw stones at his shop, and when he ran out, half dressed, to stop them the village laughed—not at the vandalism, but at the descriptions of his ludicrous appearance and actions.

ONE extremely hot day, I had been in the country on a case and, driving homeward, passed the old house where Uncle Daniel and Aunt Caroline had lived so many years. The great doors were open. The wide hallway looked invitingly cool. So I decided to stop and rest.

Uncle Daniel was pacing restlessly through the house, plainly disturbed.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Dan'l?" I inquired.

"It's Car'line," he said fretfully. "She hadn't ought to go traipsing off to the village in all this heat—"

"She's too old for that," I assented. "Why didn't you go?"

"She never said a word to me," he complained. "I saw

her getting on her bonnet and asked if I couldn't do the errand for her, and she said it was something I didn't have gumption enough to do. Never gave me a hint."

"I'll drive down and bring her back," I volunteered, worried because of the heat.

Half way down the hill I met her. Her usually spry step was lagging and she plainly showed the results of the effort. I got her into the buggy.

"Lands sakes, but that's a relief," she said, when the horse trotted. "It's hotter than all-get-out down in the village."

"It is too hot for you to venture out at your age," I said reprovingly.

"At my age! Humph!" she sniffed scornfully.

"Your errand must have been pressing," I suggested.

"No," she said complacently, "I just thought I'd run down and call on Mr. Mostchinsky."

"On Jakey?" I exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't know you knew him."

"I didn't," she said calmly. "But I reckoned it was time to let him know there are some Christians who don't act like savages."

Presently we were sitting on the shaded side porch, with cold tea and ice in the glasses, and Aunt Caroline fanned herself and said:

"Dan'l, I invited Mr. Mostchinsky to dinner Sunday. He and I had a nice visit down in his shop."

"You asked that little Jew to dinner—with us—Sunday?" Uncle Daniel's voice was despair and astonishment combined.

"Yes," she said composedly, "and the next time you're down town I want you to stop and be measured for a suit of clothes I ordered. Your Sunday-go-to-meeting suit is plumb disgraceful."

"Possibly he will not come," I suggested. "He is orthodox and maybe he isn't permitted to eat food prepared by Christians."

"He'll eat it all right," she retorted. "He said something about it that I didn't quite understand but I told him I'd see the chickens were killed and cleaned by my own hands—and he said he'd come."

The words gave me a thrill as I sensed the subtle courtesy of the little Jew in conceding that anything this woman might touch would be *kosher* in his eyes.

"He's about the most interesting man I ever met," she rattled on. "He told me about his village and his people. Lands sakes! I don't wonder he doesn't trust Christians, if the people who treated his folks that way are called Christians. They stoned them, and put them in jail, and took their money. Sometimes they burned their houses, killed some of his friends and drove them out of their towns."

"Doctor," she said, looking shrewdly over the tops of her spectacles at me, "isn't it about time you ordered a new Fall suit? That one is getting shiny." I laughed at this remark.

"There isn't anything to laugh at," she reproved me. "I reckon before I'm done a passel of these young scallawags and scatterbrains are going to tell Mr. Mostchinsky they're sorry, and prove it by buying clothes from him."

"Jakey's fortune is as good as made," I winked at Daniel.

"Might as well give up if Car'line's mind is sot," he retorted.

"It's sot," she snapped. "Some one's got to show him all Christians aren't heathen."

UNCLE DANIEL wanted me to come to the dinner, being nervous for fear something untoward might be said or done. Aunt Caroline feared Jakey would fail her at the last minute and ordered me to bring him.

The dinner passed off surprisingly well, after an awkward start. Aunt Caroline and Uncle Daniel greeted Jacob with the same old-fashioned courtesy with which

they met guests and, once under the subtle home influence of the old house, Jacob seemed to lose self-consciousness.

"Neighbor Jacob, will you ask the blessing?" said Aunt Caroline as we sat down.

I started, thinking that, for once, Aunt Caroline had blundered but Jacob lifted his eyes toward the ceiling, and recited a simple, little prayer for Divine blessing upon the food. Later I asked Aunt Caroline how she had known that orthodox Jews ask blessing on food as we do and she said simply:

"Why, child, of course they would! Aren't all good people grateful to God for the blessings he bestows upon us all?"

Jacob, at first, seemed slightly nervous, as if fearing to commit some breach of etiquette, but, as Aunt Caroline talked, asking questions, the little man forgot and presently he was telling us of his life as a boy in Russia. It was a story of terror, of persecution, of cruelty unbelievable, of the deaths of members of his family, of his resolve to reach the United States, and of his sacrifices that enabled him to escape. At times he hesitated as if fearing he talked too much and he concluded lamely, as if ashamed of having shown emotion.

"And they called themselves Christians?" asked Aunt Caroline indignantly. "Lands sakes, I wish I could have been there to see about it."

Her belief in her own ability to correct the evils of the world was sublime.

THE news that Jakey had dined with Aunt Caroline had effect. A day or two later I was in Jakey's shop when Dave, one of the boys who had been a ringleader in the persecution of Jakey, entered.

"Hello Doc!" he said and added, "Hello Jakey!"

Mostchinsky's face clouded with suspicion.

"I came to tell you I'm darned sorry, Jakey," said Dave, haltingly—"I—I didn't know; didn't think. I hope you forgive us fellows. Won't happen again."



THE FIRST "FOREIGNER" WE EVER HAD WAS MOSTCHINSKY



It was a handsome apology for Dave and Jakey's face brightened.

"Oh, dot is all right, boys will be boys," he said.

"I'll be in pay day to order a suit," said Dave, shaking hands awkwardly and making his exit. I laughed and Jakey blinked with bewilderment.

"Aunt Caroline's work," I said. "She has given those boys a talking to and they'll be good from now on."

The little man's face twitched with emotion.

"Such a fine woman what she is," he muttered. "For her I would do anything."

Aunt Caroline's championship had turned public opinion. Jakey once more was the friend of everyone, laughed at for his quaint English, but again able to laugh with us. Once a week he closed the shop and trudged up the hill to call upon Aunt Caroline, always bearing some little gift of flowers or a treasured book from which he read to her. Religion was their main topic of conversation. Jakey, like most orthodox Russians of better class, was well grounded in the Law and the Prophets and a deep student of the Old Testament.

"Funny," remarked Aunt Caroline. "Jacob knows more about the Good Book than we Christians do. He throws a lot of light on things I never understood rightly. I never knew anything about Jews except what I read in the Bible until Jacob came. He makes me see them in a different way."

Aunt Caroline's ideas of theology were vague and confused, yet she and Jakey, in spite of their opposing beliefs, found harmony in their discussions, and respect for each other.

"He's a fine man," Aunt Caroline declared, "but my goodness gracious he is powerful gloomy about his religion. 'Pears to me like he gets a sight of pleasure out of being solemn. I'll be glad when Reba comes."

"Who?" I inquired.

"Reba; his daughter," she announced calmly. "That is why Jacob is so saving. He wants to send money for her to come."

"Will she come soon?" I inquired with sudden suspicion.

"Well, Jacob and I think she can come by Fall."

"Look here, Aunt Caroline," I scolded. "Are you lending him money to send for her?"

I knew the slenderness of the finances of the family and her desire to help everyone she knew.

"Dan'l and I had a little laid by," she said serenely. "The butter and egg money was more this Summer. I thought it a pity for them to wait so long when a little money would make both so happy."

It was done. Besides there was little use of arguing. When Aunt Caroline had set her mind upon a good act she never counted anything a sacrifice.

REBA soon arrived and proved to be a beautiful, high-colored girl of eighteen. The joy of Jacob and his pride in his daughter made Aunt Caroline's sacrifice seem worth while. Nor was I surprised when, the day after her arrival, Aunt Caroline carried off the girl to live with her "until Jacob could fit up a place fit for her."

It was beautiful to see the old lady with the snow-white hair, her immaculate laces and gentle manners, with the handsome, golden-haired Jewish girl. They seemed to understand each other perfectly, although, at first neither knew a score of words of the other's

language. The girl possessed a happy disposition, was ready to laugh, eager for life and excited over the great adventure of coming to a strange land. She was anxious to help, quick to learn and after a fortnight Aunt Caroline remarked to me:

"Goodness, gracious me! The child seems to think I'm bed-ridden. She don't even want me to do a little sweeping and dusting."

In the afternoon, when they sat on the porch with Aunt Caroline's old, gingham-covered Bible between them, they sewed while the old woman taught the girl English. Sometimes I was summoned to help explain words. I was doing this one day when Aunt Caroline interrupted.

"Great Granny, child!" she

[Turn to page 54]



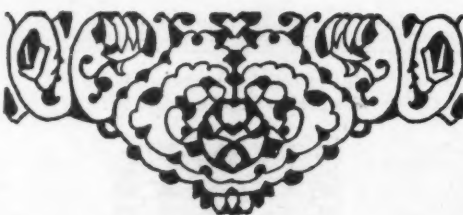
"YOU REMEMBER BLAIR DIDN'T CARE FOR TELVA—HE IS INDIFFERENT TO WOMEN AS A MATTER OF FACT"

False to Every Trust, But Loved by Many. Does the Fox Woman Find Happiness in This Alone

The FOX WOMAN

BY NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



THE passion to possess and dominate others has been from childhood the main-spring of Stanley's existence. One after another the people who come into her life find themselves her slaves. As middle age approaches the Fox Woman is compensated for the inevitable decline of some of her powers by the satisfaction she gains from the fascinating game of subjugating her son.

A FEW days after the first meeting of Stanley and Telva, Ames returned from the West Indies where he had been cruising with a chum. It had been a tame-cat trip as Stanley well knew, one which freed him from the bothersome details of settling the new house. Like most brilliant and self-indulgent persons Ames was unashamedly selfish excepting where his mother was concerned.

As he was not a weakling, Stanley's treatment of her son resulted in his becoming a dual personality. He was an old-fashioned, rather reserved man in his home, apparently holding no ideas save those which his mother

approved. At his club and about town he was a wit and a gamester, a periodically heavy drinker, rather diffident to women, while in business he lacked concentration and continuity. Ames could drink and make love like a gentleman. In a dispute his fine, square-jawed face would turn an intense white while his blue eyes looked steadfastly at his opponent until the latter wished that he had not started the controversy no matter what the justification.

"Ames should have been an actor," it had often been said.

"What does it matter what he is? He's a millionaire," would be the retort, and Ames' temper, high spirits and extravagant tastes somewhat warranted this.

He came back from the West Indies with an impudent monkey, an armful of shawls, some guava jelly and a panama hat. He was to settle down in Dalefield if he could stick it, as his college chum had suggested. What was there in Dalefield? Just what was it he was to do?

"You've done wonders, mia," he said the first evening they were alone in the new house. "But you always do that, don't you?" looking up from the fire and pulling the monkey's chain to rouse him from his nap.

Stanley smiled. (She planned on an early demise for the quizzical little beast.) "You think so but it's not an universal opinion. This house is just the place for me to grow old. I don't mind the prospect. . . ." She leaned back in her chaise longue and let the effect of her printed

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chiffon frock—little Autumn leaves—sink in. She was knitting Ames a golf sweater—her small fingers flying in and out with the needles through the skeins of purple wool. With her shingled hair and in the glow from the reading lamp she seemed so young that one enjoyed her confessions about growing old.

"You are the youngest thing in the world," Ames let his book slip to the floor. "I wonder that some one doesn't come along and elope with you. I shouldn't blame him."

"It is not me who will be eloping," the suggestion of reproach in her voice. "I'm prepared for the worst! Only it will be hard to give you up. We've been together so much that the only real thing in life is you—" working with extra speed at the knitting.

Ames came to sit on the edge of the chaise longue. "Mia, I never intend to marry unless you are perfectly content—that is a solemn promise. I've never been in love," with a sadness in his voice as if he inwardly knew that he had best not experience it. The truth which he continually evaded was that he was not free. Neither the Van Zile estate nor Dalefield restrained him but this yellow-haired little jailoress who had built the jewelbox of a prison and who saw to his every comfort.

"When the right person happens by, you'll not wait to ask for my consent," said Stanley bending over the work.

Ames stared into the fire. "By the way, mia, I met a newspaper man last night—an interesting derelict from New York who has landed a job at the Press.

He intrigued me—that's the only word for it. He hated me offhand, I'm not used to being hated," he said frankly, sitting up straight and looking at his handsome young self in the pier glass opposite. "I seldom antagonize people—and I resent anyone who tries spoofing. No one has ever made fun of me to my face before. I thought Dalefield might be monotonous but if last night is a sample—" trailing into silence as if uncertain how much to admit.

"Sounds amusing," said Stanley unconcernedly. "Who in the world made fun of you?"

The Japanese houseman—it had pleased Ames to have him—announced that a Miss Monroe was waiting outside; Mr. Russel was with her. His apologetic cough indicated that something else was waiting, too.

Stanley frowned. "Telva Monroe is an old friend's daughter. She knows our Sam Russel—and everyone else in town. I warn you that she is shocking. This young girl of excellent family and upbringing is actually—"

Ames chuckled. "Yes, she supplies the club. A dynamic kid. I've met her. Sam's mashed on her. He's such a square-headed old top that he couldn't help falling for Telva who is anything but square. Show 'em in, Bensota."

"Who made fun of you?" insisted Stanley—she became alarmed for some unaccountable reason.

"Oh, I'll settle with him yet; his name was Blair Britton. The beggar said he knew you years ago when you were on the stage. Hullo, there, Telva—hullo, Sam—why, you look like Santa Claus."

"We taste better than anything he ever brought in his pack, heave-ho—right here; run out for the rest, Sam. No don't let the Jap go—I never trust servants. My dear Mrs. Van, are you still shocked? Wasn't Ames to know?" with a glance of mock penitence directed towards Ames. "Using Sam's boat is such a victory, I couldn't help showing off. Sam has relatives in Uncle Sam's prohibition department; Sam thinks that dandelion wine and three percent beer would ruin our civilization but anything more—ugh," wriggling her fingers expressively as

she balanced on Stanley's chair arm and watched Sam, red-faced and disapproving, tug in a case of champagne and deposit it with a thud.

"I feel guilty in letting you do this," Stanley objected. "You see, Ames, the child does not comprehend—"

"Ah, but the brat does. She is a low, knowing thing," said Telva. "She does the right thing at the wrong moment. I'm going to leave you some cards. You will meet the quiet pussy-cats that I want to furnish with liquid catnip. I'm cutting out the club, Ames—they want cheap stuff. They don't care if their absinthe comes from Yonkers...I'm letting Cooky the Dude take the club trade. He gave me a hundred for the transfer. I'll be terribly poor unless some one helps me with new clients."

She laid a pile of her cards on Stanley's lap.

"Telva—don't you think that you could—"

"No," said Telva drawing her fringed shawl about her, to conceal a ragged jersey frock of an absurd green shade. "I don't want to be a nursery governess or sell What-Children-Don't-Want-to-Know books! No one has ever offered me a half interest in a gold mine. It's tough sledding in these days of affluent and lonesome commercial nuns! As for marriage—" flicking her fingers as if indicative of the state of contempt with which she regarded it.

Sam Russel who was but five foot two and almost as broad, his red hair in a sleek, shining pompadour, stared

into helping her deliver illicit goods. Yet he came at her beck and call, torn between the thought of detection and the prospect of renunciation!

Ames shook his head as if to indicate that he preferred Telva should deliver her monologues at some other time. They unpacked the liquors and put them under lock and key while Telva produced a bottle of sparkling burgundy which she insisted upon their sampling.

Another half hour of banter and she kissed Stanley good-night in an audacious way, whispering something about her wanting to steal Ames for the rest of the evening. She would wait for him at the Flowing Bowl Club—he might be passing by later.

"What do you think of her?" asked Ames abruptly as he came back from seeing them off.

"She makes me feel impossible—but in the right," admitted Stanley resuming her knitting. "As for that man—not Sam—but Mr. Britton—Blair—has he come to stay?"

"Think so; he's an attractive renegade that has ruined his own life and is bent on making a hash of the other fellow's. I sensed that he disliked me before he asked about you. I wanted to punch him square between the eyes—and then ask him out for a drink."

"He was a friend of mine because he was engaged to a girl I knew," Stanley's voice was clear and well modulated as if she had had the speech so well rehearsed that

she had lost any emotion concerning its meaning.

"Donna Lovell was an actress who has been dead for over twenty years. For some strange reason he became infatuated with me. I was a frightened little creature come to New York because there had been nowhere else to go. When I would have nothing to do with Blair, he pretended that he was very much cut up and had broken his engagement with Donna for my sake. He left the stage and became a newspaper man, drinking heavily all the while. I'm surprised he still is in the running."

"He mentioned that he was an actor," said Ames.

"A fair one," with great magnanimity. "But conceited and bombastic—women of a certain type raved about him. Poor Donna was tricked by him. It was kinder that she died."

"What happened to you?"

"Your father came along and married me; I've hardly given it another thought," with a careless laugh. "Don't see this man often; never trust him. He is not your sort." Rising, she folded her knitting and waited for Ames to offer his arm. She went upstairs with a charming pretence of feebleness.

Ames went downstairs to drive to the Flowing Bowl where he found Telva and her band waiting for some intrepid and well-financed spirit to start action. Ames was in the mood to obey; he craved excitement, stimulation. He was always somewhat tense after an intimate conversation with his mother.

Stanley had heard the front door close. She sat up in bed, thinking what was best to do.

Blair in Dalefield—insulting and ridiculing Ames. The old grudge must still fester. She must never let Ames know—she must not let Blair feel in authority...She wanted to see him. Rather provoking to find that she was keen for an encounter. She battled with this desire and the conditions which might arise between Ames and Blair. Telva must be considered, too, this dangerous, electrical young woman with her bootlegging and wild philosophy of life. She would visit Tante in the nursing home on the pretext of taking her a bed-jacket. She now turned to her as one turns to the church after straying into the by-paths of cults [Turn to page 107]



SHE HELD COURT IN HER CONGLOMERATE LIVING ROOM, BARGAINING OFF HER TREASURES



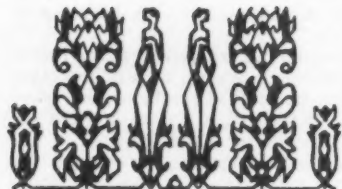
pitifully at Telva. He was annoyed at his liking for her just as he was amusingly jealous of Ames' appearance and the silver spoon with which he had been born. Everything Sam Russel had, Sam Russel earned—and kept, he comforted himself. He was moral, he was ambitious. His brokerage business was reliable. He was distressed at finding himself attracted to this black-haired, untidy, thoroughly unconventional Telva Monroe, being drawn

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

THE AMAZING FRENCH



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COLONEL HOUSE, long the confidential adviser of President Wilson, occupies a unique position in the diplomatic world. Though without official title, he is on terms of intimacy with the leading statesmen of America and Europe. His monthly articles in *McCall's*, therefore, possess unusual authority and prestige.

PRIOR to 1914 many Frenchmen and a few disinterested outside observers thought it quite possible, should a clash of arms come between France and Germany, that France had a reasonable chance to win. This belief was based on the supposed superiority of the French artillery—particularly the superb “seventy-fives”—and because of the excellence of the General Staff.

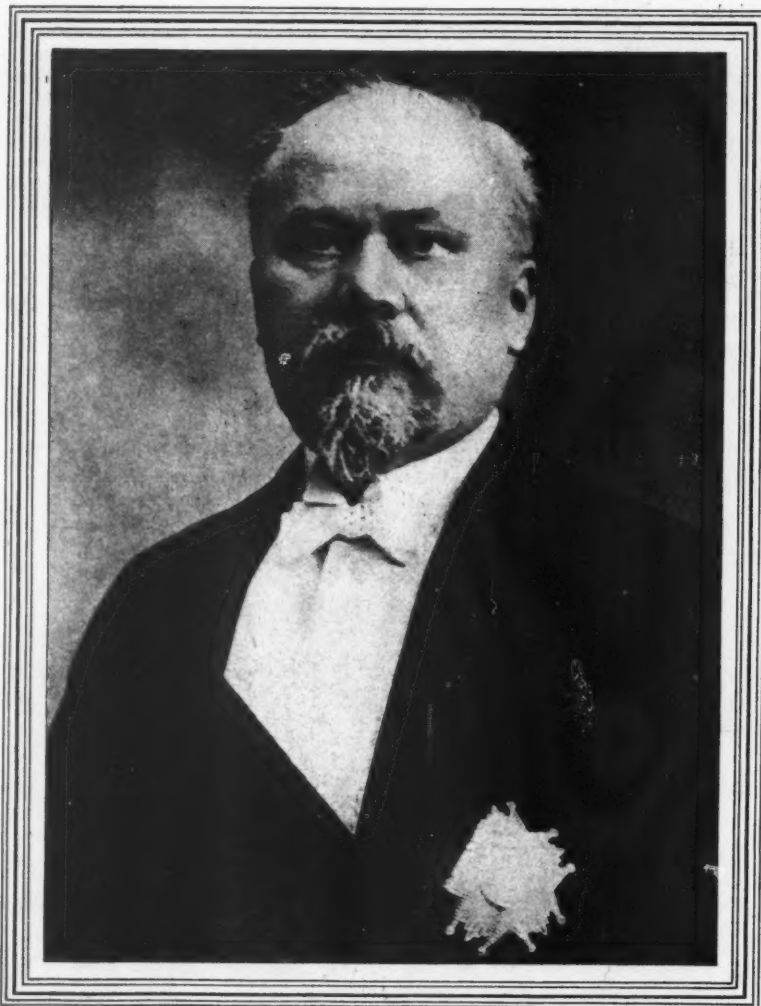
But a few weeks of war dissipated the judgment of these optimists, and it was apparent that unless some unforeseen change came to alter the relative strength of the two powers, France would be defeated, and that single-handed she was no match for Germany. Because of this knowledge there was great depression in France all through the war, and it stimulated Clemenceau to further effort in behalf of national security and in his insistence at the Peace Conference upon some form of guarantee in the event of unwarranted aggression by Germany.

When the Versailles Treaty and the Franco-American Treaty failed of passage in the United States Senate, France's fear of Germany became almost an obsession. Having lost the support of Russia, her pre-war ally, having no assurance from Great Britain of further aid and with the United States withdrawn from further participation in European affairs, France seemed in a worse position by far than she was prior to 1914. Victor in the greatest war that the world has known, she found herself less secure than before the war began.

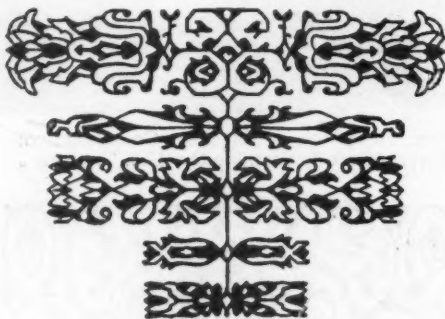
This situation called forth the amazing energies of these remarkable people and by 1923 France found herself the dominant power in Europe. Her army and air fleet were incomparable, and her military strength at that time was perhaps equal to the combined strength of all Continental Europe.

But such a display of martial activity bit deep into her resources and her national finances became imperilled. The franc fell at an alarming rate and bid fair to follow the German mark in its journey downward. Capital began to take flight and was leaving for more stable shores. At one moment it looked as if disaster was inevitable. In order, it would seem, to add to the distress, England and the United States began to make active demands for the payment of war debts. It was a critical and dangerous moment in the life of the nation.

Up to that time the Chamber of [Turn to page 112]



PREMIER RAYMOND POINCARÉ



THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IS YOUTH REBELLIOUS?

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING

COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927

WE have become so accustomed to talk about Youth Movements and wild Young People that it may seem superfluous to ask whether the members of our younger generation really are as much

inclined to shake off the leadership of their elders as is commonly supposed. But middle-aged critics might well consider the convention for the fourteen college newspapers recently held at Amherst College.

These young men, who we may assume are representative of undergraduate thought at the present moment, deplored certain tendencies in modern collegiate life including the drinking and the overemphasis on athletic prowess. But they went on to assert their belief that these evils did not originate on the college campus but were brought there from without. It is from the older members of the family or community that the boys (and often the girls) learn to drink and it is from the alumni rather than from the undergraduates that the demand comes for a totally exaggerated attention to athletics.

I cannot believe that these college boys at Amherst were merely “passing the buck.” I feel convinced that they were looking deeper into the causes of things than many of their glib critics. We are constantly hearing criticism of the present day undergraduate from the alumnae of the women's college. She is accused of being utterly irresponsible, lacking in public spirit, and guilty in individual cases of all sorts of misconduct presumably unknown in happier, purer days.

Now it is true that college girls smoke more cigarettes, wear less clothing and go on more late parties in automobiles than their predecessors in 1910. But for the most part college girls have been very little discouraged in these practices at home. The increase in divorce, the disregard of law, the high tension under which we all live is not the work of this famous “Younger Generation” but of the generation which graduated between 1900 and 1910, and it is they who are refusing to recognize their responsibility in the matter. My own impression is that the boys and girls now in college are, for the most part, bewildered and troubled over the lack of definite standards of right and wrong which they find on every side, and that the more conscientious are asking for more guidance and more restrictions rather than for more freedom.

The young men and women are quite as docile and as simple in their mental processes today as they ever were, and they take the world very much as they find it. They are not trying to work out a new philosophy of life nor to upset old creeds. They find themselves in a restless, changing world with most of the old creeds questioned and many of the old moral shibboleths undermined. Having more energy to expend than the rest of us, they do tend to become even more restless and perhaps more destructive than their middle-aged parents, but the initiative is not theirs. College teachers are often annoyed when under- [Turn to page 114]

If every woman realized how much
her husband likes soup ~
she would serve it every day



Where'er I go, I always know
There is no brighter pleasure,
No thrill so rare that can compare
With Campbell's daily treasure.



THE MAN in the middle of his day's work, or when he comes home tired at the end of it, needs the wholesome tonic of this hot, liquid food. Its appetizing flavor offers just the right invitation to his appetite—he never fails to respond to it.

Soup gives him a warm glow that revives and cheers him. His appetite is at once stimulated; the digestive juices flow more freely; he is in a happy mood to enjoy his food—and he does enjoy it!

The truth about soup is recognized. Women everywhere are alive to its importance. Its regular, daily

use has grown to such an extent that fifty thousand acres of land each season are required to produce the tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. And this is only one of the twenty-one Campbell's kinds! Read the complete list on the label.

Everybody likes Tomato Soup—it has such an appealing, distinctive flavor. And Campbell's comes right from the heart of the finest, full-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened on the vines. You will enjoy it, too, as a Cream of Tomato Soup, prepared according to the simple directions printed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



Ahead of him, so much to master...all alone!

WHAT worlds he has to conquer—this boy of yours! What endless things to meet and master! How much he needs all the health and vigor you are giving him—today for his busy hours at school and play, tomorrow for the man's work that he must face alone.

Constantly you are planning for his success—caring for him and safeguarding him. Not just in the big ways, but also in those many small ways which only mothers understand.

It is one of these seemingly small points—one of these things that mothers do, which has recently attracted nation-wide attention in the public schools. Health authorities everywhere have found that children's grades and their entire health are vitally influenced by the kind of breakfast which they eat.

After a two years study by a joint committee of the National Education Association and the

*Yet only you can care for him
in little things like this*

American Medical Association, mothers throughout the country are being urged to give their children a *cooked* cereal for breakfast.

This slogan now hangs on the walls of over 50,000 school rooms:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a HOT cereal breakfast"*

Tests in many cities have shown that children are more alert, study better and accomplish more when they are given a *hot* cereal. Only this, it has been found, can supply the mental and physical energy needed for the strain of school work.

And ready for your boy is that one *hot* cereal which authorities have for thirty years rec-

ommended as ideal for growing children—Cream of Wheat.

First, it brings in abundance just the very energy substances needed most by little minds and bodies.

Second, Cream of Wheat is easily and rapidly digested, containing none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat.

Third, children love its creamy goodness—so easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

This little care in safeguarding your children's health, in giving them their best chance for success in the class room—start it now! Send them off to school tomorrow morning really prepared. Give them a steaming bowl of good old Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

To Mothers

To arouse your child's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in his room. There is a four week record form on it, which the child keeps himself, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail the coupon to Dept. G-11, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

For a girl aged..... For a boy aged.....

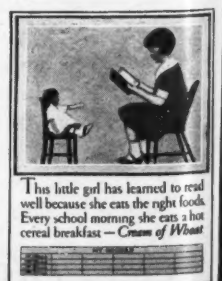
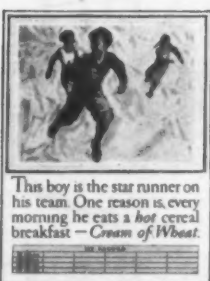
To Teachers

To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. It has been successfully used in over 50,000 schools to sell the idea of a hot cereal breakfast to groups of different ages. And, just as important, it enlists the co-operation of mothers. The entire plan will be sent free to teachers or any school official. Mail coupon to Dept. G-11, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

Grade..... © 1927, C. of W. Co.



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



EMIL JANNINGS

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
STARRING EMIL JANNINGS

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

HAVING scored triumphant successes in many German-made pictures—*Passion*, *Deception*, *The Last Laugh*, *Variety* and many others—it was a foregone conclusion that Emil Jannings would eventually be lured to Hollywood. He received many tempting and flattering offers from the movie moguls of America, but for a long time their blandishments proved unavailing; Mr. Jannings preferred the simple pleasures of Berlin to the dubious ecstasies of Southern California and, furthermore, he shuddered at the thought of a long, rough week on the high seas.

The movie moguls, however, have a way of getting what they go after—and they eventually got Mr. Jannings. He swallowed his prejudices and apprehensions, signed on the dotted line and embarked for America which, incidentally, happens to be the land of his birth.

Despite his own fears, and those of many of us who remember what Hollywood did to Pola Negri, the change of scene has done Emil Jannings no harm whatever. In *The Way of All Flesh*, his first American-made picture, there is satisfactory proof that this great actor has landed among friends who appreciate his art and are qualified to give it its true valuation.

The Way of All Flesh is an ex- [Turn to page 135]

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE NEW YORK STADIUM CONCERTS

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

EVERY musically-inclined American who visits Germany brings home envious memories of the summer gardens wherein the German excursionist can listen to a real symphony orchestra playing the classics. But even here, our old practice of confining symphony concerts to the winter season (a practice that has made certain skeptics wonder whether, after all, our interest in good music is not more fashionable than genuine) is, happily, breaking down. The summer concert is showing signs of becoming an American institution.

Among the oldest and most successful of these summertime concert series are the New York Stadium Concerts, which finished their tenth season this year with every prospect of continuing indefinitely. These are given in the beautiful stone and concrete stadium that Adolph Lewisohn built and presented to the College of the City of New York. The audience sits in the concrete stands and upon chairs placed in the field below, while the orchestra plays in a rainproof wooden shell that is erected and dismantled every season. The orchestra, by the way, is the New York Philharmonic, in its full quota of over one hundred men.

Its official conductor is Willem Van Hoogstraten, of the Philharmonic's regular staff. He generally shares his season, however, with one or more guest conductors. Victor Herbert, Fritz Reiner of the Cincinnati Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff of Cleveland, Henry Hadley of the Philharmonic, and Rudolph Ganz of St. Louis have been among the guests of recent years. The season just past was conducted in part by Arnold Volpe (the first conductor of these concerts), Frederick Stock, of the Chicago Orchestra, and Pierre Monteux, late of the Boston Symphony.

The stadium concerts are in no sense summer "pops." During a six-weeks' season (July 6th to August 20th were this year's dates) the orchestra gave a nightly concert of music drawn from its regular repertoire. Night after night an audience averaging five to six thousand people assembles to hear the classic and modern symphonic masters. Special occasions draw an even greater attendance. Last summer's performances of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* drew an audience of twelve thousand, while the popular George Gershwin, playing his *Rhapsody in Blue* and his piano concerto, caused sixteen thousand people to journey to 136th street and Amsterdam Avenue. It really begins to look as if a symphony orchestra can draw as well in New York as a major league baseball club.

As a matter of fact, the directors of the stadium concerts have wisely allowed the [Turn to page 114]



O. E. RÖLVAAG

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

GIANTS IN THE EARTH
BY O. E. RÖLVAAG

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

IT is a paradox that the first great American novel of the land has been translated into English for its main body of readers. The book is *Giants in the Earth*, and its author is a professor named Rølvaag who first wrote it in Norwegian. The story of the novel concerns a family from Scandinavia that settles in the great wheat country of the American Northwest. It is a simple tale, boldly pushed on, relying for dramatic intensity upon the inevitable conflict between a lonely farm wife's desires and a husky husbandman's dreams. *Giants in the Earth* seems to achieve the same great intensity and breadth of Knut Hamsun's own work. It is no cheap epithet to call Rølvaag an American Hamsun.

We have all suffered over novels of Northwestern farmers. They have been, as a rule, dry as dust, boring and dreadful. Occasionally, as in the case of *Prairie* by Mr. Muhlenberg and in Miss Suckow's work, a certain integrity of style has made up for an utter monotony of material. But Rølvaag has a comic gusto and an epic force back of him that lifts his work into greatness.

The story of *Giants in the Earth* is a simple one. Per Hansa, farmer from Norway, brings his wife and his children and chattels out of civilization and into the great reaches of the Northwest. In [Turn to page 135]



HORRIFIED, HIS WALLET STOLEN, SCHILLING (EMIL JANNINGS) RETURNS TO THE CAFE TO ACCUSE THE WOMAN WHO DUPED HIM



AUGUST SCHILLING (EMIL JANNINGS), MIDDLE-AGED, CONVENTIONAL AND HAPPY, LIVES ONLY FOR HIS HOME AND HIS WORK

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



"WE CAN JAZZ OUR MUSIC BUT WE CANNOT SYNCOPATE OUR THINKING," SAYS DR. SOCKMAN.—(Harris and Ewing Photo)



THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

YOUTH'S NEXT MOVE

By REV. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

DR. SOCKMAN, the pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church of New York, is himself a young man who has rapidly won his way into the front rank of American preachers. The sermon here reviewed was delivered before a Conference of Youth in the Town Hall of New York City, and the clarity of his insight, no less than the spiciness of his style, reveal how close the preacher is to his subject.

While Dr. Sockman knows that the young generation is an old problem, he also knows it is superficial lightly to dismiss the present youth situation by saying that it contains merely the elements of the past. Probably never before, he tells us, have there been wider chasms of difference between the younger and older generations than today. The reasons are many and obvious, and the scene is shifting so rapidly that one hesitates to make any generalization. Any interpretation is a sort of Einstein Theory of Relativity, but some things are clear.

"First of all," Dr. Sockman insists, "we must set the brakes. The speed of life in a world on wheels and running at high gear is too fast for thought, and it makes us too restless for real achievement. We cannot go back to the slow gait of the past, but we can slacken the pace. It is an unnatural hot-house life. Young folk in their teens are trying to enjoy the experiences which normally come in the late twenties. We can jazz our

music but we cannot syncopate our thinking. The 'slow clubs' which have sprung up over the country are significant."

"Second, let us lighten the luggage," Dr. Sockman urges. "We are caught in the tyranny of things, and things do not make us happy. What we need is a wholesale revaluation of values to simplify life and set us right, and the elders need it as much as youth. When boys and girls see that their fathers and mothers care only for money, automobiles and material success, it is difficult for schools and colleges to make real to them the higher values of life. The result is not only disillusionment, but the futilitarianism now in vogue, which says either 'Where do I come in?' or, if a lad be finely fibered, 'What is the use?'"

"Third, we must take sides," says Dr. Sockman. "The modern young mind is critical rather than creative. A group of campus editors recently said that the present student generation is lacking in convictions; it knows every point of view except its own. Our education has made mere collectors of facts who do not know the art of identifying themselves with a faith or a cause. Too many young people are playing the rôle of unofficial observers at the League of Lives, when indeed they are not sideline cynics sitting with the Sinclair Lewis's and the Mencken's, making snippy remarks about the game and its players."

What, then, is youth's next move, as Dr. Sockman sees it? "Let youth remember that self-knowledge and self-control must precede self-expression, in behalf of moral ideals and human service." Thus a young man speaks to youth, flinging down a challenge and daring the most charming generation of young folk to take it up, praying that they may make a juster, wiser and more joyous world than their parents have known.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

PORGY

By DOROTHY AND DU BOSE HEYWARD

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

WHEN the Theatre Guild announced that it would open the new season with *Porgy*, by Du Bose Heyward, it delighted many people who already knew and loved this story of the cripple who begs all day on Charleston streets and lives by night with his friends in Catfish Row near the harbor. *Porgy* is gentle and touching, with something about him too that makes him a born genius among beggars. Where the others get nothing he brings home every night a goodly store of small coins.

Of these coins Porgy counts out enough for his living, such as it is; the rest goes on craps; the passion of his life is the dice. In a Saturday night game one of the dwellers in Catfish Row is killed. Crown, the killer runs away and his sweetheart, Bess, takes shelter with Porgy. She is degraded, a drunkard and drug eater, a victim of that "happy dust" that is secretly peddled along with the liquor. Something about Porgy changes her; with him she goes straight.

On a picnic in one of the islands off the shore, among the palmetto jungles, she meets Crown again, and feels his old power over her. He swears that in the cotton season he will return for her. Bess has come to love Porgy, but fears Crown's return and knows that she is lost if he exerts his will again upon her. Later Crown keeps his oath and returns. He steals into Porgy's house at midnight while Bess is asleep. Porgy kills him in the dark and with the help of a woman who runs the cook-shop next door, drags the body to the water's edge.

The officers do not suspect Porgy of the deed, but he is summoned to the coroner's inquest to identify the body. The thought of looking on the dead man terrifies him. He tries to run away in his cart drawn by an aged goat, but the new patrol wagon is too fast for him. He gets ten days in jail for contempt of court. When Porgy comes home again he finds that the drug peddlers have persuaded Bess away with them. He is left to long for her and to seek her again.

The text of the play follows the [Turn to page 135]



DU BOSE HEYWARD, AUTHOR OF
THE SPLENDID NEGRO PLAY, PORGY

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right, 1927, by



*Follow these three simple steps for one week
—you will actually see your skin responding*

1 Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.



2 With a clean soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then finish with a dash of cold water or a small piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.

Why the New, Complete Woodbury Facial shows such immediate and gratifying results



3 And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.

...after all, the *natural* way is
the best way to keep the skin lovely and glowing—*soft and radiant*



that is yours, you need only follow these three simple steps faithfully—

First, apply Woodbury's Cold Cream, a cleansing cream that melts at skin temperature, reaching every pore, softening and loosening embedded dust and dirt particles. Follow this with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, its bland, creamy lather dissolving away the cold cream that remains in the pores, and preventing blackheads and enlarged pores. And, finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—smooth and greaseless—leaving the skin cool and refreshingly moist.

That is the new Complete Woodbury Facial. So pleasing. So immediately effective. So gratifying in its results.

After the very first treatment you will feel the healthy glow of the awakened, stimulated skin. Your mirror will reflect a

new freshness, loveliness—the charm of “A skin you love to touch.”

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial—Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams especially prepared for use with it.

Write today for a trial set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial. It contains enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that will hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Notice from day to day the improvement in the texture of your skin. After the first week, use the Complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clear and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake. Send now for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

May we send you this generous trial set?

—containing enough of the Woodbury Facial Soap and Creams for seven complete treatments. A Tressette for holding your hair back while creaming your face is also included in this set.

HERE'S THE COUPON!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1521 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a Tressette, and your booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1521 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



ONE hears so much and reads so much these days about the care of the complexion. That ever-interesting subject of how to keep the beauty of youth with its radiant glow, firm muscles and fine-textured skin!

And authorities agree that immaculate skin—cleanliness is so important. That, only when the pores as well as the surface of the skin are completely cleansed, can Nature achieve that transparent fineness, that glorious freshness, that warm, glowing color we call a beautiful complexion. So believable!

“Completely cleansed”—here again authorities agree that this is not a question of using soap or cream. But that both are necessary. Soap of blandness and purity. Cream especially prepared for use with it. Quite naturally.

And, as you know, in the new Complete Woodbury Facial the use of creams and soap, for the first time, is ideally combined in one treatment. Indeed, Woodbury's Creams have been especially prepared for use with Woodbury's Facial Soap to insure that exquisite cleanliness which is the basis for all natural beauty of the skin.

In your own home, now, you can indulge in the luxury of a scientific facial—a Woodbury Facial. To preserve and protect the beauty

I BELIEVE IN YOUTH!

*"And in Youth's
Precious Power
to Create Happiness,"
says Temple Bailey, the
world's most popular writer
for young people
in this interview with
McCall's Beauty Editor*

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



"I love above all things to see a father's eye light up when his charming young daughter comes down the stairs dressed for a party"

WE sat over our teacups in an old inn filled with memories and traditions. Here Washington had stopped long ago to visit a famous Revolutionary family and here Temple Bailey had brought me, motoring in leisurely fashion over the countryside, on a warm autumn afternoon. What more natural in such a place than to talk of youth and beauty and romance? "You see, I believe in romance," said Miss Bailey, looking at me across the table out of merry, gentian-blue eyes. "I believe in youth, now, today, and forever. It's ridiculous to say that we live in a practical age. Long ago, when people lived far apart and had more leisure, sentiment may have been more emphasized because there was time to consider the amenities. Now the world moves so fast about us that we scarcely begin to marvel at one event when another more wonderful and thrilling comes at its heels. As for the young people of today, I'm sure that they're as keenly romantic as their predecessors."

I thought of the row of best sellers Miss Bailey has written and of the hundreds of thousands of readers who buy her books, ordering them often long before they have come from the press. And I saw the procession of young people, especially young girls, who stepped from out their covers.

If there is one writer in America who touches the heart of youth, that one is Temple Bailey. Those thousands of letters which come to her from all over the country and the close confidences of girls in her own acquaintance have helped to strengthen her belief in youth and that eternal wonder which we call romance.

"Only the other day," she went on, "a debutante confided in me. She was to be married in a few months and she was telling me how wonderful 'he'

was. 'Why,' she said, seriously, 'you know I shall stop eating bran muffins because he doesn't like them. I simply can't understand how two people in love can be divided—even in matters of appetite!'

"She was so much in earnest that I couldn't help teasing her a little. 'But, Laura!' I said, 'You must be an exception. You've gone to college, and been a hockey player, and run bazaars; you're a real modern girl. Surely there aren't many in your set who are as much in love as you are!'

"But she only nodded vigorously in assent. 'Oh, yes there are, lots of them. We are absolutely mid-Victorian and we glory in it!'

"Why shouldn't girls keep their ideals of happiness, of love and service, in this, their golden age? It seems to me that almost everything in modern life has conspired to make them attractive: clothes, games, dancing, the freedom they enjoy, and the work they do. Everything is so much simpler than it used to be; the details of dress are absolutely uncomplicated. When I think of the many layers of silk petticoats I used to wear in summer the vision of the girl of my own generation loses much of its charm.

"I'll admit that there are some things which we stressed which should not be ignored today. Not long ago I watched two young women who had a table near mine at a large hotel. They were lovely to look at, beautifully gowned, well-groomed. But their loud, harsh voices and bad carriage spoiled the picture as they left the dining room. It has often seemed to me that talking and walking correctly were two important things which my generation insisted upon. Walking is an art, you know. So many women today have what I call a 'peasant' walk—the heavy tread of one who tramps in stiff shoes on rough roads.

Feminine loveliness in any age should depend not only on face and costume, but on grace of manner, and a well-modulated voice.

"Perhaps there is no place where a girl's beauty means much as in her home. As she grows up from childhood, young womanhood she feels that she must be attractive, that she must impress the world with her personality. And she should be encouraged to make herself charming, not by artificial means alone but by learning all the arts which may enhance her natural loveliness. Too often, I'm afraid, she thinks only of her appearance in school, at business, on the street or at parties. At home she slumps into slovenly habits. Her clothes are untidy, her hair carelessly dressed. Her family comes critical; they nag and tease. It is then that she talks 'not being understood.' Too many young girls fail to understand that the approval of their parents, that pride and admiration which surrounds a girl in her home, are marvelous assets in meeting the world outside. When a family praises, follows that a girl may exact the same tribute from outside while one who knows that her family is critical is apt to be keenly on the defensive. She can never be so sure of herself never feel that she has succeeded with others while displeasing those nearest her.

"I love to see a father's eye light up when his charming young daughter enters the room. It's just as important to set forth this light of admiration in the eyes of one's family as it is to invite the admiration of the men and girls at a dance.

This idea, in effect, runs through much of *Wallflowers*, her latest book. Here are twins, Southern girls, well bred, intelligent—and poor. At their first party in Washington they find themselves "out of it." A new experience, but it fails to daunt them. One of them, Doady, decides to have a care. While Sandra, the beautiful and dreamy-eyed, stays at home and keeps house.

Temple Bailey recognizes the stimulating honesty of modern youth which meets life's challenge squarely. She believes that for every ambitious "Doady" there is a lovely, romantic Sandra, whose dreams are made on the pattern of contentful domesticity. Both types breathe the true Temple Bailey spirit, which combines the best traditions of the past with the frank, open-handed and open-hearted ideas of the present. They show that faith in youth which should be at home; they also show that modern youth at its best wants to live in the shadow of this faith. These are not just words to Temple Bailey: beauty, youth, romance. She has made her life work to keep them fraught with vital significance.



Temple Bailey



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN . .

*Loveliest member of English Aristocracy
sets the feminine world an exquisite example*

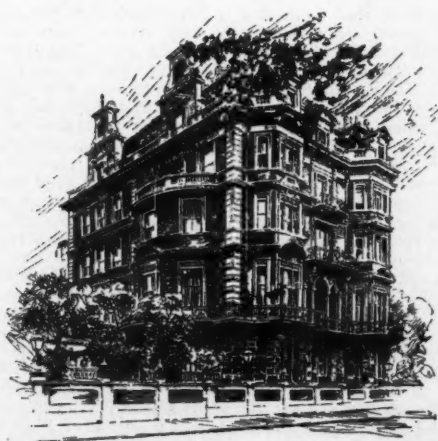
BRIGHT chestnut hair that warms to red-gold in the light; eyes as blue as the delphinium, her favorite flower; a complexion smooth and delicate as an English hedge rose unfolding in the coolness of dawn! This is Lady Louis Mountbatten, loveliest woman in London Society.

The brief and thrilling year that followed her debut reached its climax in her marriage to a cousin of the King of England and great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven.

The world remembers still her brilliant wedding



On her spirited Arabian mount, Messaoud, the ease and skill of Lady Louis's horsemanship are revealed. Her preference for the informal riding costume has increased its popularity in the smart world



Brook House, Park Lane, Lady Louis's London Mansion, inherited from her grandfather

at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where the altar was massed with delphinium, blue as the bride's own eyes. With four princesses as bridesmaids, attended by royalty from every country of Europe, it rivalled in splendor that of the Royal Princess, celebrated but a few months before.

Lady Louis Mountbatten occupies with consummate grace the high position she holds as a member of the British Royal Family. She knows that the eyes of the world are upon her, shining with pride as long as she is perfection itself, but quick to criticise should any flaw appear in the elegance of her attire, in the graciousness of her bearing, in her fair, delicate beauty.

LADY LOUIS never fails to set the feminine world an exquisite example. Beautiful to an unusual degree, she also possesses the wisdom that teaches her how to guard her loveliness. She chooses Two Creams, Pond's, which she uses daily—one to cleanse her skin thoroughly, to keep it firm, supple, velvety; the other to add a delicate bloom, a soft even finish like the petals of a lovely flower. Both stand always on her dressing table—ready for her daily use! This is how you should use them:

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, letting



On Lady Louis's exquisite Sheraton dressing table, crystal and gold, and cloudy amber, blend with a gay note of jade green in the jars of Pond's Two Creams—her favorites—which she uses daily

it stay on several moments. With soft tissues remove all the cream and the dirt brought from the depths of your pores. Repeat. If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it overnight. By day, if you've been out in dust-laden air, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream the same way, and finish with a dash of cold water.

After these daytime cleansings, smooth over your refreshed skin, ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft

protection against wind and dust and chapping cold makes it delightful to use just before going out. But what pleases you most of all is the even, exquisite tone it lends your skin. Flick on your powder and see how evenly it lies, how natural is the glow it gives your skin.

Use these Two Creams daily and, like Lady Louis Mountbatten, keep your skin firm, supple and velvety. Read the offer below.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Her husband is cousin to His Majesty, the King of England. Before her marriage she was Miss Edwina Ashley, granddaughter of the late Right Honorable Sir Ernest Cassel, the well-known British financier, from whom came the vast fortune which made her one of the wealthiest heiresses in England.

Her marriage to a great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven—gave her a position in English life second only to that of the immediate members of the Royal Family.

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams and directions for using them.

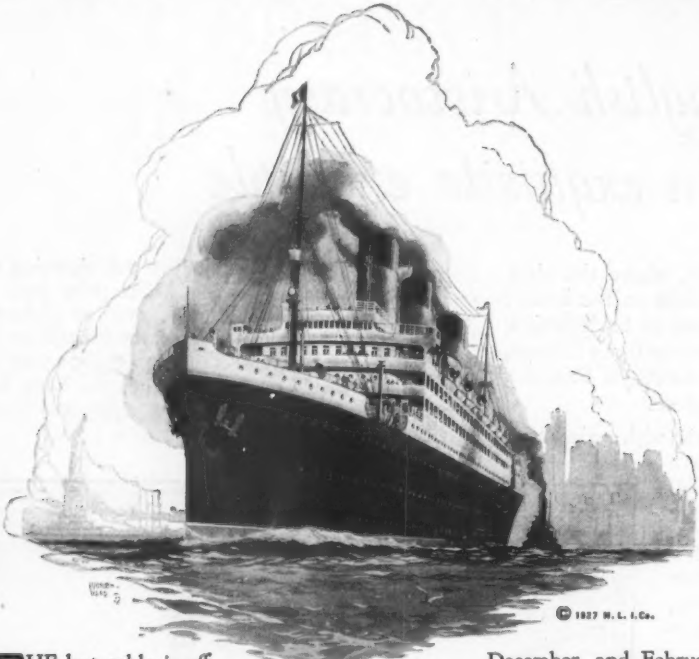
THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. Y, 111 Hudson Street, New York

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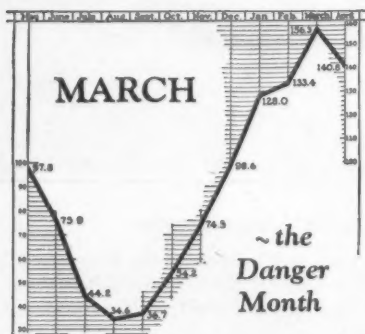
Ship-shape Condition



THE last cable is off—the whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another long voyage. As the shore line fades away, veteran and inexperienced travellers alike, can only guess what the future holds in store. But they know that before the ship sailed, every vital part was given painstaking inspection. All during the voyage the same watchfulness will be continued. The captain is ready to meet heavy seas, for in fair weather he has prepared for storms.

Each of us during the autumn bears a strange resemblance to a ship leaving port. Some, sturdy and sound and ready for what may come; others weak and unfit for a crisis; still others needing only a slight overhauling to qualify them to meet the added hazards which the winter months bring.

January claims more deaths than



This chart is an average picture of the four years from May, 1923 to April, 1927. It illustrates graphically for you, month by month, the average death rate from Pneumonia per 100,000 population from May to April.

Study the picture. Note carefully the rise and fall.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will see that the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in mid-summer.

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the

December, and February more than January. Year after year, the same thing occurs—because people have not fortified their bodies to meet the rigors of the winter.

Then follows March—March called the “danger month” because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and racked lungs make only a feeble fight for life. All too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much. They do not get enough exercise—enough fresh air.

Exercise in the open whenever it is possible. But if you have no time or opportunity for outdoor exercise you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the “danger month”. You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.

same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000. March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis. More children die of measles in that month than in any other month of the year.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a series of simple exercises aimed to develop the body and keep it in sound physical condition. An exercise chart and two valuable booklets, “Commonsense in Exercise” and “The Prevention of Pneumonia” will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes for them.

HALEY FISKE, President.



FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR



HESTER PRYNNE

Illustrated with a portrait of the heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel “The Scarlet Letter” painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

IT is a curious fact that no heroine of American fiction has so captured the minds of the world as Hawthorne's portrait of Hester Prynne, tall, dark, imperious, sinned against and sinning. He has given the world the vision of a full-blooded woman, a prey to her emotions, and yet with a will like iron when it came to facing the jeers of the Puritan community in which she lived, and with the determination to keep the secret of her partner in shame in the face of all persuasion and of all disdain.

Why is it that, in spite of her sin, in spite of the scarlet “A” she wore on her bosom, we admire this woman of old Puritan New England, loved and betrayed by Dimmesdale, the serious young minister of Salem?

In the long line of fiction heroines, Hester Prynne represents the woman who is strong enough to face the consequences of her sin with dignity. She has loved too strongly, yet when her sin is discovered and she is punished, she in no way breaks under it. She does not join the company of those who continue to sin, nor does she cry out, faint or complain. She goes calmly ahead living quietly, ministering to the sick, caring for her child, and protecting by her dignity and her silence the man who has wronged her. Few people have the strength or the purpose so to meet the consequences of sin.

The Scarlet Letter is one of the greatest studies, if not the greatest study of sin and its effect on the human heart ever written. It does not matter how you feel about the harshness of the Puritan laws. It does not matter how great or how small you may consider Hester's fault. She had sinned against the social code, and against the laws of her God and her Church. What was the effect of this sin upon the people most closely involved: herself, Dimmesdale, Roger Chillingworth, her former husband, and her child? What, too, was the effect upon the community?

To Dimmesdale his sin became a horror by day and by night. He could face neither man nor God. He saw from time to time the woman of his betraying, and he saw her calm and humble, still graced with an almost superhuman beauty; and when he knew that she was willing to make the final sacrifice and flee with him, his true character came to the fore and he found peace in confession and an inspiration which, in the hour of his disgrace, almost made him seem the martyr.

To Chillingworth his wife's sin became a canker in his soul. He did not know the healing power of forgiveness. He became a fiend in his pursuit of Dimmesdale, in his professed friendship for him, in his determination never for an instant to let him escape from his clutches. At the end of the story, he, alone, remains evil as he cries out to Dimmesdale as the latter mounts the scaffold in the public square to confess, that there, and only there, could he escape him. It is the cry of a man disappointed in revenge, and so ugly does Hawthorne make revenge seem, that the sins of the flesh, repented and in a measure atoned for, fade before it.

To the child, her mother's sin brings a curious and unnatural rearing, an intelligence beyond her years, an elfin quality

which seemed to the grim Puritans of that day to have something of the work of the devil in it. Yet in his closing paragraphs Hawthorne gives us to understand that Hester's sacrifice and care had not been wasted,

and that Pearl grew to happy and useful womanhood.

To the community the “A” on Hester's bosom was a constant reminder that sin is ever in our midst. One of the greatest passages in all literature is the one where Hawthorne shows Hester's own idealism being broken down by the consciousness, as she looks into other eyes, that there is a secret sympathy for her, that in every heart is a secret lust, a secret sin. At first, feeling her own shame keenly, feeling that she is a lonely sinner in the midst of the righteous, she comes to see more and more of man's hypocrisies, to know that there are few who could with justice cast the first stone.

The motion picture version of *The Scarlet Letter* has already been criticized in these pages. To anyone who has read the book, it is apparent that the motives have been sadly confused in the screen version. It is impossible to imagine a type further from that painted by Hawthorne than Miss Lillian Gish. Hester Prynne, except for her one sin, was one of the strongest women in eighteenth or nineteenth century fiction. We find in her none of the arch wickedness of a Moll Flanders or the cupidity of a Becky Sharpe, nor do we find the homely virtues, the independence and quiet charm of Elizabeth Bennett or Jane Eyre.

There is something primitive and solemn about Hester. We think of her as having been a melancholy child, a prey to introspection, and shy in the airs and graces of the world. It is unthinkable to us that she could have led the minister into his relationship with her. It is clear that Hawthorne meant us to believe that they were swept into it by circumstances which weakened their sense of right and wrong, twisted their lives, and made them face the rest of their lives as one long period of retribution.

From first to last, *The Scarlet Letter* is a sermon, a dramatic sermon, based in a sense on the story of Mary Magdalene. It preaches two things, and to me it is Hester, and not Dimmesdale, who illustrated them. It shows, first of all, that the laws of morality cannot be broken with impunity by men and women of high ideals. It shows, in the second place, that no matter how great the sin, nor how great the sorrow involved, a certain measure of peace may be achieved by dignity, repentance, humility and love. Hester Prynne stands out as the most dramatic character, not only in early American fiction, but in all American fiction, because she had courage, and faith, and forbearance, and, most of all, dignity. And as you close *The Scarlet Letter* with its extraordinary atmosphere of tragedy and its stark, unmitigated portrait of two sinners, you are forced to realize that, while you pity Dimmesdale, hypocrite turned honest, you cannot help respecting this dark-eyed, tall, quiet woman in her Puritan garb, with the fateful letter embroidered on her breast for all the world to see.



IN a rare garden, here and there, asparagus grew a generation ago. Now it grows in great fields—acres of it under scientific cultivation. In every city, town and village in America it “grows in cans” on our pantry shelves, fresh and appetizing and ready for use every day in the year. It is the asparagus we know. It has the flavor we like.

How our tastes have changed!

A generation ago people had prejudice against food in cans. They thought the food was harmed. Now we know that food sterilized in sealed cans is the safest, most wholesome of food. We know the can doesn't destroy the freshness. We know it *keeps* the freshness. Fresh food that has been kept fresh and safe and wholesome by sterilization in the sealed can has a distinctive flavor. That flavor was “queer” a generation ago. It is coming now to be more and more preferred. To-morrow it will be the accepted flavor.

The most important single item in our diet—milk—is one of the most fragile of foods.

The utmost of care and protection is needed to make sure that the milk we use is pure and safe and wholesome. Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans, is the answer to that need. We know that it is always free from anything that can harm health. It is just pure milk—nothing added to it. We know it is rich *always* in all the food substances of milk. Nothing is taken from the pure milk but part of the water. The sealed can protects its purity. The sterilization preserves its freshness. A standard fixed by the United States Government guarantees its richness. It is the last step in the march of progress to an absolutely safe and wholesome milk supply for every place and season.

The flavor of it. Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



Yesterday



distinctive—the characteristic flavor of pure milk that is kept fresh and sweet by sterilization. You know the flavor of boiled milk. The flavor of Evaporated Milk is that same “cooked” flavor intensified because the milk is concentrated and sterilized. It is the flavor that thousands of families are coming to know and to like.

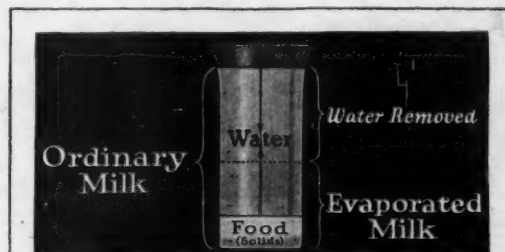
What the flavor adds. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a rich flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk—a flavor that cannot be approximated by any other means. This is particularly noticeable in cream soups, creamed vegetables, sauces and gravies. In pies, puddings, custards and ice creams, where the recipe calls for milk, Evaporated Milk, diluted with an equal part of water will give you richer tasting desserts.

The modern cream and milk supply. Produced under the supervision of experts in the best dairying sections of America—received in sanitary plants while it is fresh and sweet—carefully tested for purity and cleanness—the pure, fresh milk is concentrated, put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that

can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. Undiluted, Evaporated Milk is rich enough to use in place of cream. It costs less than half as much as cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It costs less than ordinary milk. Every grocer has it.

Have you brought your milk supply up to date?

Evaporated Milk is the favored milk and cream supply to-day in millions of American homes. And there the flavor of the milk—the flavor it gives to food—has become the preferred flavor. *Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.*



In Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED NOTHING IS ADDED

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION

231 So. LaSalle St. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

"From Thanksgiving turkey-time to the August avocado season,"
♦♦ says this noted literary critic and editor turned epicure, ♦♦
"one finds the best eating in the world — and the best eaters — in

NEW YORK — Our Gastronomic Capital

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SCHMIDT

TWENTY years ago and even less, the art of the kitchen, at least in its public manifestations, was in an elementary state so far as the city of New York—and surely the rest of the Republic—was concerned. The joys of the palate in those days were confined to a few restaurants.

In that era of metropolitan gastronomy, the gentlemen who entered into eating as others enter Oxford and Heidelberg, were driven in despair to the formation of small eating clubs, of which there were a considerable number. Unable to gratify their tastes in the public restaurants, they were compelled to gather together in sixes, dozens and more, hire a chef and set up private food parlors wherein they might do valiant battle with knives and forks. And this state of affairs persisted up to the last few years.

Fine eating in New York was an esoteric business; it was reserved for those with plenty of money; and the public, in the phrase of a certain opulent fellow, was "damned."

Then came the late war and, with it, Prohibition. If ever two clouds had silver linings, these superficially black ones were the two. For in combination they converted New York from a city relatively destitute of decent restaurants into one that, at the present moment, can boast of more estimable ones than any other city in Christendom. Travel the world over in this year of our Lord, 1927 and, in the matter of first-rate cooking, variety and quality generally, you will have difficulty in finding a single city where there is so much culinary virtuosity on tap. Against Dos Hermanos and the Café Paris of Havana, against Kempinski's and the Mercedes of Berlin, against the Luitpold in the Briennerstrasse and the Odéon across the way in Munich, against the Savoy Grill and what remains of Romano's in London, against even the superb little Montagné of Paris—against these the city by the Hudson shoots today such a barrage of table masterpieces that they are lost to view.

I have observed that the late war and Prohibition were the agents responsible for the new dispensation. The end of the war found the European countries in hard straits and, among those in the hardest straits, were, naturally enough, such of their citizens as had earned a livelihood catering to the gourmets and percipient fork manoeuvrers of the various nations.

Without customers, a chef, however talented, is in the position of a pair of breeches without suspenders. And of customers there were very few, as one of the first



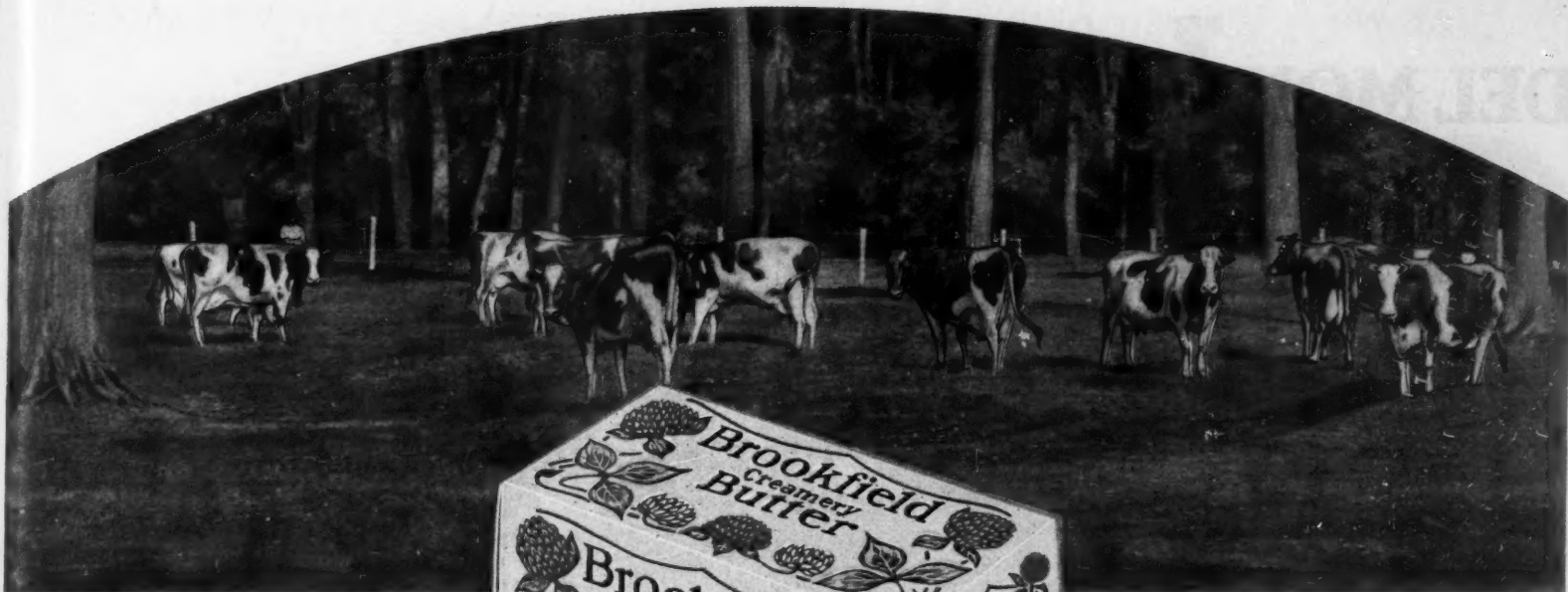
Between the turkey and the eagle as a national emblem, what gourmet would hesitate?

 requisites of a customer, unfortunately, is a purse with something tangible in it. It thus came about that all the more talented doctors of the cook-oven were without subjects upon whom to exercise their talent and, what was worse, without funds to sustain even their own Little Mary. And the only thing to be done about it was to beg, borrow or steal enough money to take the first boat to America and set up shop there. And it was not long before the majority of these European kitchen headliners were not only over here but were operating under full steam, to the glory of their grandfathers and the enchantment of American epicures. In New York today you will find most of the best French, Russian and Italian chefs of French, Russian and Italian post-war years, and many of the best German and Viennese. And with them they have brought the cuisine Kultur to such a degree that the man who can't get a superb meal in New York nowadays for very little money must indeed, be a stranger to the town.

Prohibition, paradoxical enough, furthered the eminence of New York as an eating oasis. With the taking away of alcoholic tipples and the consequent removal of the restaurants' and cafés' strongest magnet, there was only one thing for the erstwhile lazy institutions to do and that was to devote themselves assiduously to making their food the magnet that liquor previously was. Where, once Americans went to restaurants chiefly to drink, they now go to eat. And as it is obvious that the eating is not good there will soon be no restaurant left, the eating simply *must* be good.

I do not argue, of course, that New York has all the good restaurants in the Republic; you will discover good ones, too, in many other American cities, for the best food that a country produces is brought, driven, or freighted into its towns. But I doubt that you will find more than one so good as the best New York has to offer, and I know for a certainty that you will not find one-hundredth the number anywhere else in the land. I do not just say this; I set it down from personal investigation. To chronicle all the spots in Manhattan where the connoisseur may connoisseur himself into a majestic coma would be to give over the next three months' issues of this periodical to the subject. I shall therefore content myself with a mere outline of the available delights. To begin with there is the Mirilton in the West Fifties, where you can get such salads as even the salad professors at the Washington in the Canal Zone—the [Turn to page 62]





Quality-guarded by Swift experts— butter that reaches you *Creamery fresh!*

Alert and skillful men supervise each step in the making of this good butter.

Our experts buy the cream in selected dairy regions.

In sunlit creameries our trained butter makers churn it into sweet, fragrant butter.

Everything that touches

Brookfield Creamery Butter is shining-clean. Our experts make sure of that.

Brookfield Creamery Butter is delivered throughout the nation in spic and span refrigerator cars.

It is distributed by the quickest, most direct route possible. It reaches your dealer as pure

as it went to the churns, as fresh as it left them. It comes to you creamery fresh.

The same efficiency provides your dealer with other famous Brookfield products. He has Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Poultry and Brookfield Cheese.

Swift & Company

Brookfield

You can identify Brookfield quality products—Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese by looking for the name on the carton.



Butter - Eggs Cheese

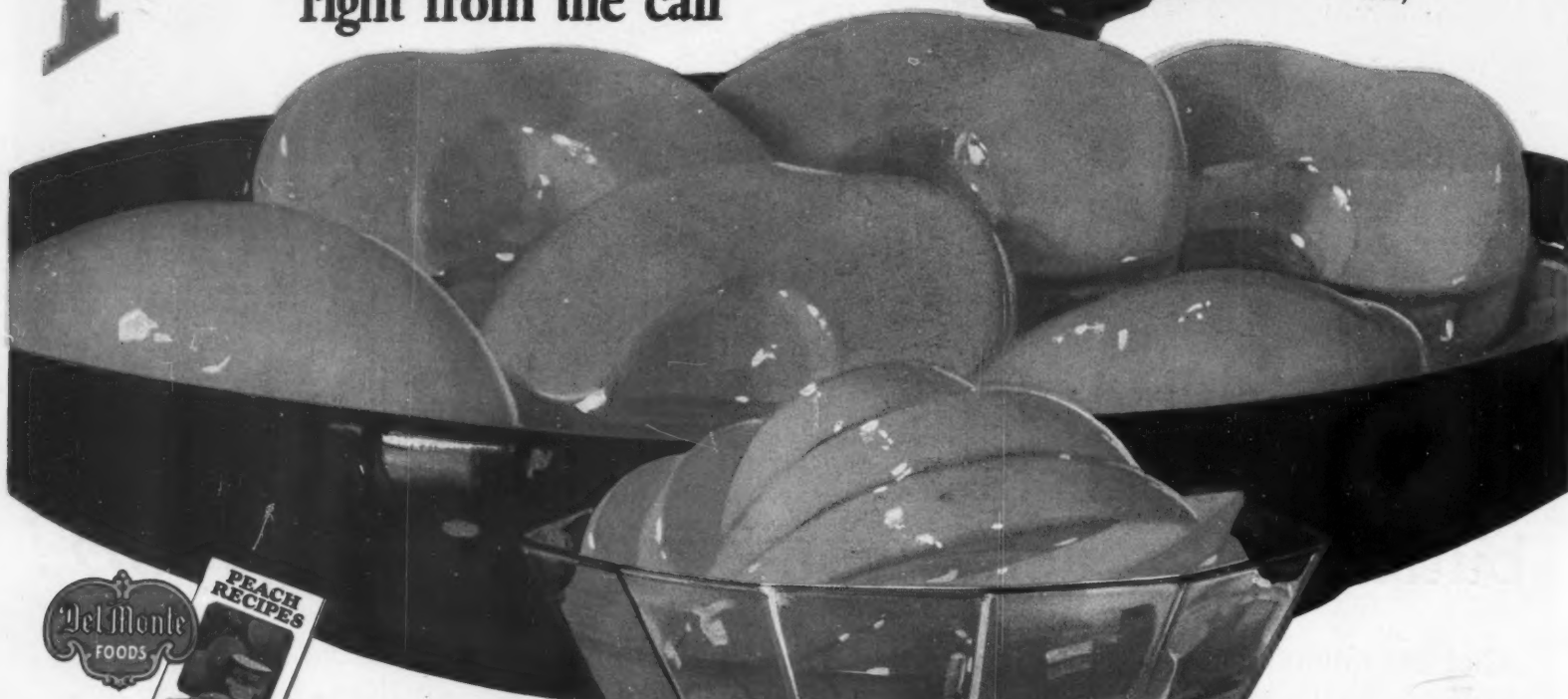


DEL MONTE Peaches

HALVED
OR SLICED
~ always delicious
right from the can



Sliced Peaches
& Custard (See recipe
below)



**SPECIAL
PEACH RECIPES—FREE**
Address Department 615,
California Packing
Corporation, San Francisco

Send for the recipes above—you'll find them of real value in your cooking library! In the meantime, try these simple peach desserts—just a few suggestions of the many varied uses of this one delightful fruit:

PEACH CUSTARD. (Illustrated above). Arrange DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in a glass dish and cover with 6 marshmallows cut in pieces. Over this pour a cupful of cold boiled custard. Chill and serve, covering with whipped cream if desired.

PEACH RICE PUDDING. Line bottom and sides of mold with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, cooked until tender, put 2 cups drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in center, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar, dot with 1 tablespoon butter and spread with 8 tablespoons marmalade or jam. Cover with rice and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. When cold turn out on platter and serve with any desired sauce.

JELLIED PEACHES. Place DEL MONTE Peach Halves in a square wet mold. Dissolve 1 envelope of softened gelatin in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of lemon juice and the syrup from the peaches. Pour the mixture over the peaches and when cold and firm cut in squares with one-half peach in each.

PEACH TAPIOCA. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in a serving dish. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of tapioca, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of syrup from the peaches, and a pinch of cinnamon in a double boiler until tapioca is clear and transparent. Pour over the peaches and serve hot or cold with milk or cream.



and think of the
variety they offer ~
at such little cost

Peaches—golden, ripe and luscious! Wonderful, of course. But how limited just to think of them as a ready-to-serve dessert—and nothing more!

To fruit cups, salads and simple homemade treats, they bring their own natural, fresh flavor—and offer just that new touch of variety that menus need.

Only remember to specify DEL MONTE! Then you're sure of enjoyment and satisfaction, in advance. Like all the many products under this label (fruits, vegetables and prepared foods) DEL MONTE Peach Halves and DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are always the same dependable quality—with the same perfection of fruit and syrup—no matter when or where you buy.

Just be sure you say
DEL MONTE

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*Without departing from the Tradition of our National feast day,
 ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ the Modern Homemaker prepares ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦*



By letting all the family "help get dinner ready" the modern homemaker finds her work lessened

A Simple — But Delicious — THANKSGIVING DINNER

Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD HEATH

HAVEN'T you often been invited to Thanksgiving dinner and been obliged to struggle through just such a meal as the first one suggested in the center of this page? And haven't you risen from that meal suffering from the quantity of food that politeness forced you to consume? Or worse still, haven't you often, as the hostess, labored for days to plan and prepare one like it?

This first menu is one that was served by a charming homemaker who still believes in the old-fashioned Thanksgivings where the table and her guests groan with food! After I recovered from that dinner I thought about it for a long time. I realized that hundreds of American homemakers had worn themselves out preparing just such a meal, blindly observing the Thanksgiving tradition to serve an elaborate dinner.

In the Laboratory-kitchen we asked, "Why can't there be sane Thanksgivings just as easily as sane Fourth-of-July?" So, without detracting from its deliciousness, we rearranged and simplified the elaborate dinner. The second menu on the page shows you a Thanksgiving dinner as we would serve it—simple to prepare, easy to serve; a dinner which will leave you unwearied and your guests pleasantly satisfied and able to enjoy the remainder of the day.

The Victorian Housewife Served

MENU I

Oyster Cocktail
 Cream of Pea Soup
 Roast Turkey with dressing
 Mashed Potatoes Candied Sweet Potatoes Creamed Carrots
 Asparagus Tips on Toast Pickled Beets Corn Relish
 Tomatoes Stuffed with Nuts and Chopped Celery
 Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie Cheese
 Coffee Nuts Tea
 Mints

The Modern Housewife Serves

MENU II

Julienne Soup
 Roast Turkey with Dressing
 Whipped Potatoes and Turnips Ragout of Asparagus
 Celery Salad with Egg and Olive Dressing Pickled Beets
 Pumpkin Pie with Cheese
 Nuts Mints
 Coffee

Instead of serving both Oyster Cocktail and a heavy soup we suggest serving either a light soup or the cocktail. Or, to simplify further the preparation, serve a delicious ready-prepared soup. Turkey we have left as the main course. But we would suggest using a not-too-rich dressing with it. Cranberries go without saying.

My hostess served three root vegetables, as well as asparagus tips on toast, and two vegetable relishes. We think two root vegetables are enough; and certainly with all the other starchy foods on the menu, toast under the asparagus is too much. In our menu we suggest white potatoes combined with turnips and lightly whipped; we give you two delicious recipes, also, for preparing sweet potatoes in case you prefer them. Asparagus is such a delicate vegetable, it is good to serve at a hearty dinner, so we are suggesting a ragout of it. Or cabbage is an easily available substitute, prepared in one of the appetizing ways we suggest below.

One relish is sufficient to give piquancy to a meal so we omitted the corn relish and left the beets on the menu.

The salad course of a hearty dinner should always be light, so instead of tomatoes stuffed with nuts and celery—a meal in itself—we suggest a celery or lettuce [Turn to page 60]

The 3 Staffs of Life



Ready Mixed In Balanced Proportion

PROTEIN, fat, carbohydrates — the vital elements for healthy body building — in perfect combination. This is why Virginia Sweet pancakes, muffins and waffles are so much more healthful and delicious than the home-mixed kind.

Syrup? You get the real old-time maple flavor and unusual full rich body in the Virginia Sweet blend because it contains an extra large proportion of pure maple sugar.

THE FISHBACK CO.
Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Nationally Advertised
Food Products

VIRGINIA SWEET

PANCAKE FLOUR
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
and SYRUP



Cook with the casserole, a tiny bag of seasoning—celery, salt, thyme, bay leaves and powdered parsley. Remove the bag just before serving

SEASONINGS TO GIVE THE *Real* THANKSGIVING Flavor

BY MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, *Professor of Household Arts and* BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH,
Lecturer in Household Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SCHMIDT

IF I could only have some chicken that tasted as it used to!" "Why is it that baked beans are never as good as they were at home on the farm?" "Why do salads never taste as they did in France?" The memory of a dish lives long and is often associated with some experience which may greatly enhance its value.

Some people have an idea that any one can cook, given the materials and a recipe. We might just as well say that any one can paint a picture, given the paints and the subject, or that anyone (given the piano and the sheet of music) can play a sonata!

Cookery, like all arts (no matter how scientific the background), needs to be interpreted by an artist who knows just what subtle touch will bring out the flavor of the composition. It is the flavor of certain foods that remains in the memory and awakens the longing for a repetition of the enjoyment of eating them.

The natural flavor of well-ripened beef, choice, well-fed chicken, the Thanksgiving turkey, perfectly ripened fruit and fresh vegetables, needs little addition in the cooking. But the secret of the success of a finished dish at the table is in retaining the natural flavor in the cooking, or in the ability to restore it by subtle additions if it is lost. A perfect steak fried and over-



done may have very little flavor left; but the same steak quickly broiled over a hot fire, with the juices retained and flowing only when the steak is cut, is a morsel to be desired.

Vegetables, be they the finest grown, lose their flavor when allowed to soak and when cooked in stale water. By "stale water" is meant water not freshly drawn from the faucet or brought from the spring. Much of the flavor of vegetables is not retained when they are cooked in a large amount of water, and many times, unfortunately, the water is thrown away and the valuable mineral salts are lost. Many people think they do not like carrots. But when carrots are cooked in only a small amount of water so that they become moist, soft and tender, they acquire such a different flavor as to seem like a new vegetable.

Much of the monotony of every-day cookery is due to the fact that many housewives seldom vary the seasoning or flavoring of their dishes. They have re-

per. Important as these fundamental course to little but salt and peppermint seasonings are, food may be made much more interesting and "amusing" by the addition of some of the more seldom used condiments. However, great care must be exercised so that the natural flavor of the food is enhanced rather than destroyed by the addition of the seasoning.

Many people add salt to their food without tasting to see if it is needed. This habit results in habitual over-seasoning. Salt brings out the flavor in almost any food material and if a small amount is cooked with the food, one seldom has to add salt at the table. Less salt and pepper are needed if they are cooked with the food than if they are added after the cooking is finished. Paprika, made from the sweet red pepper, the flavor so much used in the old Hungarian cookery, is of comparatively little value in meat unless cooked with it for a long time. The same is true of curry, the characteristic flavor of the dishes of India. A real curried dish requires that the curry powder be cooked all day with the sauce and meat if it is to be truly flavored. Curry, used with discretion, may make an interesting variation, especially in egg and chicken dishes.

It is said that in the past, when meat could not be kept long because of lack of refrigeration, strong [Turn to page 72]



The natural flavor of the Thanksgiving turkey should be conserved by proper cooking, not altered by strong seasonings

"My neighbors were talking about me"



DO you feel that you are falling behind other women? Are you constantly being tempted to slight your home duties? Do you dread the tax of social activities, of trying to appear "at your best"? If so, you will find the experience of this Los Angeles woman very interesting — and helpful.

"I must write you about the most dreadful thing that ever happened to me," her letter said.

"For several years I had been slumping horribly. It seemed that as my husband became more successful and more active I was less and less capable. Oh, how I suffered — yes, really suffered — when I faced a party, or any task. Foolishly, I told myself that no one knew my secret. And I tried desperately to keep cheerful and enthusiastic when my husband was home.

"But when he went on a trip — as he was often compelled to do because of his increasing interests — I simply wilted. I neglected the home; I even neglected my two boys. But it seemed to me that I simply must get rested up before my husband should return.

"Then one afternoon at a bridge I overheard a neighbor of mine say: 'That Mrs. L — seems to be downright lazy. I should think she would be ashamed the way she neglects everything. All of her neighbors are talking.'



© 1927 The Selby Shoe Co.

"Lazy! How little she knew! If she and my other neighbors could have known of my foot aches, my awful weariness, my constant depression, they would have understood.

"A friend told me of your blessed shoes. Oh, what a difference they have made! What words can describe the glory of happy feet!"

Thousands of women have had experiences equally "miraculous" because of their Arch Preserver Shoes. It simply does not seem possible that a shoe could make such a difference.

And yet it is entirely logical, when you understand shoes and their purpose.

For this shoe is not merely a covering for the foot, but a complete and correct walking base. It enables the foot to carry the weight of your body without sagging, straining or pinching. Eliminating foot abuse is what brings back foot happiness — foot youth — to you.

Made for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.



Made for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc. Rockland, Mass.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed — bends where the foot bends

But you ask why can't all shoes be like this one? The reason is that practically every important feature of the Arch Preserver Shoe is patented.

No other shoe can have the same flat inner sole, crosswise, to prevent pinching of the nerves and blood-vessels; no other shoe can have the metatarsal support; no other shoe can have the same concealed, built-in arch bridge to prevent sagging. Other shoes have steel arches, but they are wholly unlike this wide, strong, correctly shaped bridge.

In this shoe you have every advantage your foot needs in a walking base. You have support where support is necessary, yet the Arch Preserver Shoe bends freely at the "ball", the only place the foot itself bends.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is superior not because of one feature, but because of all of its features — because it combines foot happiness with New York and Paris styles — because it gives comfort in every one of your 18,908 daily steps — because it has comfort concealed and beauty revealed.

And while it is holding your foot up so neatly and trimly — so comfortably and healthfully — it is also holding up itself. Arch Preserver Shoes retain their shape longer than ordinary shoes.

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with the Trade-Mark.

Send the coupon for booklet, "A New World", and the name of dealer who will fit you and your children.



The Boulevard

The Lovel

The Portia

The Margaret

The Julia

The Selby Shoe Co., 586 7th St., Portsmouth, Ohio

Send postpaid, Booklet M-98, "A New World of Foot Youth," and name of dealer.

Name.....

St. and No.....

P. O..... State.....

I usually buy my shoes from.....



“WHY *the Laundry* s



There's a laundry service for every family need

MODERN laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many individualized services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now — let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.



\$50,000

IN CASH PRIZES

and 12,000 valuable awards

You can win \$10,000 by writing the best 300-word letter on "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing." . . . Think of the fairyland of enjoyment and pleasure in \$10,000? It may mean a new home; a car; college for the boy and girl; a trip around the world with a liberal balance left over . . . \$1,000 a year extra spending money for ten years, or \$600 a year continuous income at six per cent interest.

Certainly worth working for . . . and not hard to win! Because this is not a literary competition. Merely tell in your letter the best reasons for abolishing wash-day in your home . . . and tell it just as though you are talking it over with your neighbor. All that you need do is set down in an interesting and sincere manner the most common-sense advantages the modern laundry offers over the drudgery of home washing methods.

How to Begin

To win this splendid \$10,000 prize, or to share in the many other awards in this \$50,000 competition, start in a systematic way.

Jot down in a notebook every reason why you should send your washing to the laundry. Then rearrange your arguments in the order of their importance.

With this start, call for suggestions from your family, neighbors, friends. Best of all, visit one of the modern laundries in your city. See for yourself how carefully they sort your clothes; how different fabrics are washed in waters of different temperatures; how your clothes are rinsed in clean, soft water from nine to twelve times. Get all the facts

What would You do with \$10,000

HERE ARE THE NATIONAL PRIZES

Here are the National Prizes—well worth your putting a great deal of time and thought in your letter.

1st prize.....	\$10,000.00
2nd prize.....	5,000.00
3rd prize.....	2,000.00
4th prize.....	1,250.00
5th prize.....	1,000.00
6th prize.....	700.00
7th prize.....	500.00
8th prize.....	400.00
9th prize.....	250.00
10th prize.....	100.00

HERE ARE THE STATE PRIZES

In addition to the National prizes, the ten best essays in each of the forty-eight states and in Canada will win prizes as follows:

1st prize.....	\$ 225.00
2nd prize.....	125.00
3rd prize.....	100.00
4th prize.....	50.00
5th prize.....	35.00
6th prize.....	25.00
7th prize.....	20.00
8th prize.....	10.00
9th prize.....	5.00
10th prize.....	5.00

For full details of the 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "Ask Me Another About the Laundry" obtainable at laundries everywhere.

© 1927 Laundryowners National Association of United States and Canada. One of a series of advertisements to promote a better appreciation of modern laundry service.

so that you can intelligently determine the outstanding reasons why the laundry should do your washing. Then write your letter . . . just as naturally as you talk . . . and be sure to mail it before midnight of December 1, 1927.

Read These Rules Carefully They are Important!

1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."
2. Competition starts October 1. Your letter must be mailed to \$50,000 Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana, by midnight Dec. 1, 1927.
3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.
4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.
5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.
6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the ten national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of a tie for any state or national prize, each tying contestant will be paid full amount of prize.

Why should do my washing?

Delivered to you ~ this helpful book

TELEPHONE any laundry in your town and request a copy of the "Ask Me Another" booklet. It will be delivered to your door. Or better still, call for it in person, and while there make an inspection of the laundry's facilities. The book and the tour together will help you write a better letter—perhaps the very letter which will win the \$10,000.00 Grand Prize.



REAL CREAM and Fresh Tomatoes

Everybody likes cream, and the cream in Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is real cream—plenty of it—rich in flavor—heavy with goodness—full of nourishment.

And—the tomatoes are fresh-picked—hand selected—right out of the garden and into the soup—all the full, fresh flavor of vine-ripened tomatoes.

That's why we call Heinz Soup *Cream of Tomato Soup*. It is not merely a "creamed" soup, but is a *real cream* soup, ready to serve. The taste is the test • H. J. HEINZ CO.
Ask your grocer for new prices

HEINZ

Cream of Tomato SOUP

57

AND REMEMBER—

HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 8]

joining her. "I'm sure you don't agree." "Oh no, I don't agree," she said. "But I'm not cross because—well, because you don't have that effect on me, that's all."

"You don't choose to take me seriously," growled Reggie. "I believe you are just having a rag with me."

She smiled back. "Oh, not with such an important person as yourself, Reggie! It simply isn't done!"

"No, it isn't!" he vowed, making a spring at her.

But Peggy was too nimble to be caught thus easily. She fled before him down the garden-path, skimming like a bird down the glen that led to the shore.

He drew nearer to her, however, notwithstanding all her adroitness and there was but a very little between them when she finally reached the little gate and ran out onto the sunny beach.

Even then he would have caught her had not his own coat given him a moment's pause, and when he had freed himself from it she was already leaping from rock to rock to plunge at length into the sparkling water.

Reggie sat down on a rock and put on his shoes with the philosophical reflection that there was small point in going any further without them as he would catch her in the end. "She's like an eel herself," he commented, "but I'll catch her!"

A great splashing and a view-holloa from the water nearer at hand diverted his fell intentions for the moment. He turned and perceived a meager, familiar figure kicking up fountains to attract his attention.

"Hullo, Dad!" he said. "Have you been out here long?"

"Yes, rather!" said Nick. "I expected you ages ago."

"I was waiting for Peggy," explained Reggie.

"What do you want to waste your time over her for?" said Nick. "I don't mind you making an ass of yourself if you want to, but you're not to catch the girl if she doesn't want to be caught. See? It isn't cricket."

WHEN Peggy judged it safe to return from her dip and skipped up the rocks with a wary eye to right and left, she discovered with some surprise another cavalier awaiting her at the gate.

"Hullo, Uncle Nick! You are early. Where's Reggie?"

Nick pointed towards some distant half-submerged rocks. "Still playing over there like a disgruntled porpoise. Come along! We shall be late for breakfast."

"I think I'll wait for him," said Peggy. She raised her hollowed hands to her mouth suddenly and sent a piercing siren-call in the direction of Reggie's playground.

"That'll fetch him," she said with confidence. She began to flit away on dancing feet, but paused to fling back a kiss which he found it impossible not to return, though he smiled somewhat wryly as he did so.

Entering the breakfast-room a quarter of an hour later with Muriel, Peggy and Reggie were discovered, still in their bathing-kitt, in possession.

"We thought it would make us so late to dress," explained Peggy, with serene blue eyes uplifted. "And we were sure you wouldn't mind, dear Aunt Muriel."

Who could mind anything from Peggy with her irresistible little air of always being quite safe from rebuke? Muriel certainly was not proof against her and merely kissed her with a feebly expressed hope that perhaps she would manage to finish her bath a little earlier tomorrow. Then she turned to her letters. "This is a note from Mrs. Bobby Fraser, Peggy," she remarked.

"Oh!" said Peggy. "About India?"

"Yes, dear. You would be safe in their care. He is a perfect dear. In fact, I would rather you traveled with them than with anyone else I know. The only thing is they are leaving rather earlier than I had thought. Early in September."

"That is rather soon. I can't see why I shouldn't be allowed to take care of myself," said Peggy rather forlornly. "What possible harm could come to me?"

"Ye gods!" said Nick. "Well, darling,

I'm sorry, but the very question demonstrates your utter inability to do so. The fact that the Frasers are going is the greatest piece of luck that has come our way for a long time, and we mustn't let it slip. That's settled, Muriel. You will have to set to work and get the child ready."

Muriel bent towards Peggy. "Finish your breakfast, darling, and we'll talk about it," she said. "There certainly isn't much time to lose, but we must try and get through before Joan comes. You shall have your little holiday together if I can possibly manage it."

"Thank you," said Peggy. The color was fading at last. It went very rapidly, leaving her strangely pale by contrast, leaving also two enormous tears in her eyes which she quietly wiped away. She began to eat and drink again in silence.

Not so Reggie! He almost flung his plate from him at sight of those tears which she had treated so practically, and burst into vehement speech.

"It's a shame, that's what it is!" he declared. "Father! Mother! You've no business to make her go at all! You can see she loathes the very thought of it. Why can't her beastly father come to her if he wants her?"

"Don't be such a funny ass, Reggie!" said Peggy. "Nobody's making me go. I'm just going, and that's all there is to it."

IT was arranged that the general migration to Brethaven should take place earlier this year on account of Peggy's plans, and her last fortnight in England was to be spent in the midst of the family party. It was what Peggy herself desired, for they were all dear to her, and the holidays spent thus at Redlands were amongst her dearest memories. It was so jolly to be all together, as she said, and she wanted as much of it as possible before she left.

The days slipped by very quickly—far too quickly for all of them. There were tennis parties, boating parties, fishing parties and picnics organized by Nick in a succession so rapid that the wistful shadow seldom had time to gather in Peggy's eyes, and Reggie declared himself worked off his feet.

There came a day of great jubilation when his name at last appeared in the London Gazette, and he received his orders to join his regiment at Chatham about three weeks later. It was his turn to buy a trousseau, as Dr. Jim called it, and he shot up to town for the purpose but was back again almost before they realized him gone.

Peggy's time was getting very short. "I can stay up there and finish off when you've gone," he told her. "But I shan't before."

And though Peggy said, "Why not?" she neither expected nor received an answer.

Nick's final effort was a dance to be given on Peggy's last night at Redlands.

Everyone agreed that Nick surpassed himself that night. The arrangements for what was known somewhat sarcastically as "Peggy's coming-out ball," were superbly carried out. Nothing was lacking down to the last detail, and Redlands, mounted on its cliff above the sea, was transformed into a positive fairyland.

"I shall never, never forget it," said Peggy, standing with Nick on the steps to watch the illuminations take effect before the arrival of the guests.

"You will see much more brilliant functions than this in the East," said Nick.

"But nothing that will appeal to me half as much," said Peggy.

He put his arm round her. "You're going to have a good time, little girl," he said. "Make no mistake about it! They will all want to fête you and make much of you. I know my India. But don't let them spoil you, darling!"

Peggy pressed close to him. "I'll try not to be spoilt," she said.

"That's right," he said lightly. "And don't be scared either! You've got lots of sense if you only remember to use it."

She looked at him with puzzled eyes, but pursued the matter no further.

Joan's arrival on the scene a few seconds later scattered [Turn to page 50]

COSMETICS CAN NEITHER CURE NOR CONCEAL YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

If you care for your skin according to a scientific method which keeps it healthy, you will have no need of the artificial subterfuges of make-up.

Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your care of the skin at home

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Removes all impurities from the pores. Cleanses and soothes the skin, leaves it soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and clarifies the skin. Refreshes and refines. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD

Keeps the skin smooth and full. Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin or lined face and as a preventive of fading and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

VENETIAN VELVA CREAM

A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it softens and smooths the skin without fattening the cheeks. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. Important for the treatment of a fallen contour or flabby neck. \$2.25, \$4.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM

A greaseless astringent cream which contracts open pores, corrects their laxness and refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.



On sale at smart shops all over United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1927
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta
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SMART women have come to regard make-up as a cheap make-shift. A painted face implies the need of concealing horrid blemishes on the skin. But cosmetics cannot really hide the skin's faults, nor correct the skin's ill health.

If you care for your skin according to the scientific method of Elizabeth Arden, you will have no need of artifice to make it look clear, fine and smooth. For the steps of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment supply the fundamental needs of the tissues. By correct cleansing of the skin—with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*—you remove all the impurities which distend and darken the pores. By toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* or *Special Astringent*—you bring up swift circulation to clarify the skin and firm the muscles. By patting and moulding—with *Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—you keep the skin smooth and full, free from lines and wrinkles. If you just keep your skin healthy, it will be naturally lovely.

POUDRE D'ILLUSION

Powder of superb quality, fine, adherent. Tinted with "pure food" colors. Illusion (a peach blend), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White. \$3.

VENETIAN BLEACHING CREAM

A soothing and whitening cream, made with fresh lemon juice. Softens the skin and removes tan and sallowness. \$1.25.

VENETIAN AMORETTA CREAM

An exquisite protective cream, gives a smooth natural bloom to the skin, prevents roughness. A becoming powder foundation. \$1, \$2.

VENETIAN ULTRA-AMORETTA CREAM

Slightly more oily. An excellent "nose cream." Use under powder to prevent flaking or shine. \$1, \$2.

VENETIAN JUNE GERANIUM BATHODOMES

Imported soap made of purest vegetable oils, for the bath and the hands. Keeps the skin soft, smooth and fine. 50c a cake. \$3 a box of 6 cakes.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

A nourishing and astringent cream, made with fresh eggs, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. \$2, \$3.50.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.

406

Hospital Dietitians

testify:

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"



SPECIAL diet for this one—just tempting food for that—but certainly the most healthful food for all her patients, is the hospital dietitian's daily concern.

What kind of baking powder does she choose? Several hundred hospital dietitians not long ago told their views on baking powder and 406 of them—82% of all who expressed a specific opinion—said: *"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a health point of view."*

You know as well as any expert that it is best for fine cookery. When you've a family that boasts of your cakes, your muffins and hot biscuits, you won't use any other baking powder than Royal.

Royal has never failed you and you know it never will.

For 50 years it has been made always with the finest cream of tartar, which is a natural fruit product. Pure, wholesome, dependable. Royal never leaves a bitter taste.

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE—Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 tps. Royal Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt. Add 4 tbsps. shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add 1 egg and sufficient water to make soft dough (about ½ cup). Half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on baking pan and bake in hot oven (475° F) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 6 cakes. Split, butter and fill with hot creamed chicken or mushrooms.



MOCHA LAYER CAKE—Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until very light; add 1 cup powdered sugar slowly, beating continually; add 1 cup pastry flour sifted with 2 tps. Royal Baking Powder; then 3 tbsps. cold water, ½ tsp. vanilla and 1 tsp. mocha essence; mix well and add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs; mix batter thoroughly without beating. Bake in three greased and floured layer tins in moderate oven (325° F) about 25 minutes. **ICING**—Add 1 tsp. mocha essence, 1½ tbsps. powdered sugar to ½ pint cream. Whip until stiff.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

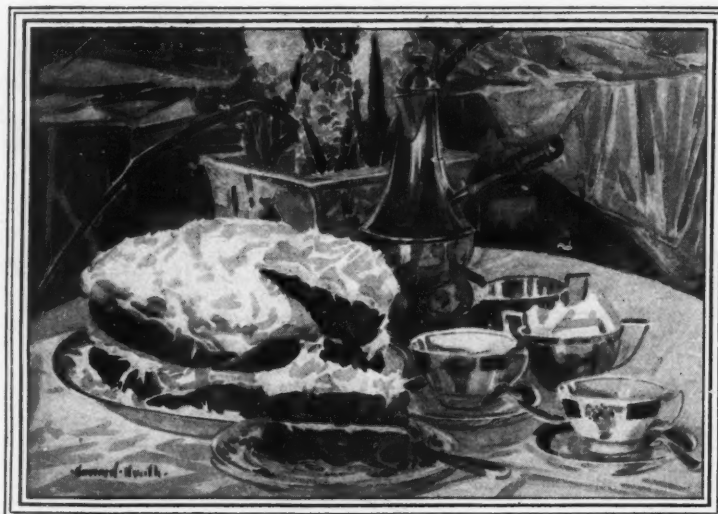
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Please send my copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—free. Gives nearly 350 recipes of all kinds of delicious foods.

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❖❖ *It isn't Thanksgiving* ❖❖
for Them Without at least



The perfect cake is light but firm

THREE DELICIOUS CAKES

BY MABEL CONDICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD HEATH

THE old-fashioned cakes baked in deep pans, which the English know to perfection how to make, are not as popular with us as they should be. There are three kinds which are typical: the plain loaf; the "plum" cake, better known to us as fruit cake; and the light sponge cake, with its sugar-crusted top.

PLAIN CAKE

6 tablespoons butter	2 cups flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs	2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup sour milk	
½ teaspoon soda	

Cream together butter and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating each in well. Add milk in which soda is dissolved, then add flour sifted three or four times with baking-powder. Add flavoring and mix thoroughly. Pour into loaf pan lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 1 hour. Loaf should begin to brown at end of 15 minutes, but should not get entirely brown for ½ hour. When brown, cover top with paper to keep from scorching. To this cake batter can be added 1 cup broken nut meats, raisins or chopped candied fruit, or 1/3 cup of each. The cake will keep fresh a week in a closed tin. It can be iced or not, as preferred.

FRUIT CAKE

1 pound raisins	1 cup sugar
1 pound currants	5 eggs
¼ pound citron	2½ cups flour
¼ pound mixed orange and lemon peel	1 orange, juice and rind
½ cup butter	1 lemon, juice and rind
	1 teaspoon nutmeg
	½ teaspoon baking-powder

Wash and dry raisins and currants. Add to them citron and mixed peel, cut fine, and sprinkle with ½ cup of the flour. Cream together butter and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating each one in well before adding the next. Add orange and lemon juice and rind, nutmeg

and flour in which is sifted baking-powder. Add floured fruit last. Mix thoroughly. Line cake tin with greased paper, cut to fit sides and bottom. Bottom piece should be double to prevent scorching. Side pieces should be a trifle higher than the pan. Fill

pan nearly full of batter. Bake in very slow oven (275° F) about 2½ hours. Cake should begin to brown a little at end of first hour. Cover top with paper if browning continues too rapidly.

When baked, remove from oven and turn out to cool. The paper can be taken off without injury to cake. When entirely cold, wrap in waxed paper and cloth and put away in a closed tin box for at least a week to "ripen." Ice top with almond icing.

SPONGE CAKE

4 egg yolks	1 cup flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon cream of tartar
3 teaspoons cold water	4 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Beat egg yolks well and add half of sugar. Continue to beat until light and thick. Add water, flavoring and flour which has been sifted five times with cream of tartar. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth and add balance of sugar. Continue to beat until sugar is dissolved and mixture is very stiff and rocky in appearance. Fold whites into batter very carefully so that rocky appearance is not disturbed. Turn into an ungreased "Turk's head" pan. Sprinkle top with granulated sugar. Bake in a very moderate oven (325° F) 50 minutes. Cake should then be golden brown with a beautiful crusty top. Remove from oven, turn pan upside down and allow to remain until cold.

The ungreased pan, with a tube in the middle, is necessary to the success of the sponge cake, which is so light it needs the sides to cling to while baking. After it is cold there is no danger of its falling. A sponge cake should never be iced, the sugar which forms the crust being the correct "icing" for such a delicate cake.

Plum Pudding. The crowning glory for Christmas Feasts. An old English plum pudding recipe—one of the many constantly tested in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested Flour—perfect results always.



Why do you have those mysterious baking failures?

Your flour may be the cause—that is why cooking experts advise "Kitchen-tested" Flour



One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you.

A Happy Year! "I have used Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour since last year. I have been having very fine results with all my cake and bread baking."

Mrs. T. B. TREWHELLA,
New York City

Added Uses! "I have always used Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour for bread and biscuits. I have had good results now with it for cakes and pies."

Mrs. MAUDE FERGUSON,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Happy Indeed! "I am indeed very glad to have found Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. It has done away with having pastry and bread flour on hand."

Mrs. H. C. GUENTHER,
Detroit, Mich.

Very likely you have been unfair to yourself by taking the blame for those mysterious baking failures which are the bane of every woman's life. Yes, even the finest cooks in the land experience such heart-breaking disappointments.

And yet today, we know that you have often blamed yourself needlessly. For recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to

standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one flour for all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-back guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words, "Kitchen-tested," are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South
Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled



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Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.

in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer "Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer only good if you live in U. S.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples, including Plum Pudding—FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker



Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 297, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes free.)
☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

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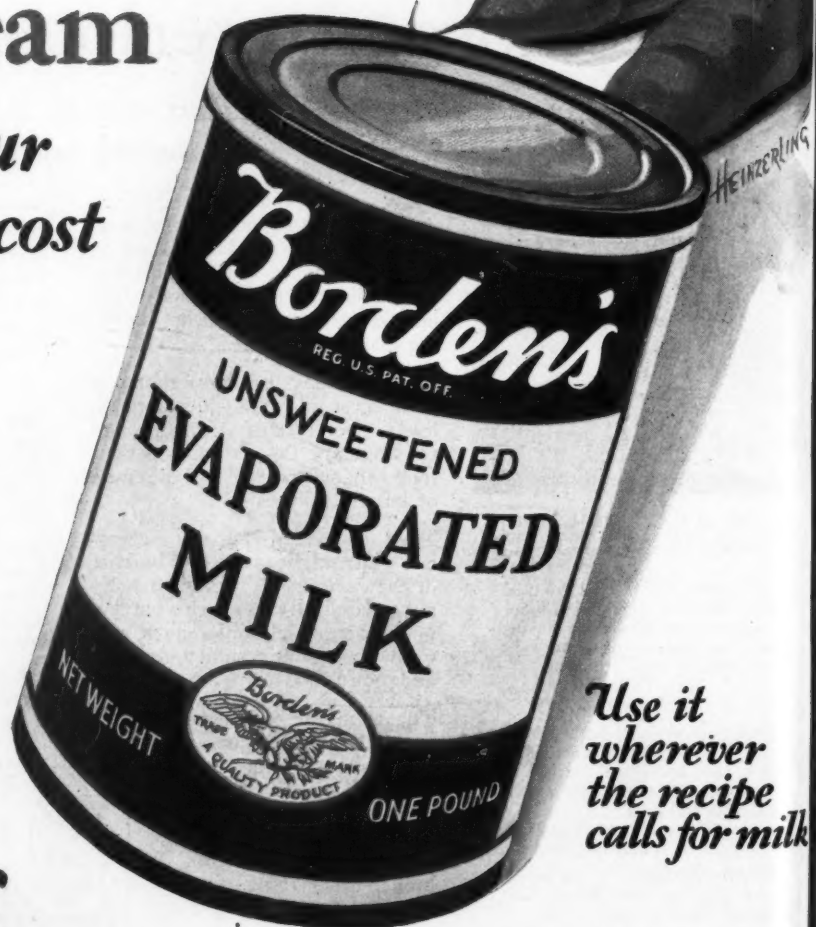
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That cooked-with-cream flavor - In all your cooking at no extra cost

How to get old-fashioned, creamy richness in cooking, without being extravagant? Modern women — thousands of them — find the answer in Borden's Evaporated Milk.

You'll find, too, that Borden's gives all your dishes "that cooked-with-cream flavor". For it is the best of pure, rich, full country milk. Nothing added. Nothing taken away, except part of the natural water—and that you put back when you use it for cooking. Twice as rich and creamy as ordinary milk. Use it to cream your coffee, too. Borden's Evaporated Milk is kept for you in its original purity and richness. Packed sweet and fresh in sealed containers instead of bottles. Ready for your immediate use. Economical, too. And absolutely dependable—the Borden label guarantees the quality of every can.



*Use it
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the recipe
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Pure Country Milk
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Let Us Celebrate THE HOME



IN this day of false scientists who prate of family complexes and inhibitions the Home has come in for more than its share of reproach. It spreads a sheltering roof over a lot of sins of omission and commission that conceit makes us unwilling to carry on our own shoulders. Yet, one who has been brought up in an average American home is moved to wonder how in the atmosphere that prevails there, such a foreign importation as an inhibition ever found a fighting chance. Family life is a tolerably fair proving ground. Members of a family begin to exhibit pretty early and all the time the same characteristics one meets with in the bigger world of society and business and the professions. To live successfully with one's family puts one in a fair way to live successfully with one's neighbors and business associates. All fathers are not Oedipus Rex. Nor are all mothers clinging vines stunting the growth of youthful shoots. Witness Mrs. Lindbergh. Several times in those eventful days of the stripling hero's Washington triumph she saw her son hesitate; and, each time she let him make his own decision. All honor to her for it! Like a wise woman she knew when to withhold the maternal guiding hand; she was mother enough to believe in Youth, and, believing, to let Youth find and take its own course. We believe that she is symbolic of a million mothers in America today, just as the son is typical of thousands more of the same breed in our colleges, high schools, playgrounds and nurseries. Your four-year-old riding his velocipede on the concrete sidewalk before your front door may soar to heights unguessed by you. The snub-nosed boy who tinkers with the radio set across the street may be an Edison in embryo. Homes are places where heroes are born. Let us thank God for them!



WHY NOT WRITE FOR THESE HOMEMAKING HELPS:

YOUR HOME AND CHILDREN

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE (ten cents)
DECORATING YOUR HOME (ten cents)
THE MODERN HOME (ten cents)
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For all these booklets from our Service Library write, enclosing money in stamps, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

WILL YOUR NAME BE ON ONE OF THESE?



\$10,000 prize contest

ONLY a few weeks more and Postum's \$10,000 prize contest comes to a close. One thousand and one money prizes will be given away—prizes simply for writing letters! These prizes will be won by persons like yourself. Some will win \$1000 each—others \$500! Why not be one of them?

All that is wanted is a letter on any one of the three Postum subjects given below.

Others have told us, before this contest started, how they used Postum in place of caffein beverages for thirty days—and became regular Postum users forever after! "I sleep better"—"No more indigestion." Typical comments. Give us the results in *your* case—whether you are an old-time Postum user, or only a beginner. Hundreds of prizes for the best letters!

Or write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk for children. Mothers have written: "My little girl has gained weight wonderfully"—"My children couldn't drink milk until I discovered Instant Postum made with milk"—"No more worries about coffee for the children in *this* family!" Win a prize by writing a good letter!

In addition, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some Postum enthusiasts won't have anything but Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some people like Postum strong, others weak, others "in between." Just as with other hot drinks, individual tastes must be suited in preparing Postum. How do you prepare Postum? A thousand dollars for the best letter!

The prize money is waiting to be won! Don't let another day go by! Read the rules on this page, and enter the contest!

Subjects and Prizes

1. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."
2. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
3. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for third subject.

RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to "P.O. Box 594—D, Battle Creek, Michigan."
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.
(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

A busy Monday lunch in 5 minutes

~and this delicious Lima salad is just one of the score of quick dishes you can have

That's one splendid thing about California Limas: you can plan two menus without extra work—a Sunday dinner dish, and a Monday luncheon salad.

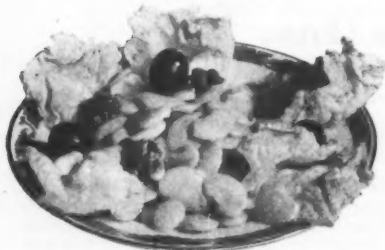
Just cook up one cupful more than your Sunday recipe requires. Put them in your cooler. On Monday you've a salad all ready in five minutes—for instance, cold Limas on lettuce, topped with walnut meats and served with your favorite dressing.

There's health in that salad, too—new strength to master Monday's tasks. Limas give proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and vital mineral salts in unusual abundance. And because they are one of the highest alkaline-ash foods, dietitians recommend them to offset the acid-ash resulting from so many staple foods—those body acid conditions generally referred to as some form of acidosis. Limas help keep well folks well by giving them a better balanced and more healthful diet.

California Limas (Large or Baby Limas) are reasonable in cost. And there's no waste—they're all food. They save time and work, too, for they're so easy to prepare. Your grocer has them. For extra-fancy quality ask for SEASIDE Limas.

For food facts about California Limas—the matchless year-round vegetable—with tested recipes and suggested menus, write for our free book, "How Ten Food Editors Serve California Limas." Address Department 13.

CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Oxnard, California



CALIFORNIA Limas

THE BEANS WITH THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

CUTTING THE WINTER COAL BILL

Mere worrying over the cost won't do it, but forethought will

BY EDNA YOST

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE



The young wife finds a place in her household for arithmetical reasoning

THERE are three good reasons for practicing fuel economies. One is to save money; the second is to save coal; and the third is to promote health by maintaining an equable temperature in all rooms of the house throughout the day and night. All these can be done without sacrifice of comfort and, incidentally, with a reduction of labor.

When you stop to consider that the nation's fuel bill is in excess of a billion dollars annually, you begin to realize that our much-talked-about diminishing coal supply is no fanciful myth. Some idea of your individual waste may be arrived at by estimating on this basis: that approxi-

mately half of the heat value in every ton of coal burned in the ordinary furnace in the average American home is lost, and that half of that loss could be avoided. In other words, your coal bill could be two-thirds its present size with no loss of comfort if your home and way of heating it are somewhere near the "average."

The main objective in the practice of fuel economies should be not to reduce your family's requirements for comfort, but to lessen avoidable heat losses. Unless you are building a new home or installing a new heating system you must start out on this basis: "This is the house I have to heat. This is the equipment with which I must heat it. Given these two things, what is the best I can do?" Your walls may be loosely built, the construction of the whole house flimsy. The heating system may be far from the best. If so, you are faced with some great heat losses which may be put down for the present as unavoidable. Your problem is to discover and lessen those losses that are avoidable. They may be:

1. Absence of insulating material and weather stripping.
2. Inefficient care and management of the heating equipment.
3. Exposed pipes in the cellar.

The magnitude of the heat loss arising from bare pipes in the cellar is seldom realized by the person who pays the coal bills.

Friends of mine moved last winter into a small, new stucco house in Pennsylvania and were astonished at the winter's coal bill as well as at the difficulty they had in heating a house which appeared to have plenty of radiation. I visited them

in the spring, and by the simple use of a yardstick, a piece of string, and a pencil and paper learned that they had averaged a half ton of coal a month as sheer loss due to bare pipes in the cellar.

The answer to heat losses from exposed pipes is clear. It usually pays to cover them. A good covering is an insulating material which is a combination of magnesite (85%) with asbestos (15%). It is simple to apply, as it can be obtained to fit all the standard pipe sizes with appropriate metal binding strips for fastening it into place; and though at first glance its price may make it appear a luxury, actual figures prove it to be an economy. It will serve for years and very often the saving on the first winter's coal bills will more than pay for it.

Probably the greatest avoidable heat losses in American homes today are due to the absence of insulation. It is possible to reduce the heat required for a building by one half if insulating material is properly used in its construction. Nor need this be done at great additional expense. When the necessary radiation is cut in half, the reduced cost of the heating system goes far toward paying for the insulating material; it may, in fact, cover it.

In recent years home builders who are looking toward comfort and economy of labor in the home as well as toward financial economy have figured that the actual reduction of heat requirements through proper insulation is sufficient to pay for the additional expense of heating by one of the clean and efficient gas or oil-burning systems.

Even if we live in houses in whose construction insulation has been omitted, it is not too late to take advantage of some of its economies. Do you come home from work in the late winter afternoons to find that the snow on your roof has melted much more rapidly than on similarly exposed spots on the sidewalks? Then part of the coal burned in the cellar that day was used to accomplish [Turn to page 75]



One form of daily exercise



THIS is the new Singer De Luxe Library Table Electric. When not in use, it becomes a piece of fine furniture, a desk or table in harmony with its surroundings in any room.



Like the Thrill of a New Discovery



The New Singer Portable Electrics

Here is one of the most popular of all the new Singer models. Light, compact, can be easily carried in one hand upstairs, downstairs, to any room in the house. Simply connect with any light socket, or floor plug, set it on any table and sew. Equipped with genuine Singer motor and "Singerlight". When not in use, set it away on a closet shelf or in any corner—requires only 8 by 17 inches of space. A perfect Singer—guaranteed for long, efficient, satisfying service.

HERE is the way to experience one of the happiest surprises you have ever known. Just sit down at the new Singer Electric, arrange your material, press a lever gently with the knee—and watch the perfect seam flow forth. Or add an easy-to-use attachment and see a tiny hem fall into place or ruffles form like gathering-foam. Cut out a frock and see it flower to loveliness before you.

Suddenly it will come to you that an absolutely new and different kind of sewing machine has been created—silent, friendly, gentle, yet versatile beyond belief and eagerly responsive to your slightest wish. No effort—hidden power under perfect control moves the needle slowly, carefully—or sends it sewing swiftly as the wind. Set your machine wherever you wish—a glowing light illuminates your work.

Such is the magic of this new Singer Electric that the sewing you thought was tedious becomes at once a fascinating adventure. Just to sit before it is to feel the inspiration to the creation of beautiful things.

Let the nearest Singer Shop send one of these new machines to your home to try for yourself on your own sewing. It will be a revelation.

Ready! A new practical sewing book, "How to Make Dresses"

If you would know how delightfully easy it is to make smart clothes for yourself, get a copy of "How to Make Dresses," just published. It is a practical step-by-step guide to the swift creation of lovely frocks, prepared by Mary Brooks Picken, America's foremost dressmaking authority. Simple, easy-to-follow instructions, with more than 100 illustrations. Worth many times its small cost. Only twenty-five cents at any Singer Shop, (see telephone directory for nearest address) or send twenty-five cents, coin or stamps, to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. 12-Y, Singer Bldg., New York.

The New
SINGER ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES



ROY BLEDSOE,

son of Mrs. Roy E. Bledsoe,
1825 Alabama Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana



Nobody ever walked the floor with this young man

A WONDERFUL baby—the very picture of health! his parents write. And they don't exaggerate. Roy Bledsoe is in the pink of condition—a happy, sturdy, firm-fleshed, strong-boned youngster, who has never been sick a day in his life.

When Roy was just two months old, his mother put him on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at the advice of her doctor—one of the best child specialists in the State. At first she worried greatly because she couldn't continue nursing him. But now she writes: "I can't say enough for Eagle Brand!"

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, condensed and modified with sugar. In digestibility it ranks next to mother's milk. It is growth-promoting and bone-building. It contains important vitamins. And it is always absolutely pure, safe and uniform.

Of course, every mother should nurse her baby, if possible. But in millions of cases where breast feeding and all other foods have failed, Eagle Brand has brought babies through to vigorous health... As the child grows older, other foods—cod liver oil, orange juice, cereals, etc.—are gradually added to the diet, as recommended by physicians... Mail the coupon below for practical feeding information and stories of Eagle Brand Babies.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, 1-McC.-11-27
Borden Building,
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me my free copies of "Baby's
Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say."

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Address.....

City..... State.....

her thoughts. It was impossible to be pensive for long in Joan's presence.

"Come along!" she cried, seizing Peggy round the waist. "I'm going to be the first to dance with you anyway."

There was no resisting her. She almost carried Peggy from the scene, and Reggie, descending later, sought for her in vain.

Joan's laughter in the garden finally betrayed their whereabouts, and he went in pursuit, only to find that the elusive Peggy had just run back to the house at the arrival of the first car.

He turned back, fuming, expecting nothing but mockery from Joan, but, contrary to his expectations, she came and walked beside him in complete sobriety.

"I'm only playing the fool so as to hide that I'm hating every minute of it even more than you are," she said.

"I don't know what you've got to hate it for," he remarked gruffly. "It can't matter so much to you," he said. "After all, this place isn't your home. She doesn't belong to you in the same way."

"Doesn't she just?" said Joan, flashing round on him. "She belongs to me in a way she doesn't belong to anyone else at all. And—after tomorrow—it'll all come to an end."

There was a sudden shake in her voice with the words which effectively drove all further resentment from Reggie's mind. The instinct of comfort urged him. "I don't know why you say that," he said. "She isn't a girl to change, and she won't forget you. She'll come back."

"She won't," said Joan. "She'll go and marry out there. And she'll never be the same Peggy again."

"Oh rot!" said Reggie, flinching a little. "She won't marry yet anyhow. She's much too young."

"She won't stay young," said Joan. "And everybody does marry out there. Besides—besides—" She broke off and stood in quivering silence.

"I say," said Reggie, "don't!" Joan swallowed hard and began to laugh. "I'm not! I think it's silly to cry over spilt milk, don't you? We might just as well be enjoying ourselves."

This piece of philosophy struck even Reggie as sound.

"All right. Let's enjoy ourselves!" he said. "Or pretend to anyhow! It's a ripping night and we may as well make the best of it."

It was sporting of Joan to take that attitude, he reflected, though the idea that her coming loss could in any way approach his in magnitude was of course preposterous.

Still, if Joan could be sporting, so could he, and within a very few minutes he had flung himself heart and soul into the evening's entertainment.

The evening wore on, and the zest of the dance increased. Both Peggy and Joan danced tirelessly with the total disregard of fatigue possible only to the very young.

The night was warm and dominated by a full moon that hung in splendor over the sea. Some of the elders walked or rested in the garden that ran along the edge of the cliff, but the enthusiasm for the dance among the younger element was such that Nick was persuaded to prolong the fun by half-an-hour. It came to an end at last in the chill of early morning, and with a clatter of cars and much merriment the guests at length dispersed.

Muriel's arm was round Peggy as they turned from the door. "You will be so tired, child," she said. "Run along to bed!"

Peggy looked at her with sparkling eyes. "I've loved it!" she declared. "I suppose I must go to bed though I don't want to in the least. Oh, it's horrid to think how soon it will all be over," she said.

"My dear!" said Muriel. She turned to the stairs, drawing Peggy with her.

"Are you going?" called Joan from the hall as they began to mount. "Good night!" She lifted her face to the bannisters, and Peggy dropped on her knees and kissed her through the bars.

"Aren't you coming, dear?" "I'm going to dance one more fandango with Reggie first," laughed Joan.

Muriel hesitated for a moment, then gently drew Peggy on. "We will leave Nick to look after them," she said.

But it so happened that Nick was busy with the musicians, and he did not see the child run out again into the moonlight and, tapping Reggie on the shoulder, flit

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 42]

on before.

Reggie, on the point of turning inwards, needed no second bidding. The night had been a revelation to him so far as Joan was concerned. He followed her now, as a needle follows a magnet, with a bound that caught her ere she had reached the shadowy path that led down to the glen.

It was plainly her will that he should reach her, for at his touch on her arm she stood still. The gurgle of the spring that flowed through the glen rose up with a tinkle as of fairy music.

"Let's go down," said Reggie. They were half-way down and within sound of the low murmur of the sea when suddenly Joan spoke with a touch of defiance. "I wonder why you came."

He replied with masculine simplicity, "Mainly because you wanted me to."

She walked on for a space in silence, then again she stopped. "I thought I was going to hate tonight," she said. "I should have hated it if it hadn't been for you."

"Really?" said Reggie. He paused a second, then he also laughed, openly and boyishly. "Do you know I've been thinking almost exactly the same thing? It was you who made tonight so jolly."

"I'm glad you're enjoying it," said Joan, and she spoke in a lower tone, almost as though she feared to be overheard. "I rather wanted to see if you could. Anyhow—" she hesitated—"anyhow it was more or less up to me as I have spoilt most of your pleasure up to now."

"What do you mean?" said Reggie.

She made a small but vehement gesture. "I'm telling you what I mean, or trying to. I've been getting in your way on purpose all this time, just because I didn't want you to get more miserable than you need. I didn't want Peggy to be miserable either, though I think she has really got too much sense. I didn't know till tonight, when you told me I looked decent, that I had it in my power to give you a jolly time, or I'd have begun sooner. But it's no good really now, because—because—"

She suddenly gulped and put out a hand as if to save herself from falling. "Oh, I don't want to make a fool of myself," she said, torn between anger and distress.

Somewhat the outflung hand found itself clasped in Reggie's; it was inevitable.

"I say, I say, what's the matter? What is it, Joan? Don't be upset. I say!"

She mastered herself with a strong effort. "I'm not. Only—I'm sorry, and I wish I'd told you sooner. You'll never speak to me again I know. Not that I care! Don't think that! Only—I wish I'd told you sooner, that's all."

"But told me what?" said Reggie.

She snatched her hand abruptly from him and began to walk down the glen above the tinkling stream. After a dozen paces or so, she stopped again and faced about with a certain courage. "You must think me quite mad," she said. "I'm not really. I'll tell you now. I've always meant to tell you ever since I realized—but I kept putting it off. Reggie, you knew I had an uncle in the Indian Army, didn't you?"

"Of course!" said Reggie. "Why?"

"I dare say you may remember him," went on Joan recklessly. "Anyhow, he's awfully handsome and all that, and in the old days—long, long ago—when Peggy was a tiny little toddler in India, he and she were great pals. She hasn't seen him since she was seven, but she cared for him more than anyone else in the world then, and she hasn't forgotten him."

"Oh, my hat!" said Reggie, beginning to see light. "Really, Joan, you can't be so silly as to think—"

"No, I don't—I don't!" She interrupted him sharply. "And I'm not silly. I expect he forgot all about her, for he's never been home since. But this year—this Christmas—he was thinking of coming. I heard it weeks ago, before we left school. So after I got home, I got hold of his address—I knew he was stationed at Ghawalkhand which is close to where Sir William Musgrave is building a viaduct or something—and I just wrote to him and told him so."

"Oh, I see!" said Reggie. "Do you suppose it will make any difference?"

"I don't know," she said. "It may. He isn't married. There's no special reason

for him to come home. He may stay out there to see her out of sheer curiosity. Of course he's years older than she is."

"How old is the fellow?" said Reggie. "Oh, I suppose he's something over thirty," said Joan vaguely. "Not really old, as men go."

"I see," said Reggie again. Joan came and stood beside him in silence. In her young purity she had the look of a being from another world. The moonlight yet lay upon all things, and the earth itself looked different and in some magic fashion etherealized.

They had been standing there for many seconds when the boy slowly turned his head and looked at the girl beside him.

Her eyes leaped to his on the instant, but she did not speak.

It was he who at last broke the silence. "Joan," he said, "I'm glad you did it."

"I did it for her sake," she said. "Yes, I know." His hand found hers again and squeezed it boyishly, reassuringly. "It was jolly decent of you."

"Oh, don't you mind?" gasped Joan. "No, I don't mind a bit." He spoke with a firmness that carried conviction.

"If he's a good sort, as you say it may make all the difference to her. I'm awfully fond of Peggy, always have been; and I very nearly made a fool of myself over her, but I didn't quite—partly thanks to you, and partly because I always knew I hadn't a chance. I know I've been a bad-tempered beast these holidays, and I'm sorry. If you're feeling generous, you might say you forgive me."

"Good gracious," said Joan, genuinely startled. "Me forgive you!"

"Yes," He smiled at her suddenly. "I like you, Joan. I'd like to make a pal of you if you'll let me. I haven't got any sisters, and when Peggy's gone—"

"Oh, but of course!" said Joan, delighted. "Do let's be pals! I should love it. It'll help me too."

THE siren sounded, and Peggy threw a rather distressed glance at it, vaguely resenting the din that seemed to deprive her of the power to think and to realize what was happening. Then there came the throb of an unseen power under her feet, and she knew that the ship was moving. Every sense seemed to have left her save that of sight. There across a widening rift she saw those dear to her, those who meant home.

"What ever shall I do without them?" she whispered.

Some one touched her arm, and she saw the round, kindly face of Bobby Fraser.

"It's a beastly game saying good-by," he said. "Let's go and find my wife!"

After what seemed to her a lengthy journey they came to Mrs. Bobby.

"Well," she said. "Have you seen the last of them?"

It was not in Peggy's sunny nature to dislike anyone at sight, but there was no denying the fact that Mrs. Bobby did not at the outset make a very favorable impression upon her. She could only murmur rather inarticulately, "Yes, they've gone."

"Have you seen your cabin?" said Mrs. Bobby.

"Yes," said Peggy. "Aunt Muriel took me down. It's a very nice one, and it's very kind of you to share it with me."

Mrs. Bobby laughed a little. "Oh, that's none of my doing. You'd better thank my husband for that. He is doubling up with another man so that I can look after you."

Peggy felt herself coloring with embarrassment; she hardly knew why. "Oh, wouldn't you rather be together?" she said. "I'm sure I shouldn't mind."

"It's done now," said Mrs. Bobby. "So don't make a fuss. Of course he doesn't care! Why should he?"

There was nothing more to be said, and Peggy turned away rather disconsolately. But the next moment Bobby touched her shoulder.

"Look here! Nick gave me this for you—to bring you luck, he said. You weren't to look at it till we had started. Good chap—Nick, what?" He pushed a small packet into her hand.

There were not many people in the saloon, and her interest did not spread any further. She drew a step nearer to Mrs. Bobby.

"I think I shall go to our cabin," she said, "and undo some of my things."

She found the cabin with some difficulty. It was a deck one with a porthole that looked out across [Turn to page 52]

NEXT TIME YOU MAKE A CAKE

Shorten your next cake with Snowdrift and find out for yourself how nice it will be.

Snowdrift is so very good that that cake just can't help being delicious. For Snowdrift is really made to eat. It is wholesome, nourishing food. Always fresh, and sweet as new cream.

When you cream Snowdrift with sugar, you'll find that making cake with Snowdrift is easier and quicker, too. For Snowdrift stays creamy—just right for easy mixing—whether it's kept in the refrigerator or out.

Creamy Snowdrift is so white and dainty that it's a pleasure to cook with it. Use it for pastry and biscuit as well as cake. They'll be wonderfully tender and good. Fry with Snowdrift, too. It gives fried food an appetizing delicacy of flavor.

Dainty and convenient and good-to-eat, Snowdrift is naturally found in the new and shining kitchens of this modern day.



Snowdrift is made by the Wesson Oil People out of an oil as fine as a fine salad oil.

What are Babies' skins made of?



Velvet folds, so easily chafed
they need this powder-lubricant

GOSSAMER layers, silken-soft—delicate, tender creases. That's what babies' skins are made of. Tiny bundles of flesh, sensitive to the slightest rubbing—skin-folds that need protection to save them from angry chafing.

To keep these precious skin-folds always safe and comfortable, here is a soothing powder-lubricant.

Like healing cream, it smooths into chafed surfaces, anoints roughened areas with the effect of a soothing lotion. Yet it is the daintiest of powder, fluffy, flaky, clean—invaluable to sprinkle on the body after the baby's bath, before he takes his nap, every time diapers are changed. A super-soft protective, it prevents painful rubbing and chafing.

The base of this powder is Italian talc, a flaky substance mined in the Alps, which breaks into airy particles light as thistledown. Purified and

sifted, it becomes a creamy powder, soothing and absorbent. Like a magic veil it covers tender skin without danger of clogging the pores.

Other precious aids to comfort are blended with the talcum base—delicate perfume; a boracic compound which serves as a mild skin-healer, neutralizing the acids expelled by the folds of skin. The result is a powder soft as a whisper, a caress to the tenderest body—a healing agent used by more mothers, hospitals, and eminent physicians than any other baby powder.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, without a flaw or blemish, give him the protection that will keep him always beautiful. Keep his skin healthy every day—soft, pliable, safe—free from discomforts, with Johnson's.

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally relieve roughness, rash, or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.



Make this simple hand test
Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.

YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 50]

a narrow promenade to the blue water. She climbed onto a seat below it and gazed forth for a space over the sparkling ripples.

With a great sigh she withdrew her eyes from the enchanting prospect of tree-draped shore and returned to the consciousness of Nick's packet still in her clasp. Sitting on the edge of the bunk, she untied the string that bound its wrapper. Two envelopes and a small jeweller's box were within. On one of the first was written: "Give this to Will when you see him;" and on the second: "For your own dear little self." She opened it and drew forth a sheet of paper.

"My darling Peggy," (so ran Nick's message). "Now you are off on your own on the sea of life, and this is to bring you an old friend's love, and to tell you to buck up and be happy! You will find a little native charm in the box which you are to look at if ever you feel tired or downhearted and simply say to yourself, 'I'm going straight on.' There's nothing in the world like it, darling. Don't forget! It's also a good remedy if ever you chance to lose your way. I've tried it and I know. Good-bye and God bless you! Your loving old Uncle Nick."

She seemed to hear his voice again in the words—an echo of himself; and a warmth came about her heart like a sudden gleam of sunshine on a dark day. The sense of being forsaken began to pass.

She was actually smiling as she opened the little box. It contained a tiny replica of a Hindu god in jade strung on a slender gold chain. It was beautifully cut, and the green of the stone held an intensity of color which she knew to be unusual.

Afterwards it seemed to her that she must have wandered into a species of dream, so rapt and so curiously irresponsible were her thoughts. Some one was coming towards her, but the light in her eyes—or was it the magic greenness of the carved thing she held?—prevented her seeing clearly what manner of man he was.

Nearer he came and nearer, and she held her breath, wondering within herself if he would pass her by.

Her heart gave a great jerk and she looked up . . . All was gone.

She sat for a few seconds as if dazed. Then, under her breath, she spoke.

"Noel! Was it—Noel? Noel the wonderful!"

The only answer was the swish and roar of the sea along the vessel's side.

IF it had not been for the complete novelty of life on board, Peggy's spirits would have sunk very low during the first few days of the voyage, and this notwithstanding the fact that the weather was superb. Mrs. Bobby very obviously did not like her and was at no pains to conceal the fact.

Not till they had been a week at sea did she even begin to suspect the reason for Mrs. Bobby's very evident aversion. They had passed Gibraltar and were sailing in the Mediterranean in glorious Summer weather. The first fancy-dress ball was about to take place and Peggy had gone down early to dress. She had a pretty butterfly costume of Muriel's own devising in blue and silver gauze, and she had just finished adjusting it when Mrs. Bobby entered.

"My good child," said Mrs. Bobby, "you can't mean to appear in that extraordinary garment!"

Peggy felt the well-known tingle of indignant embarrassment creep over her face and neck.

"What's the matter with it?" she said, trying to speak with unconcern.

"Matter!" Mrs. Bobby laughed again with scornful mirth. "Well, nothing, if you like to make a figure of fun of yourself. It's ridiculous, provincial, villagey, if you want to know."

"How—dare you?" said Peggy suddenly.

Mrs. Bobby was plainly surprised.

"What did you say?" she asked at last. Peggy did not repeat her words. She could not. Trembling from head to foot, she turned away from the cruel scrutiny of the half-veiled eyes.

"Are you going to repeat what you said?" Mrs. Bobby asked.

Peggy stood mute, avoiding her ruth-

less gaze.

"No!" pursued Mrs. Bobby, in clear-cut, disdainful tones that were somehow like a whip-lash deftly administered to bare, shrinking flesh. "I thought not! And now, my dear, you shall listen to something from me. You are the most ill-bred and unattractive girl it has ever been my portion to meet. You are also very stupid and incapable of learning anything useful. I now find that you are bad-tempered as well and atrociously rude. People on board have been kind to you because they pity you for the circumstances in which you are placed, but for no other reason, let me assure you!"

She paused. Peggy's face was on fire, but she still kept it averted while she fought for self-control. She spoke at last in a very low voice. "I do not know why people should pity me. After all, I have my father to go to."

"Your—father!"

The scathing tone brought her round sharply.

"What do you mean?" she said.

Half-laughing, but with deadly aim, Mrs. Bobby applied the lash again. "You miserable girl, do you mean to say they haven't told you?"

"What—what do you mean?" stammered Peggy again.

Something in her voice or appearance affected Mrs. Bobby.

"Oh, go away, do!" she said pettishly.

"I have had more than enough of this. I shall never speak to you again if I can help it."

"Yes, you will!" Again the words leaped from Peggy without her own volition. "You will tell me what you mean. You must—you shall—tell me what you mean! About my father!"

Mrs. Bobby lost patience and flung all caution to the winds. "Your father! Why, he's half-witted of course—has been for years! Everybody knows it. The only thing he is sane about is his work."

She withdrew herself from Mrs. Bobby's vicinity, moving stiffly, like an automaton, until she reached the door. There she paused, still looking at Mrs. Bobby though with eyes gone glassy, as if they saw something beyond.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, with a kind of instinctive courtesy that was wholly free from sarcasm. "I certainly ought to know." And with that she opened the door and slipped out.

A WARM wind was blowing over the sea, and Peggy, standing at the rail, breathed it deeply, as one who had been near to suffocation.

"If I could but go back!" she whispered into the darkness. "Oh God, if I only could!"

She took a turn along the deck, and then, feeling calmer, descended to the saloon. She was still on the stairs when a voice greeted her from below.

"Hullo!" it said. "Hullo! What fairy-land have you dropped from?"

She paused, looking down, and saw a curious creature in a brown costume over a somewhat corpulent body looking up at her. She recognized him at once as a man in the Guides universally known as Tiggie Turner.

"I say!" he said. "You're just the loveliest thing I've ever seen. That frock is an inspiration. I'd no idea you were so lovely," he said. "What does Mrs. Bobby say to it? Is she pleased?"

The quick color mounted in Peggy's cheeks. "If you're going to be horrid," she said with severity, "I shall go and change—at once."

"You can't change yourself," said Tiggie Turner, "or me either. The deed is done. How many dances will you give me?"

Peggy glanced downwards. "I've only got two, and I want them both myself!"

"Not with those floating wings!" protested Tiggie. "How many may I have?"

"Oh, stop!" said Peggy. "Let's wait till the time comes! There'll be heaps of others for you to choose from, and better dancers too."

"What do you know about that, you little scrap of gossamer?" said Tiggie Turner. He flung out an arm as she was about to pass him.

She evaded him with [Turn to page 54]

Dainty handkerchiefs that cost you nothing

Handkerchiefs, silk stockings, a boutonniere, etc., with the money you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The average saving is \$3 per year per person. Think how that increases when the family is large!



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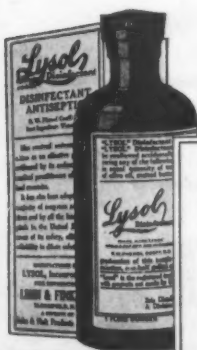
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In the meantime buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions with every bottle.

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"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

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BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 52]

a fairy-like adroitness that easily defeated his clumsier methods. "Well, we'll wait till the time comes anyway," she threw back as she fled. "There may be more for me to choose from too!"

There certainly were more for her to choose from when the time came, so many, in fact, that she found it impossible to satisfy everyone and could only display a full card with laughing regret to late comers.

It would have turned the head of any girl less sensible than Peggy, but though conscious of elation she maintained her balance.

"I don't know why everyone is so kind tonight," she said. "It's awfully decent of them."

But when a little later Tiggie Turner took her up on the promenade deck and in a sheltered corner slipped an arm about her and tried to kiss her, she was furious. She broke from him with the strength of a tiger cub.

"Captain Turner!" she gasped. "Are you mad? Let me go!"

Tiggie was both grieved and indignant. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "How was I to know? You shouldn't make yourself so dashed pretty if you don't want to be noticed. I didn't mean to offend you. I thought you'd like it."

His tone was so much like that of a child rebuked unjustly that Peggy's wrath evaporated. With a gesture that was unconsciously pathetic she held out her hand to him.

"It isn't going to spoil things, is it? I mean, we can be friends?"

"Bless your little heart, of course we can!" he said. "I never proposed to be anything else."

"Oh, I know that," said Peggy, turning scarlet. "I only wanted—only meant—"

"All right. I know what you meant," said Tiggie Turner good-naturedly.

FROM the evening of her triumph onwards Peggy knew quite definitely that Mrs. Bobby was her enemy. It had taken her some time to find it out, but once made, the discovery was never to be forgotten. She knew herself to be the object of a venomous jealousy such as she had never before encountered and realized that only by great circumspection could she hope to steer a peaceful course.

Among all her friends, somewhat to her surprise, Tiggie Turner had become the chief. He had somehow succeeded in establishing himself in her confidence, and she had no fear that he would ever again give her cause for offence.

"I had no idea the voyage could be so jolly," she told Tiggie, as she stood on deck with him one evening.

"It's your own doing," he answered.

Peggy disagreed with him and said so.

"That's just why," said Tiggie Turner.

"You're so fresh and untired of things. You think everyone else is being nice when it's really only you."

"Well, I've enjoyed it all immensely," she said. "And I wish it was going to last longer."

"Think you will miss me?" said Tiggie.

She regarded his rubicon face by the last of the daylight and made honest and friendly reply. "Yes, I'm sure I shall."

He uttered a semi-comic groan. "I was afraid you'd say that," he remarked.

"Didn't you want me to?" said Peggy.

He looked at her again and his eyes were rueful. "I want you to say just what you feel," he said. "Look here, Peggy! Do you think you'll miss me enough to make it worth my while to come and see you sometime?"

"Oh yes!" said Peggy with enthusiasm.

"I should love it!"

"Quite sure of that?" he said.

She nodded with emphasis. "Quite—quite sure. But it'll be miles and miles for you to come, I am afraid. I wonder if I ought to let you."

"It isn't a question of letting," said Tiggie with sudden determination. "I'm coming."

Then she saw what she had done and took alarm. "Oh, please!" she said. "I never meant anything like that. Please Captain Turner, please!"

He smiled at her and pushed his pipe into his mouth again.

"It's all right," he said. "I understand."

You needn't think I'm going to pester you at this stage. Don't look so unhappy! There's no harm done. I'm fond of traveling and I shall enjoy looking you up. So that's that. Shall we take a turn?"

She complied, not knowing quite how to deal with the situation, almost wishing that he had been more explicit so that she might have taken more definite action. For of course the idea of Tiggie Turner in all his unromantic plumpness as a suitor was entirely and completely beyond the range of consideration. She wondered if she ought to tell him so, but lacked both courage and effrontery. He had taken so little—and yet so much—for granted. How was it possible to refuse a man before he proposed or even actually announced his intention of doing so? Besides—oh, besides—at the back of her mind there lurked a thought which she knew to be unworthy; he was a link with the old life, and she had so few, so few. If he would only be content to be kind to her for friendship's sake, how precious might his kindness prove!

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

AUNT CARLINE'S MISSION

[Continued from page 21]

exclaimed. "Don't be reading that to her! What'll her paw think?"

She seized the book and turned back the leaves rapidly from the New Testament to the Old.

"You wouldn't make a good missionary, Aunt Caroline," I laughed. "You can't proselyte worth a cent."

"No one ever made a good Christian by making children disobey their parents," she retorted.

Reba's progress was rapid. She was a natural linguist, picked up the language without difficulty, even the slang of the young people, and was accepted into the society of the boys and girls. When it was discovered that she possessed a beautiful voice she became rather a favorite among them. Jacob was a proud man.

Racial prejudice sat lightly on the young people. The fact that Reba did not go with them on Saturday outings, or attend church caused little comment. The boys and girls knew her religion differed from ours, and without any attempt to analyze that difference, respected those who adhered to their beliefs.

The only time I ever knew Jacob to show a sense of humor followed his daughter's first public appearance as a singer. The young people had arranged a

program for charity. The rumor that Reba's voice was beautiful, naturally included her in these arrangements. Young Don Morey, the son of one of our wealthiest families, played the piano well and rehearsed with Reba to play her accompaniments. The entertainment was held in the Methodist church which had the largest auditorium. It was crowded and, when the slender, golden-haired, Jewish girl, attired in simple white, sang, she produced a sensation. She and Don had rehearsed two old songs which she gave in English. The townspeople applauded tumultuously. The girl bowed and smiled, and, when the applause continued, she hesitated, as if not knowing what to do. Don whispered something to her, and the girl, without accompaniment, sang a sad, haunting song, some old Jewish wail, singing in Russian, and, although no one in the church understood a word, many were in tears before she finished.

I walked homeward with Jacob after the entertainment, with Don and Reba loitering behind at a distance. Jacob was excited, and proud, but presently he chuckled and then laughed aloud, surprising me.

"It iss vell they understood not the words," he chuckled. [Turn to page 80]



"yes I've Rented the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher it's a wonder!"

"I NEVER knew my floors could be so beautiful and so easy to care for. I always keep them waxed now. They never need refinishing and I save all that inconvenience and expense each year. The next time I rent an Electric Polisher, I'm going to wax the tile floor in my bathroom, and the kitchen linoleum, too. They aren't half the trouble to keep clean when they're waxed."

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Nothing could be easier. The Polisher runs itself. You don't need to push or press down on it. Just walk along and steer it.

Remember, Johnson's Polishing Wax brings out the hidden beauty of all floors—whether wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It protects and glorifies every finish—varnish, shellac, wax or paint.

Simply spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. This removes all soil and grime. Then, run the Electric Polisher over the floors. It transforms them instantly, bringing up a hard, dry, protecting polish which does not attract dust or germs. Ugly traffic spots disappear. Heel-prints do not show.

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As fast as the eye can follow and as far as the eye can see, Hawaiian Pineapple being canned at lightning speed. Yet, in all this giant "kitchen," cleanliness reigns supreme. Vigilant supervisors—with blue ribbons around their caps—are at every table, zealously maintaining the perfection of each can of fruit we pack.

As if your kitchen had grown a thousand times!

Suppose ten million families were clamoring for some tasty dish of yours—what a huge place your kitchen would become! Yet it would always be the spotless, tidy room it is today.

Our "kitchen" grew like that. Twenty-five years ago we introduced canned Hawaiian Pineapple to the United States. Today one-third of all this luscious fruit served in American homes comes from our huge "kitchen"—the largest fruit cannery in all the world.

Yet, for all its size, our "kitchen" is as clean and ship-shape as a kitchen of your own. Here cleanliness is king. Our thousands of workers—like a host of dainty cooks—wear snowy caps and aprons, spotless rubber gloves. The walls, the floors, the magical machines—everything is immaculate, airy, flooded with sunshine.

We've taken our housekeeping very seriously. We wanted you to know Hawaiian Pineapple at its very best.

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CAMOUFLAGING THE RADIATOR

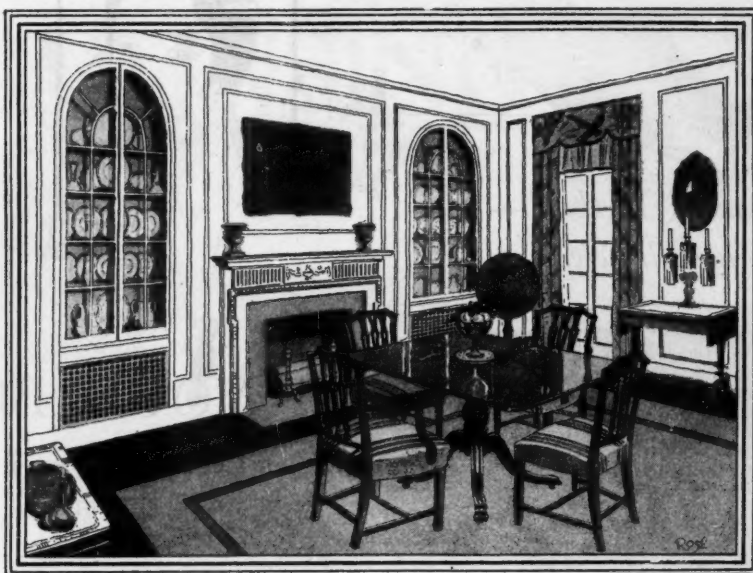
Often this homely utility can be made a decorative feature

BY ESTELLE H. RIES

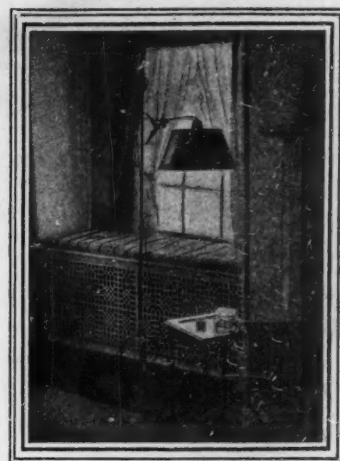
ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. Rosé



The tall narrow radiator becomes a table



Two radiators are set into the space below the cupboards



The low radiator is transformed into a window seat

DURING the severe weather of winter when indoor warmth is essential to comfort, we are largely dependent on radiators. In the milder seasons, however, when we do not actually require their service, there they stand in all their blatant ugliness, the acme of cold and unbecoming cheerfulness.

Why custom has accentuated radiator coils and covers so prominently by coating them with silver or bronze paint, no one probably knows. The use of these paints seriously reduces heating efficiency, and at least if one is going to paint them, it would seem logical to employ a color identical with that of the wall background to make them as inconspicuous as possible. This simple expedient, however, does not approach the possibilities in radiator camouflage. Architects and decorators have been exercising considerable ingenuity in this line.

Methods of covering the radiator are several. One of the simplest radiator covers is that made by constructing a top-cover of composition-board, or a much more satisfactory cover is the portable one that may be bought in standard sizes, to put into your completed house right over the radiators. And, similar to this, but made entirely of metal, is the radi-grille. The back of this is entirely open so that it rides right over the radiator, and is as easily moved as a chair when one wants to clean.

It is customary to see a radiator under a window, and in this location a window seat is effective to cover it out of sight. Proper use of deflecting linings will direct the heat into the room and not up to the window seat. By this means, the window seat that you would always have had, if the radiator had not been in the way, may now be had as well as the radiator. While radiators uncovered are everywhere decoratively *de trop*, they are perhaps nowhere more so than in the dainty bedroom of white enamel and sheer light fabrics. The built-in enclosure equipped with grilles will conceal this offender. If the radiator is too tall for the welcome window seat, a wide sill may be used instead for books or as another decorative accessory.

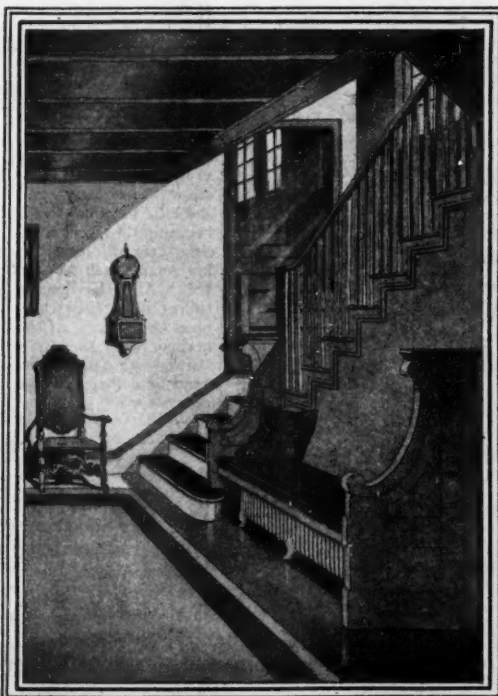
Another popular type is the one that covers only the back of the radiator, leaving the front in full view, but providing a shelf that deflects the heat into the room rather than upward to the ceiling. These are naturally less expensive than the complete covers, and while not so sightly, save on our cleaners' bills nevertheless by affording protection to the wall and draperies.

There are countless handsome cabinet models in radiator covers that entirely cover the radiator. One of these, adapted for dining rooms, has a shelving space above where food and dishes may be kept warm in process of serving. Then, a radiator is occasionally found in a niche in a wall, where it may be fitted with a decorative screen. The built-in board also affords opportunity for the disguise of a radiator in its lower portion, and attractive effects are had thereby.

It frequently happens that old pieces of furniture such as chests, benches, cabinets and others, no longer wanted for their original purposes, are adaptable as radiator covers, and lend a fine air of dignity to the room, and mystery as the source of heat. Those selected should be able to withstand the tendency to shrink, and may advantageously be



lined with heat-resisting material. It is not necessary to attempt uniformity in the concealment of radiators throughout the house. Indeed the disguise will be more complete if they are dissimilar. Naturally, the location, size, and shape of the radiator will largely determine the type of cover that will be desirable. The one under a window seat in a bedroom can have little in common with another that is hidden in an old chest in the living room. The wood trim in each case should conform with the wood trim of the room in which it finds itself, and the shape, too, must be a deciding factor in the type of cover selected.



An inviting settee covers the long radiators in this entrance hall

The radiator covers must always be provided with complete facility for easy circulation. Air must be free to enter below the radiator, passing up around it and re-entering the room without undue obstruction.

The efforts to conceal radiators result in a slight loss of efficiency. This is generally overcome by the fact that there is usually a surplus allowance of heat in rightly installed systems and adequate provision for circulation of air will correct any difference. If the radiator, covered, is flush with a wall or window seat so that the air cannot be emitted from a grille at the top, a curved lining of tin or asbestos will guide it out the front way. The matter of circulation cannot be over-estimated. If the heat is closeted within the radiator cover so that it cannot come out, the decorative value has over-reached its privileges.

There is another feature about some types of radiator covers that should be mentioned. It is said that dry heat is a breeder of disease, and that colds and other ills may result from lack of moisture in the air. Some of the new radiator furniture is devised so that readily accessible water pans are placed inside just below a hinged top. Thus every bit of warm air coming from the radiator is "washed" before it is exhausted into the room, and in this washing it takes on that moisture which is so desirable to health. It is this lack of moisture in the normally heated air that is so large a factor in the shrinking of woodwork and the cracking of furniture. With sufficient humidity, it is often, moreover, found that fuel costs may be cut down as much as ten percent. The temperature of a room in winter may be 75 degrees, yet if the humidity is very low, the room may not be warm enough. On installing these covers, it is found that a lower temperature with the right degree of humidity is as comfortable as one several degrees higher which lacks moisture. Thus while a radiator cover reduces the amount of heat from the radiator slightly, this is more than counterbalanced by the lower "comfort temperature" which the washed air makes possible.

The grille in some form or another is part of every radiator cover or screen, else the heat would have no egress into the room, and the purpose of the radiator would be defeated. These grilles are usually of metal simulating wood, or actually of obvious metal; they should be chosen of a style and scale to be appropriate to the rest of the furnishings. In a dainty room, the cane or more delicate rod grilles while actually of steel, will give a lighter effect than grilles of heavy bronze or iron aspect. The grilles themselves form an important decorative factor, and in rooms with period pretensions, types are available in all the most frequently used styles.

The radiator cover is undoubtedly one of the lesser things that give permanent pleasure far in excess of the initial expenditure. Waste space is thereby charmingly utilized. The woodwork and draperies are preserved against the various influences that cause them to deteriorate. Health is guarded by more scientific heating processes. A decorative unit is created that conceals the mechanical aspect of the house and substitutes the aesthetic environment of home. When we consider the many ways in which today these results may be accomplished, it seems that we may now at last be masters of our radiators!

Now—for YOU: Cleaner Teeth



*Try this unique cleansing method—
see teeth grow beautifully clean*

*The flash of a smile that
reveals brilliantly clean
teeth—what an asset!*

NOW—you can have teeth that sparkle, they are so *clean*—teeth that make you proud to smile. Thousands have gained this wonderful result after a few weeks' use of this unique cleansing dentifrice. Ribbon Dental Cream is designed to *clean* teeth—leading dental authorities say that this is the *one* function of a dentifrice. Its famous formula is based upon the cleansing principle, the result of many laboratory tests and years of experience.

When Ribbon Dental Cream is brushed upon the teeth it breaks into a delicious, aromatic foam. This foam contains calcium carbonate, a material which safely *rub*s loose the imbedded food particles, releasing their hold and dividing them into minute bits—at the same time polishing the teeth brilliantly. Then this remarkable foam sweeps over every tooth and gum surface, through every tiny crevice—*rin*sing away all impurities and removing the very causes of



CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.

Even smokers' teeth kept sparkling, clean

tooth decay. Thus Colgate's cleans.

Once you have cleaned your teeth with this cleansing dentifrice you will realize that, after all, the best thing you can do for your teeth is to keep them really clean.

Thereby you are doing your utmost to preserve the health of your teeth and gums and the flashing brilliance of your smile.



Colgate
Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 205-K,
595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal

TRY THIS—see teeth grow cleaner!

If you want to have beautiful, clean teeth, you will gladly take a little trouble to find the dentifrice that really cleans them best. Send for a trial tube of Colgate's and compare its cleansing quality with that of any other dentifrice.

Here Are New Ways To Change Short Hair Into Long



IF YOUR BOB Bores YOU

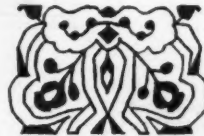
BY ISABEL MOSHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZUMA ALEXANDER

IF you're tired of your bob, of course you can change it. Hairdressers nowadays scout the idea that there is only one kind of bob for your face. The clever ones can find a new way to cut

your hair every time you visit them. The true artist hairdresser creates a bob for you that is unlike anyone else's. But he does not forget that there are aesthetic rules for every type of head. To shadow eyes that are too small or close together, hair should be dressed low on the brow; if your face is too long, hair should be brought low on the sides, higher if your face is short and broad. Parting the hair in the middle is seldom becoming to a broad face, and if your neck is short and thick the hair should be cut in a low V at the back. If you are planning to have your hair bobbed for the first time, beware of showing up this thick band of flesh.

But maybe you're tired of bobbed hair anyway. You're beginning to miss those graceful locks you once had; you look wistful when you see some one let down a mass of lovely, well-brushed hair. A friend of mine visits a number of girls' schools regularly and she tells me that she is beginning to feel very older-generationish with her smart Fifth Avenue bob. All the young things have tiny chignons at the nape of the neck or wear their hair swirled around the head or coiled over the ears.



When you let your hair grow the best way to avoid the awkward period is to keep having your back hair cut as usual but to let the side hair grow. Keep the sides waved and pin them back with patent pins until they meet and are long enough to lap over. When you can bring one piece of side hair over and pin it firm with hairpins, you can begin letting your back hair grow out. If you wish you can buy specially made hair pieces to cover the joining, pinning them on in a chignon or in a soft horizontal figure-eight. A long swirl which can be wrapped all the way round the head coronet fashion is perhaps the easiest way to hide the unruly ends.

For very young girls with curly bobbed hair there is nothing lovelier than to draw the hair back into a barrette, wearing a tight bunch of curls at the neck. This is especially becoming to young girls with thin necks and high foreheads, for a soft bang over the forehead makes the right addition to this.

Perhaps drawing the hair over the ears when it begins to get long will strike you as being too severe for your face, after the soft end of your bob. To remedy this, cut tiny "burn sides" just above the ears, training them with a fine comb in soft wisps over the cheeks. When you wear a hat these ends give the effect of bobbed hair and make the change from bobbed to long hair more gradual.



DRESSING your hair in a new way gives you a "new face." And make-up, properly used, is a deciding factor. If you have not already found the best make-up for your type, send for our Make-up Chart. A self-addressed, stamped envelope will bring this, as well as a copy of this month's "Quest of Beauty" with new good looks discoveries. If you have any puzzling questions about personal beauty, we'll help you confidentially to solve them. Our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY, a thorough-going manual of good looks, is also at your service. It costs ten cents. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

If you want the utmost in style and beauty in under garments, ask for Munsingwear garments in pure silk or rayon.

If you want the utmost in quality and appearance, durability and satisfaction in hosiery, ask for Munsingwear full fashioned silk hosiery.

Munsingwear quality and workmanship assure service and satisfaction.

MUNSING Wear



Above
Munsingwear style 348 Vest and style 391 Bloomer, made in silk or rayon, in a large assortment of pastel colors.

Above
Munsingwear style 170 Step-In Chemise with brassiere top, made in maize, flesh, peach and orchid shades in rayon.

Right
Munsingwear style 155 Bodice Top Union Suit, made in silk, rayon, lisle, cotton and mixtures of cotton, wool, silk and rayon.

Style and Beauty in Under Garments and Hosiery

Style in fabric, color and design is as essential today in under garments as in outer garments. Munsingwear under garments meet every style requirement of the present day mode. They have a nationwide reputation for quality and beauty. The silk and rayon garments are made from the finest yarns obtainable and are famous for the unusual service they give the wearer. They are offered in the newest styles and in a large assortment of fascinating pastel colors.

Sold only through retail merchants.

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

- VESTS
- BLOOMERS
- STEP-IN PANTS
- STEP-IN CHEMISES
- UNION SUITS
- BANDEAUX
- PRINCESS SLIPS
- NIGHT GOWNS

MUNSING Wear

HOSIERY

A quality product worthy of the patronage of the most discriminating. Made in silk, rayon, lisle, cotton and wool in numbers for men, women, children and infants.

Women's full fashioned silk hose are made in chiffon and service weights and may always be had in the newest and most fashionable shades.

A

(A) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer LEAVES NO GREASY FILM.

B

(B) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes reveal their greasy film.

Tests made by The Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York.

© 1927 L. V. CORP.

Avoid this use the polish that leaves NO GREASY FILM

How thoroughly you dread greasy film on furniture! ... Well, you know that even the slightest greasy, dirt-encrusted film, perhaps on the slender arm, the curving back of a chair, or an uncovered table—anywhere—threatens ruin to the treasured frock or gown that touches it. Today, thanks to scientific manufacture, you can use the New Liquid Veneer, the polish that *leaves no greasy film*. Liquid Veneer polishes quickly and it really *leaves no greasy film* as the scientists' photographs of their white kid glove tests proved.

Banish Greasy Film From Furniture Forever

Sprinkle a few drops of the New Liquid Veneer on your dust cloth. Apply with a few, swift strokes. Instantly the old dirt-encrusted film vanishes forever. Quickly, a clear, brilliant polish appears. The dreaded greasy film is gone. Dust does not adhere to the new polished surface.

The New Liquid Veneer is an improved polish. Still sold in the familiar yellow package. It is the *one* polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes.

Get it at hardware, drug, grocery, department, furniture, china or general stores. Or, as a trial, take advantage of one of these offers.

Men, too, can use Liquid Veneer to polish automobiles. Thousands prefer its quick, brilliant polish to the hard, slow work required by old-fashioned greasy polishes.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

1118 Liquid Veneer Bldg. Buffalo, New York

2 Special Introductory Trial Offers
Check Offer Desired

Offer A ☐ 50 cents enclosed

Liquid Veneer Corporation
1118 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of:

Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (includes trial 2 oz. 1 lb. bottle Liquid Veneer and all the materials needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc. on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes) \$1.00
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth25
Book, "The Care of Fine Finishes"25
Total Value \$1.50
Special price postpaid .90

Offer B ☐ 10 cents enclosed

Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer \$1.00
(Enough for two weeks dusting)
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth25
Total Value \$1.25
Special price postpaid .10

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The New LIQUID VENEER
Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM



Aren't they delicious—this Orange Meringue, Apricot-and-raisin and Chocolate Cream Pie?

A Simple—But Delicious— THANKSGIVING DINNER

[Continued from page 37]

salad with a novel dressing that is easily made.

One kind of pie is all one can enjoy after such a dinner, especially if cheese is served with it and if coffee, mints and nuts follow.

shredded raw turnip may be added to soup. Serve with a small quantity of vegetables in each plate (or bouillon cup) of soup.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Allow six oysters for each person. Serve on half-shells if desired. These should be arranged on cracked ice in a deep plate around a small glass of cocktail sauce which is set down in the ice in the center of the plate. (A soup plate may be used for this purpose). Or, mix oysters with cocktail sauce and serve in cocktail glasses. Cocktail sauce can be bought ready-prepared or you can make it as follows:

To make Cocktail Sauce: Mix together 1 cup tomato catsup, 3 tablespoons chile sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons grated horseradish, a few drops tabasco sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. This makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

[Turn to page 72]

JULIENNE SOUP

2 tablespoons butter or shortening
1 cup celery, cut in 1-inch shreds
1-inch shreds
2 medium-sized onions, cut in strips lengthwise
1 quart meat stock
1 cup carrots, cut in 1-inch shreds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage
3 tablespoons minced parsley
1 tablespoon sugar

Melt butter or shortening. Add all vegetables, cut in Julienne strips, except cabbage and parsley, and cook slowly until slightly brown, stirring often. Add sugar, cabbage and parsley and cold meat stock to vegetables. Simmer 1 hour. If stock is unseasoned, add salt and pepper. If desired, other vegetables such as cooked peas, finely cut string beans or finely



Of Window-Box Gardens

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

A WINDOW-BOX garden will garnishes grow; And you never will need to touch spade, rake, or hoe. But winter or summer-time, window-box wives May grow in their own kitchen window-box, chives, And also an ever dependable troop Of sage, mint, and parsley, for friends and for soup!



LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL

ONLY those Gas Ranges that have Red Wheels are equipped with Lorain Self-regulating Ovens. The Red Wheel identifies the six makes of gas ranges (illustrated at the left) built in the great factories of American Stove Company, inventors and sole makers of Lorain, the original automatic oven heat regulator.

The safety, durability and general performance of Red Wheel Gas Ranges are insured by rigid tests made in American Stove Company's technical Research Laboratory, one of the finest of its kind in the world. The purchasing power of this big organization, which operates its own foundries and modern enameling plants, assures the highest quality in materials and workmanship.

A splendidly equipped Research Kitchen, in charge of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, M. A., formerly Instructor in Teachers College, Columbia University, is maintained by American Stove Company. In this modern laboratory kitchen, Time and Temperature Recipes for Lorain Cooking and Baking,

Lorain Oven Canning and Whole Meal Oven Cooking are developed and tested, perfected and later published for the benefit of Red Wheel Gas Range users. (Read the coupon.)

Back of every Red Wheel Gas Range is an organization with nearly a half-century of stove-manufacturing experience. No better gas ranges are made—none that will render you a greater service for a greater length of time.

You'll find many sizes and models on display at your dealer's. Make your selection soon, and enjoy the saving of time and work, the perfect baking and oven cooking made possible by the Lorain Red Wheel. Look for it when you buy a Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

LORAIN

Section of Research Kitchen of American Stove Company located at Cleveland, O., and operated under the direction of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, M.A., formerly Instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. Here Red Wheel Gas Ranges are given actual cooking tests, new recipes created and cookery problems solved.



Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

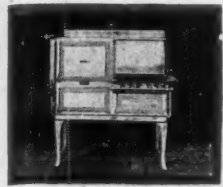
If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service, for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of your recipe for Lorain Steamed Pudding. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

McC.—21-27



NEW PROCESS LORAIN



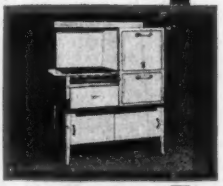
DANGLER LORAIN



QUICK MEAL LORAIN



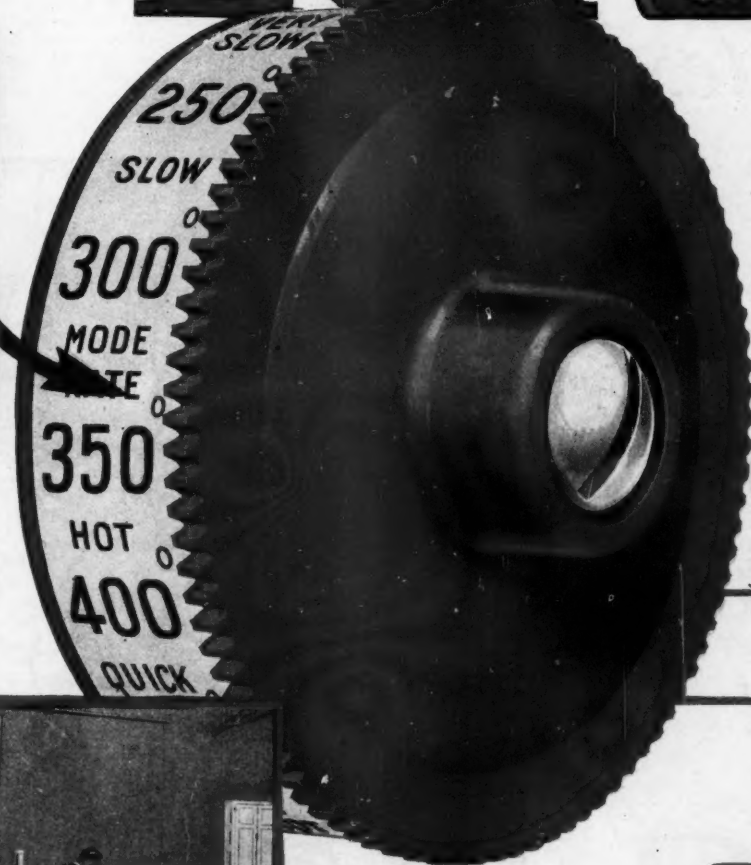
DIRECT ACTION LORAIN



CLARK JEWEL LORAIN



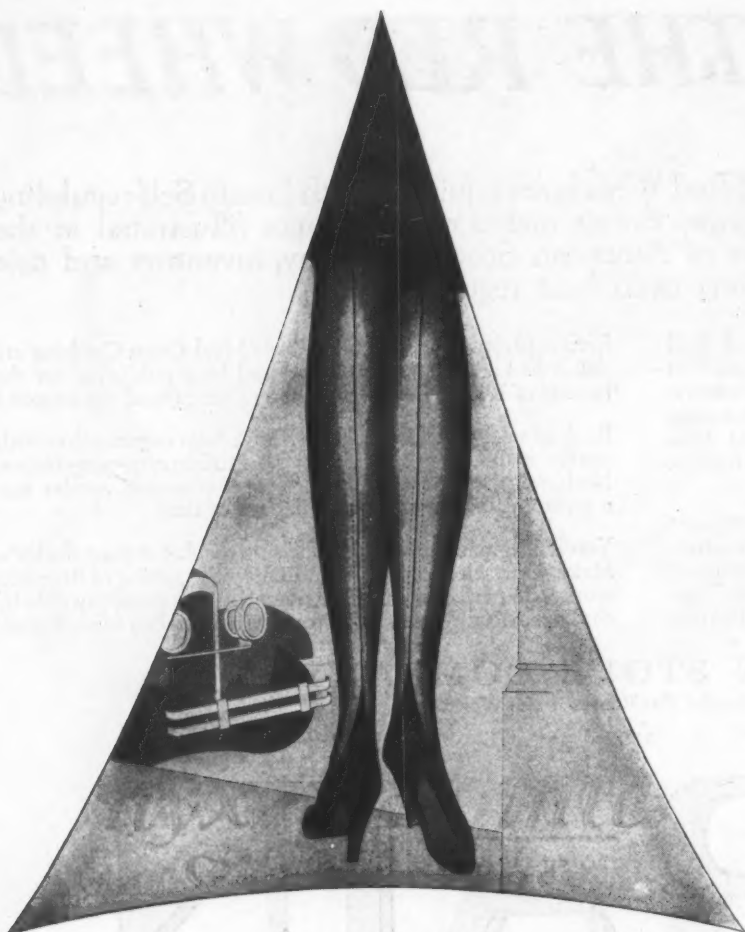
RELIABLE LORAIN



Section of Main Testing Department in American Stove Company's Research Laboratory at St. Louis, Mo. Many have pronounced this Laboratory the finest of its kind in the world.

The picture shows a new model Red Wheel Gas Range being inspected and tested for safety, durability, satisfactory performance.





Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings

PARTICULARLY FOR
THOSE WOMEN WHO
CONSIDER SMARTNESS
AN OBLIGATION

A costume simply cannot be smart, today, if the stockings are NOT. For stockings clothe fully one-third of the entire figure. The most discerning of women, therefore, insist upon Onyx Pointex with the two upsweeping, converging lines at the back of the heel that express smartness, trimness, grace.

ONYX POINTEX STYLE No. 707 in Service-Sheer, silk to the hem, three or four inches above the knee, retails everywhere at \$1.85. Try this stocking for service. Onyx Pointex is also made in many other styles and weights at various prices.

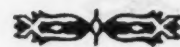
NEW YORK—Our Gastronomic Capital

[Continued from page 34]

cathedral of the salad, if I may borrow a term from the movies—might envy.

There is Del Pezzo's in the West Thirties where the Italian dishes will blot out instantly the memory of the best that you ever got in Milan or Rome. There is Bergonzi's in the West Forties, presided over by the sapient Enrico himself, with one of the most toothsome tables to be encountered this side of the grave. There is White's with its fish dishes; there is Moneta's with its masterpiece of mushrooms and red peppers and noodles; there is the matchless Castle Cave, with its sliced steak on toast and oysters baked on hot coals and sizzling under their garniture of mysterious peppers and spices; there is Madame Barna's, up near Central Park, with Viennese dishes that would have honored the table at Schönbrunn. If French cooking is what stirs you to your depths, take a taxi, get out in East Sixty-first Street, and sample the wares at the Colony. If Southern, stay in the cab, get out at 128th Street, inquire politely of the nearest policeman for Ada's—and prepare to have the waistband of your trousers let out at least six inches the next morning. If German, go down into Fourth Avenue and lift your finger to the *Ober* at the Kloster Glocke. If Swedish, walk over to the West Thirties and lodge yourself at Henry's. If Mexican, try Forno's in the West Fifties. If American, try Beefsteak Charlie's a few blocks to the southward. Then if you are still hungry, sample the roast duckling at Pierre's, the pastries at the downtown Kuglhof, the eight kinds of soufflés at Madeleine's, the frozen creams at the Cyrano and the Elysée, the chicken *pâtés* at Thomas', the frogs' legs at Ben Reilly's, and the sausages at the Longchamps.

Twenty years ago—even fifteen years ago—even ten years ago, eating in New York was, with very few exceptions, an incident. Today it is an event. The celebrated Oscar of the early nineteen-hundreds, would today be lost in the shuffle. For where then, there were three or four cook-oven stars there are now literally



dozens. They haven't press-agents, as they used to have, and the glory of

many of them remains still to be sung, but they have a skill that no one would have to search far to equal. No longer, as I have hinted, does it take a considerable pocket-book to dine satisfactorily in Manhattan. There are plenty of tables—excellent ones—where the man of modest means may tickle his middle. For even the cheaper restaurants have improved remarkably in the last three years. There are many, indeed where the food is better than it used to be—and for that matter still is—in some of the fancy hotels. For the native cooks have accepted at least part of the challenge of the chefs who have come to us from across the sea and have bestirred themselves to show what they can do.

I know of at least ten restaurants in New York where you can get mushrooms diversely prepared, and in a way to make you think you never before had the slightest idea what mushrooms should taste like. I know of seven restaurants where the egg dishes make Paris blush for shame, and a dozen where the chicken would make the whole faculty at Tuskegee jump to their feet and sing their Alma Mater.

The test of a chef is not to prepare food that will satisfy the appetite, but to prepare food that will arouse and stimulate it. The easiest thing in the world is to serve food that will appease hunger—almost any old thing will do in that direction. But one of the most difficult feats is to fashion food that will pique and invite the palate and set the internal juices into gay action. It is in the latter regard that the kitchens of New York have made the greatest progress. And this is true even in the instance of the most conventional and ordinary dishes, such as ham and cabbage, steak, chops, turkey and so on. And, speaking of turkey, between it and the eagle as a national emblem, what gourmet would hesitate? In a word, New York today is the table *par excellence* of the modern world. Paris has become merely the *apéritif*.



All the best food the country produces is sent to the towns



In sore throat weather



**In the
THROAT
and nose
more than
50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

**watch your
throat!**

Play safe—do this—and this

You know how kids are when they are playing—into icy puddles and out, coats unbuttoned, little bodies hot one minute and chilled the next.

Remember these are sore throat days, and when they come home get them into dry clothing and see that they gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

So many times, this pleasant precaution will clear up sore throats and colds before they have a chance to become serious.

Listerine immediately attacks the

various forms of bacteria that lodge in nose and throat. It is important, however, that you use it early. Here's a friendly bit of advice for the whole family during cold and changeable weather: Rinse the mouth morning and night with Listerine, and gargle at the same time. It is the simplest means you have at hand of protecting yourself against infections that may become serious.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

If you are going to share your Thanksgiving with others or have been invited to share theirs, you will find the answer here to that oft occurring question: "What makes the perfect guest?" ♦♦♦



Hospitality is the keynote of the Thanksgiving season

N EIGHBORHOOD questions of hospitality take the place of wedding questions this month, for hospitality is the keynote of the Thanksgiving season. Appropriately enough, the first one brings up the joyful picture of "going home for Thanksgiving."

"Dear Mrs. Post:

"I notice that once in a while you answer a letter from a man, and so I would like you to give me a little of your oracular guidance on what a fellow is expected to do when he goes to stay with the family of a college friend.

"My room-mate has invited me to his home for over Thanksgiving. His home is near here and mine a two days' journey away.

"Question 1. Was it all right for me to accept without any word from his family? He merely telling me that he has written his mother he is bringing me with him. I have never been introduced to his family—in fact, I've only known him since September when we happened to draw lots for our rooms in the Freshman Dormitory. But I think he is a cracker-jack of a fine fellow and I accepted the moment he asked me.

"2. Assuming it is all right for me to go with him, should I bring his people presents? If so, what? He has a mother, father, three sisters, sixteen, fourteen and twelve,

THE POST BOX

✠ BY EMILY PRICE POST ✠

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. SUTTER



and a kid brother, seven.

"3. Now, should I bring presents to only some of them or all of them? And what would I be expected to bring?

"4. They keep one hired girl I know, whether they keep more than one I can't say; and I know they have a number of hired men on the place which is a farm. Now, should I

give any or all of the help a tip when I leave? Or should I bring them presents when I arrive?

"5. Will you tell me any special guests' rules that I ought to know.

"I sure will be glad if you answer this."

Of course I'll answer!!

Question 1. It is entirely proper for you to accept—unless you know from the type of person your room-mate is, that he shows no consideration for others and would take you home not caring whether it might be convenient to his family or not! Which is not at all likely. Nothing is more natural than for boys and girls to bring friends home with them from school or college and the typical mother and father are delighted, in this way, to know their son's or daughter's friends.

Questions 2 and 3. It is not necessary under the circumstances that you take any of them presents. In going to stay with strangers, gift-bringing, since it can't possibly have a personal thought behind its selection, is rather suggestive of payment for board in advance. I think I must explain this because under other circumstances it IS the thing to do. For instance, if you go to stay with them a second time it would be very proper to take personal, though trifling, gifts. The first time you go, I would perhaps take a toy to the little brother—especially [Turn to page 72]

ve
oft

TWO BLANKETS



5410 in Blue, size
72" x 80". Also
made in Pink,
Grey, Buff, Lav-
ender and Gold.



for WARMTH
for BEAUTY
for VALUE
and
for SLEEP

NATURE reared her loom among the clouds and wove a great white blanket of millions of tiny crystals, sometime during the night. But, who cares about the new biting sharpness in the air. There's *not* in that. And, besides, *inside* there are other blankets—lots of them ready for use.

Not Nature!—Nashuas. Soft, fresh, colorful, waiting for the end of the day to lull you into the depths of their deep, fleecy nap and Slumberland.

Exceptional values in Nashua Part Wool Blankets—as low as \$4.50 per pair. Insist upon seeing the Nashua ticket on the blanket you buy.

Have you ever seen between Nashua Warm Sheet & Nashua Warm Sheet are in a one night night blanket with a soft nap that is ready for more pleasant and comfortable winter nights than any other blanket. And you are to have them to you.

Amory, Browne & Co. Dept. 602 Box 1206 Boston, Mass.

Nashua Blankets

PART WOOL

when I
presents
I guests'
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age 72]

Nothing humdrum about fried food when you fry with Wesson Oil. Quite the contrary. Frying with this choice salad oil gives you fried food that is a real delicacy.

True, but not surprising. Wesson Oil is so good in itself that food fried in it is naturally extra-good.

Then another thing. Frying with a fine salad oil, like Wesson Oil, is easier.

Pour a little Wesson Oil into the frying pan, heat it for just a moment, and you're ready to fry.

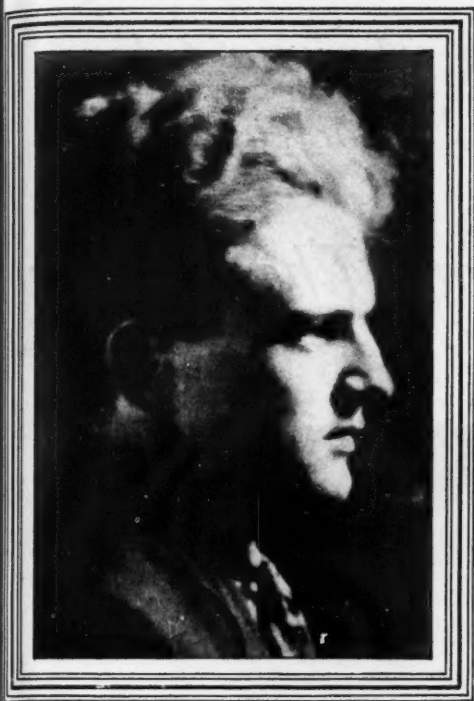
No scooping of hard fat, no waiting for it to melt. It's so much simpler it seems quicker, too.

Wesson Oil can be heated hot enough for quick, crisp frying without smoking or scorching. A little care not to over-heat it, and you can fry without a trace of smoke. That makes frying pleasanter.

It's nice to fry an easier way. And a pleasanter way. But of course what matters most is that frying with Wesson Oil makes fried food taste so delicious.



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John Langdon-Davies



Mrs. Ruth Pratt

TODAY there are two attitudes toward what used to be called "The Woman Question." The first is held by those who believe that Woman, having stepped into public life, has begun to fulfill her destiny; the other is sponsored by many scientists and philosophers—and most husbands—who declare that Woman does not and cannot find her true happiness outside the home. Two authorities, one a biologist of international repute, the other a woman in public life and New York City's first Alderwoman debate the question. Whatever opinion is yours, read both sides of the argument presented here and ask yourself:

"Can Women remain feminists?"

WHERE IS MODERN WOMAN HEADED?

Away from the home into public life or Back to it?

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES AND RUTH PRATT

AS HE SEES IT

AN old, gray-haired woman, not tall, but very upright, dressed in brown corduroy coat and breeches, strode through the fields, knocking off the tops of English daisies. It was Flora Annie Steele, famous novelist and suffrage leader, as I first saw her, when I was still a school-boy, sixteen years ago.

From her I first heard of feminism and what it meant to the women of her generation. "So far," she said, "only the men's point of view has been heard in public affairs, and look at the injustice that abounds! Do you know the stereotype? You put side by side two photographs taken from two slightly different points of view, and through the lens you see them together; and everything stands out in three dimensions. Well, we women say that if instead of having only the man's point of view in public affairs, you put beside it the woman's, which is always slightly different, and if you look at them both at once, then you will get feminism."

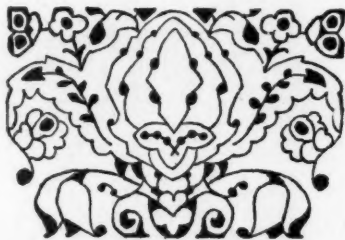
That was in 1910; and now in 1926 we can say that the Feminist Revolution, more fundamental than the French or the Russian, has achieved nearly all its objectives. Women have entered public life; women have entered business and industry; so right and inevitable seems the change that we cannot imagine why there was ever opposition.

Divorce statistics, crime waves, nervous troubles, juvenile delinquents, low educational standards—after all, such things as these quite possibly have something to do with the changing activities of women; and it is surprising therefore that many people are wondering whether feminism has added more new happiness or more new dangers to life.

We find that from the beginning certain rules have been laid down by society as to what men may do and what women may do in the way of work. In primitive societies these rules were very clear and very strict; no man would touch the tools used by women in their work, lest he should become effeminate; no woman could touch the hunting weapons of the men lest these lose their power of killing the hunted animals. Beliefs such as these strictly divided the woman's sphere from the man's.

Next we find that in these primitive communities every man and every woman, without exception, married and had children; and the conventions which regulated the sort of work which a woman could do were based upon this fact.

With us a very large proportion of able women do not marry; many more do not marry until far later than their savage sisters, and nearly all have long intervals and periods



when they have no children at all, or none needing their attention. And yet until recently we held to the conventions about women's work which were invented or rather, grew up, to suit a state of life wherein all women were wives and mothers from the moment when Nature made it possible. Added to this, factories and workshops, weaving and making pottery by mass production, gradually took away even the employment which primitive man allocated to women.

Every woman, with only a few perverse exceptions, desires children, whether she is conscious of it or not. She desires them simply because Nature has provided her with a body full of machinery for producing them, and one of the first laws of Nature is that living beings crave to use the machinery they possess.

What happens to woman who cannot have children for some reason or other? The psychologist uses a long word for what happens; he says that the desire for children is "sublimated" into a different channel. In other words, if a woman cannot satisfy her desire by having children, she will satisfy it through her imagination, by a game of "let's pretend"—much as a little girl will play with dolls.

This game of "let's pretend" may take the form of petting and pampering some miserable little insect of a lap dog, or it may take the form of looking after other people's children—teaching, being a nurse, writing books or a thousand other things. But whatever form it may take, we shall find that there will be unrest among women and a desire to find more and better ways of "sublimating." And this is why we have had feminism.

Feminism, the psychologist will tell us, strange as it may seem to the feminists themselves, came to help the maternal instinct to give it more useful outlets, and it has succeeded admirably. The truly valuable result of feminism has been that, in spite of the opposition of conventional men, it has enabled more and more women to [Turn to page 78]

AS SHE SEES IT

WHY are many American women still afraid of politics?

Perhaps because they think it a dirty mess. It isn't, or at least it need not be. If it is dirty, one reason is that women are still washing their hands of it, instead of plunging their hands into it. There should be, I think, many more women holding community offices. It is their duty, just as much as it is the duty of men. There is always a responsibility which goes with a privilege. We women demanded the privilege of voting. We must be willing to accept the responsibility of office-holding that is involved. But it is more than a responsibility. For the middle-aged woman, happily married, comfortably circumstanced, but whose children have grown up and left her without a real job, public service in her own community is the finest possible outlet.

There comes the question: Is the woman in the home qualified for public office? Has she the mental and moral and temperamental characteristics, the training and experience and background, the courage and the vote-getting ability to succeed in public service? It seems to me that almost everything which goes into the development of an efficient private housekeeper and homemaker also helps to prepare her to be a valuable community housekeeper.

When a woman is really successful in her home she is practising accomplishments and developing qualities which will make her a most useful public servant. First of all, the good housekeeper is nothing if not systematic. In public office, it will naturally be her instinct to bring order, simplification and clarification into the business of governing her community. Such a woman will find that the sane spending and saving which have been her habit in her home are equally needed in the handling of her community's costs of government. In my examination of my city's budget of nearly half a billion for 1927, I noted the multiplication of new jobs, the municipal mania for motorizing city departments and such items as the appropriation of \$100,000 for vacuum cleaners for the Street Cleaning Department—vacuum cleaners which were not even requested by the Department, and on which the engineer of the Board of Estimate, who tested them, reported adversely. It seemed a conservative conclusion that \$50,000,000, almost a tenth of the total, could have been saved.

Any wisely economical housekeeper will not be likely, when she takes public office, to throw around thousands, or even hundreds of dollars with quite the non- [Turn to page 78]

*In this, the third of a remarkable series on child training by the most widely discussed psychologist in America today, ***** Dr. Watson explains the Behaviorists' theory of ******

CHILDREN'S FEARS — *And How They Grow*

BY JOHN B. WATSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON



Suppose your child has suddenly been made afraid of the dark. Start unconditioning at once. Surely every mother will be more than willing to take the time and trouble necessary to shape the fear life of her child



OUR laboratory work shows that the fear life of the new-born infant is simplicity itself. From birth the child shows fear whenever a sudden loud sound is made close to its head and whenever it is thrown off its balance, as for example, when its blanket is quickly jerked. No other fears are natural, all other fears are built in. And yet, think how complicated is the fear life of the three-year-old, the adolescent, the timid adult. Study the fears of the adults around you. I have seen a grown man cower and cringe and literally blanch with fear at the sight of a gun. I have seen a man stay all night in a hotel rather than enter his dark home when family and servants are away. I have seen a woman go into hysterics when a bat flew into a room. I have seen a child so torn by fear of moving animal toys that his whole organized life was in danger. Think of our fear of lightning, of wind, of railway trains, automobile accidents, ocean travel, burglars, fire, electricity and the thousands of others that literally torture us even in this modern, supposedly secure life we lead. Think how peaceful, how calm, how efficient our lives would be if we were no more fearful than the newborn baby.

What can the laboratory say about the way fears grow up? Suppose I put before you a beautiful, healthy, well-formed baby, nine months of age. On his mattress I place a rabbit. I know this baby's history; I know he has never seen a rabbit before. He reaches for the rabbit first with one hand then the other the moment his eyes light upon it. I replace the rabbit with a dog. He behaves the same way. I next show him a cat, then a pigeon. Each new object is gleefully welcomed and equally gleefully handled. Afraid of furry objects! Not at all. But how about slimy objects? Surely he is afraid of cold, clammy, squirming animals. Surely he is afraid of fish and frogs. I hand him a gold fish, alive and squirming. I put a green frog in front of him. Something new, again for the first time. Yes, a new world to conquer. Immediately he goes after them as vigorously as he went after all the other animals. But surely, all ancient history tells us that man instinctively avoids the snake? Literature is full of references to the fact that man's natural enemy is the snake.

Not so with our lusty nine months infant. The boa constrictor I put in front of him—when young the most harmless of snakes—calls out the most vigorous of all responses. But won't our infant cry out in fear when I put him in the total darkness of a light-proof room? Not at all. But won't flames, that most terrifying of all physical agents, when seen for the first time at this tender age throw him almost into a fit? Let us take an iron pan and make a little bonfire of newspapers, being careful to keep it far enough away to keep the child from harm. He shows no fear of the fire.

This infant must be phlegmatic, without emotional life. Not at all. I can convince you easily otherwise. In my hands I have a steel bar about an inch in diameter and about four feet long, and a carpenter's hammer. The child is sitting up looking at the attendant. I hold the steel bar about a foot behind his head where he can't see me. I rap the steel bar sharply with the hammer. The picture changes immediately. First a whimper, a sudden catching of the breath, a stiffening of the whole body, a pulling of the hands to the side, then a cry, then tears. I bang it again. The reaction becomes still more pronounced. He cries out loud, rolls over to his side and begins to crawl away as rapidly as possible.

Suppose I let him sit quietly on a blanket placed over his mattress. He may be very still, just dozing, or he may be playing eagerly with a toy. Suddenly I jerk the blanket, pull his support from under him. This sudden loss of support

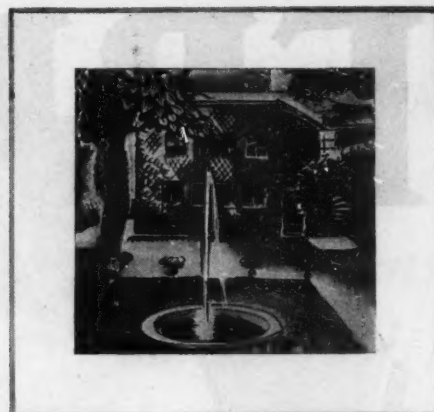
produces almost the same reaction as the loud sound. I haven't hurt him by pulling the blanket. He falls over from his sitting position fifty times a day and never whimpers. Your training has nothing to do with the fear he shows at loud sounds and loss of support, nor will any training ever completely remove the tendency of these things to call out fears. I have seen the most seasoned hunter when dozing jump violently when his comrade strikes a match to kindle the camp fire. You have seen the most intrepid of women shudder in terror in crossing a perfectly safe foot-bridge that sways with her weight. Her fear is more powerful than her reason.

Fear to all other objects is home-made. Now I prove it. Again I put in front of you the nine months old infant. I have my assistant take his old playmate, the rabbit, out of its pasteboard box and hand it to him. He starts to reach for it. But just as his hands touch I bang the steel bar behind his head. He whimpers and cries and shows fear. Then I wait awhile. I give him his blocks to play with. He quiets down and soon becomes busy with them. Again my assistant shows him the rabbit. This time he reacts to it quite slowly. He doesn't plunge his hands out so quickly and eagerly as before. Finally he does touch it gingerly. Again I strike the steel bar behind his head. Again he gets a pronounced fear response. Then I let him quiet down. He plays with his blocks. Again the assistant brings in the rabbit. This time something new develops. No longer do we have to rap the steel bar behind his head to bring out fear. He is afraid of the sight of the rabbit. He makes the same reaction to it that he makes to the sound of the steel bar. He begins to cry and turn away the moment he sees it.

I have started the process of fear building. And this fear of the rabbit persists. If you show the rabbit to him one month later, you get the same reaction. There is good evidence to show that such early built-in fears last throughout the lifetime of the individual.

We have a name in the laboratory for fears built up in this experimental way. We call them *conditioned fears* and we mean by that "home-made fears." By this method we can so far as we know, make any object in [Turn to page 74]

LUCILE Paris



Fountain and charming courtyard of Lucile's Paris establishment



Creates two Special Hosiery Colors

Holeproof weaves them in sheer and lovely pure thread silks. They are sent you months in advance.

NOW Lucile creates two very French and very charming colors. Each fulfills a duty of its own.

The first subtly adds allurements to cob-web materials and dainty laces . . . lends sweet enchantment to the *très intime wardrobe*. It's called *Collette*.

Carnaval, the second, is for street wear, designed especially for the odd new tans in shoes. It sets them off in a new way to give a strikingly chic effect that's now unknown.

Thus Lucile, grand couturière and color critic, creates each stocking shade to fit a certain purpose. Each one results from more exacting effort and experiment than if it were perfected by a color chemist.

In every store are many different shades, but Lucile says that in twenty tans only two or three, no more, are actually correct. A perfect color goes with many shades of shoes and dress, an imperfect shade with none.

LUCILE CREATES FOR HOLEPROOF

As new colors are created Lucile sends them to America immediately. Here they are reproduced in Holeproof Hosiery alone and offered you months in advance. In fact within a fortnight of the day they are first seen in Paris.

Now comes a new conception of the stocking mode. A new sense of correct shades . . . and how to choose them.

NEW LUCILE COLORS CONSTANTLY

Your store has just received the two new Lucile shades above. It now displays a score of others, too, that represent the latest Paris trend and may be seen in this fine hosiery alone. Lucile creates for Holeproof Hose exclusively. Choose from a wide variety of sheer chiffon and heavier service weights of pure thread silk. All are free from imperfections. The prices range from \$1.00 to \$2.95.

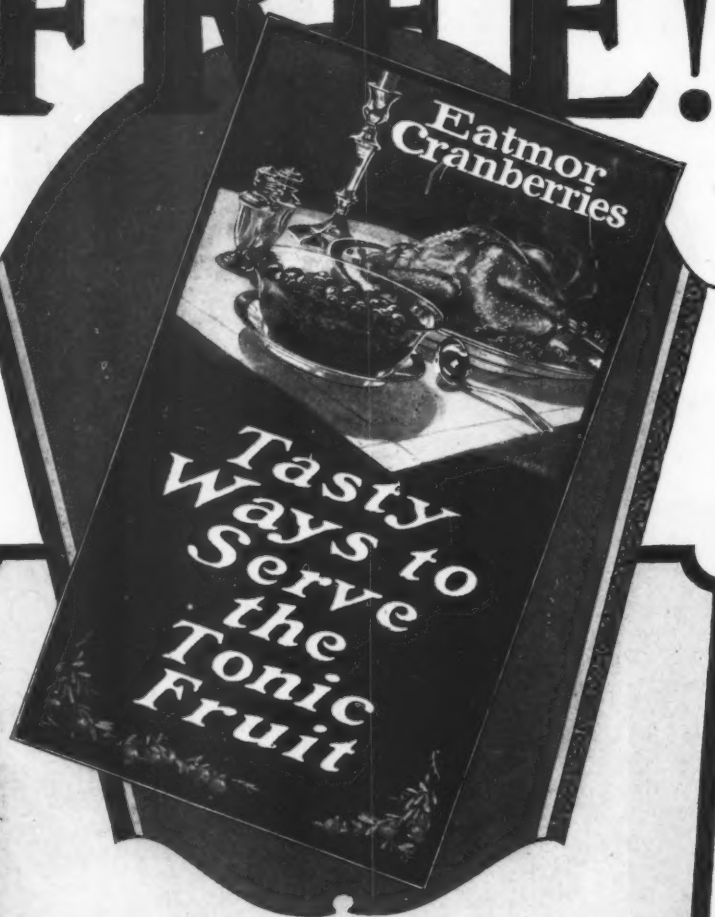
INTIMITE—BY LUCILE—altogether a very delightful affair, this tea-gown, in its two tones of orchidée—gentle swishing ostrich feathers, and a touch of silver design on the tissue lurking here and there. An exquisite example of the elegance movement, as sponsored by the foremost Parisian couturières. Mlle. Julsoye of Paris

wears Intimité with a popular Lucile-Holeproof stocking in the shade Collette. This stocking is available in smartly sheer chiffon and service weights of pure thread silk throughout. Free from streaks and shadows and dyed by a non-fading process. Full-fashioned—slenderizing and alluringly transparent. In America, \$1.95.

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The TONIC Fruit. Cranberries aid digestion. They contain essential mineral salts—necessary to a balanced diet.

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*For home, for food, for sun-filled days,
Dear Lord, I give Thee childish praise!*

YOUR CHILD'S THANKSGIVING

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE RUMELY

THE newly born human has a right to be selfish and he is. His own interests and those of the State require that the demands which Nature necessitates be supplied him. For body building purposes he demands nourishment of definite nature from birth to adolescence.

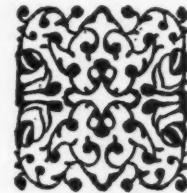
There is the necessity for personal cleanliness; for wholesome air to oxygenate his blood and adequate clothing to protect his body. A little later other demands make themselves felt. He has a mind which requires right associations and contacts. While he is learning to know, to articulate, to interpret and to reason something very important is taking place within. Man's most essential asset—character—is forming. He registers daily impressions from his associations which later will make or mar his career.

Every child, therefore, should be able to give thanks that mere chance has placed him in a position in which the developmental necessities of body and mind are supplied him.

Heredity, of which much is written and concerning which many opinions exist, exerts but little influence on the child's future. Because the child may present facial and other physical characteristics of his progenitors together with their endurance and the capacity for effort, it is assumed by armchair theorists, who are devoted to the germ plasm, that initiative and character which comprise the individual's reactions to his environment are transmissible qualities.

Let it be understood that the opinions here expressed have been formed from observations on the lives of thousands of young growing things known as babies and children. Time and again I have seen children with the best possible heredity entirely ruined by a careless, vicious environment during the first few years of life. The transmission of high character through heredity only stands up when life's daily and hourly contacts are right.

With the tremendous prosperity that has seized upon this country has come its penalties—a weakening of family ties. Father and mother, grandfather and grandmother and preceding generations were people who worked hard, played a



little, farmed or were small business men, or poorly paid professional men and laborers. They paid their debts, were not particularly ambitious and lived within their means—went to bed early, slept soundly, voted a straight ticket and had numerous children, and these children shared

in the family life and grew up under the immediate influence of the parents, grandparents, and other members of the community.

It is not my purpose to put these ancestors of ours on a pedestal. They were decidedly human. Hard cider and applejack, Bourbon whiskey and Jamaica Rum were known in those days. On festive occasions—the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and on election days, they were apt to celebrate. Many a good citizen carried a fair sized headache the following morning, but he was ready to pass the plate at church for the collection on Sunday.

Women folks cooked the meals, washed the clothes, and "traded" at the village store. They preserved and canned and did their part in the fall butchering. The children helped, and all worked and played together.

Among our ancestors solidarity typified family life. Then over night we grew rich—fabulously rich—and the young fathers and mothers with sound American inheritance had new interests, new pleasures, new temptations. Many parents have become a negative instead of a positive factor in the family life and the offspring is moulded by association with paid persons. They react accordingly and it spells deterioration. The sound heredity passed down through the generations often cuts a sorry figure. A child, or children, in a home that is careless and quarrelsome, in which incriminations and discord are the daily diet will develop into just that sort of an individual, and a child so unfortunately placed by chance has but little occasion for a Thanksgiving festival. The principal benefit that a child may be thankful for is that he is a part, an important part of a happy, wholesome family life; that he is well acquainted with Father and Mother; that he is neither spoiled by them nor neglected by them.

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Once a woman sees the ESTATE HEATROLA in a friend's home~out goes a stove~and another "parlor" becomes a living-room. Tens of thousands have done it!



What a world of difference!

What a world of difference the Estate Heatrola makes in a home! Its graceful cabinet design—finished in mahogany-colored, vitreous enamel, brightens up the living-room—gives it a smart, modern touch. And, more than that, Heatrola changes the "feel" of the whole house. No more "spotty" heat—one room too hot, another too cold. Instead, every room in the house always cheerfully warm! Heatrola's double air-circulation does it!

The heart of this double system of circulating air is the exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Duct. Built right in the path of the flames, this ingenious device utilizes much of the heat which ordinarily escapes up the flue.

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on the floor, too, without danger of colds, for Heatrola's special air-intake construction effectively prevents drafts.

So clean—so easy to keep clean

Heatrola is ash-dust-smoke-and-fume-tight—so clean and so easy to keep clean. A daily dusting will keep it always bright and new-looking.

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Heatrola does the work of several stoves and fireplaces, at the fuel cost of one. Heatrola owners tell us that it cuts coal bills on an average of 45%!

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As the pioneer in its field, the Estate Heatrola offers many exclusive features. There is a dealer near you. See him. He will tell you how easily you can buy this approved heating plant and have it installed in your home. Or mail the coupon for illustrated booklet. Address, The Estate Stove

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And now the Gas Heatrola—for small homes, where either manufactured or natural gas is available. Every inch a Heatrola—in beauty, in efficiency, in construction—it will circulate great billows of healthfully moistened heat to every nook and corner. Home heating with the Gas Heatrola is merely a matter of turning on the fuel. Write for booklet describing the new Gas Heatrola.



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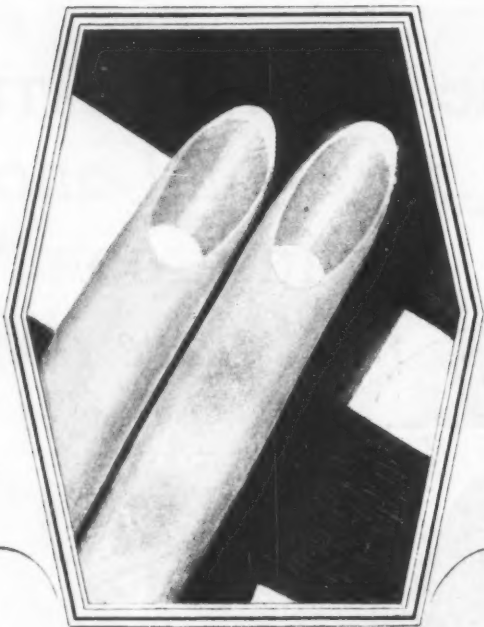
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HEATS EVERY ROOM—Upstairs and Down



The ideal nail has beautifully curved cuticle which gives aristocratic slenderness to the finger tips

TWO STEPS FOR LOVELY OVALS-

"Remove the dead cuticle .. Supply the missing oils"

"THERE are just two things to do to have the beautiful curve that makes the nails almond shaped, the fingers look long and slender," says Northam Warren, the world's authority on the manicure.

First, of course you must remove every trace of dead cuticle that clings around the edge of the nails. The thing that does this is the familiar, safe antiseptic, Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Second, you must keep the cuticle soft and pliant by supplying the oils it lacks. For this he has created two wonderful new preparations, Cutex Cuticle Cream and Oil. Massage a little into the nail base after the Remover—every night at first. Soon the nails will have that coveted almond shape that gives aristocratic length and slenderness to the whole hand.

You will be delighted with either of these two preparations, to feed the cuticle the oils it lacks. Full sizes of each preparation are 35c at toilet goods counters.

Or try this perfected manicure by sending 10c for samples with the coupon below. If you live in Canada Address Dept. FF-11, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada.

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THE FIRST STEP: Remove every trace of ugly cuticle by wetting the nail base with the safe antiseptic, Cutex Cuticle Remover, and just wiping away all the useless skin



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I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Oil, Remover, etc., enough for 6 manicures.

Northam Warren, Dept. FF-11
114 West 17th St., New York



6 complete manicures this new and better way for 10c

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

[Continued from page 60]

WHIPPED POTATOES AND TURNIPS

Peel and cook until tender in salted water equal quantities of potatoes and yellow turnips. Drain and mash. Combine and whip with a fork or wire whisk until light and dry, adding gradually 2 or 3 tablespoons of melted butter, salt, pepper and a little paprika. Beat until smooth and creamy and pile lightly in a hot dish.

STUFFED BAKED SWEET POTATOES

Select large smooth potatoes and scrub well. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) until soft. Cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out insides and mash. Season with salt, pepper, butter, a few drops of onion juice, mace and 2 teaspoons finely minced parsley. Beat well. Refill potato shells with mixture. Brush tops with melted butter or beaten egg and brown in oven.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES

Boil 6 or 8 large potatoes until soft in salted water to cover. Drain, peel and mash. Season with salt, pepper and butter and a little brown sugar if desired. Put into greased baking-dish, dot with butter and bake until brown.

ASPARAGUS RAGOUT

4 tablespoons butter or shortening	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 tablespoons chopped onion	2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper	1/2 cup water
	1/2 teaspoon salt
	1/2 teaspoon pepper
	Canned asparagus
	Grated nutmeg

Melt butter or shortening in frying-pan

and add parsley, onion and green pepper. Sauté until slightly brown. Stir in flour, salt and pepper and add water gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add drained asparagus and reheat. Sprinkle with nutmeg and serve hot.

CABBAGE HEARTS AND PEAS

Discard coarse outside leaves of one large or two small heads of cabbage. Chop remaining hearts fine and cook until tender in small quantity of water. When almost done, add an equal quantity of drained, canned peas and a teaspoon of chopped mint or 1/4 teaspoon mint flavoring. When done, drain, season with salt, pepper and butter. Serve at once.

BAKED CABBAGE WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Remove coarse outside leaves from cabbage. Cut head in quarters and cook until tender in unsalted water. Drain and cut cabbage fine. Season with salt and pepper. Put a layer in bottom of greased baking-dish, cover with Tomato Sauce and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Add another layer of cabbage, sauce and crumbs and repeat layers until all is used, having crumbs on top. Dot with butter and bake in moderate oven (350° F) 1/2 hour or until crumbs are brown.

To make Tomato Sauce: Chop fine 1 onion and 1/2 clove garlic. Sauté in 2 tablespoons butter or shortening until tender. Dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1/2 cup hot water and add to onion. Add 1 cup canned tomatoes, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper and cook until smooth and thick. Press through sieve and use as desired.

THANKSGIVING SEASONINGS

[Continued from page 38]

seasonings came into use. Many say that they cannot eat onions—onion spoils food; and as for garlic!—well that is taboo! On the other hand, garlic and onion are used, judiciously of course, by many epicures. Onion, and all its relations, should be cooked in a little fat, or even used "dry" to give the best flavor to soups and sauces. Cooked in water or other liquid the flavor becomes quite different. Olive oil, so much used by the Italians, gives a flavor which, combined with onion, shallot or garlic, cannot be equalled.

Some foods demand little seasoning—in fact, the natural flavor is too delicate to admit of much addition. This is true of chicken, sweetbreads and many vegetables. Strongly flavored spices, such as cloves, must not be cooked in a mixture for too long a time. One whole clove in a tomato soup or sauce will give it just the right flavor but will spoil a chicken soup. Mace is an excellent seasoning for a chicken soup. When making a stew of the bone and end of a sirloin steak, did

you ever try adding a cucumber? Cucumbers are good when they are cooked, as well as raw.

A few sprigs of sweet basil cut and sprinkled over a green salad, gives a flavor long remembered by one not used to sweet basil. Cardamon seeds pounded and added to fancy breads add greatly to their flavor.

Sometimes it seems as if the use of vanilla had become a habit. It is a good fundamental flavor and combines well with many others. A few drops of vanilla is a great improvement to some fruits, such as strawberries in ice cream, and peaches or apricots in puddings. The flavor of the vanilla extract is crude compared with that of a real vanilla bean scalded with the milk for a delicate dish like custard. A piece of lemon rind scalded with the milk in which rice is cooked for a pudding gives a delicate flavor. Lemon and orange rind scalded with milk to which vanilla is added before freezing ice cream, gives a delightful flavor.

THE POST BOX

[Continued from page 64]

something that you could show him "how to work."

Question 4. When you leave, you fee the servants always, or at least one who in any way waited on you. And "one who waited on you" means one who made up your bed and room, or served you at table. You would not give the farm hands anything—and on no account, a tip. But when you go to stay with these same people again, you can take a present to any farm-hand that you know well enough to make the present personal.

When you return to college you must absolutely write what is known as a "bread and butter letter" to your friend's mother. For example:

Dear Mrs. Farmley:

I had a perfectly great time over

Thanksgiving, and I want to tell you how good of you it was to have me, and to thank you for all your kindness.

Please give my best wishes to Mr. Farmley and to Alice and Jay and Dorothy, and again thanking you for my wonderful holiday,

Very sincerely,

John Carter.

With this letter, if you like, you can send a box of chocolates or other candy.

Question 5. There are no special rules except those of consideration. Not to spoil borrowed articles of any sort, through careless abuse. You must of course, be courteous, eat properly at table, be prompt for meals and engagements, and behave as though you were ENJOYING your visit.

So popular, so gay with the laughing MOUTH of YOUTH

YOU can always keep your teeth shining white, your gums hard and healthy. You need only give daily care to the six important glands in your mouth.

Soft foods give the tiny mouth glands too little exercise. While we are still in our teens the natural fluids they produce begin to diminish. Then food-acids start decay.

A special formula which restores the youthful vigor of the mouth glands was perfected in Pebeco Tooth Paste. You can taste its main ingredient — pungent, slightly salty. A tingling and refreshing after-feeling tells you that your mouth glands are awakened. Your mouth is wholesome, clean. You talk and laugh with gay assurance.

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Three on each side, as the numbers show, are the mouth glands. They become 20 times more active when we chew. When they slow up, cavities appear and teeth are no longer gleaming white. Pebeco's special substance causes them to produce the fluids which neutralize the acids of decay.



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Your gleaming teeth, so white in smiles and laughter, make you proud and confident. "It is the sharp, keen tang and the slightly salty taste," say people who brush their teeth with Pebeco, "that seem so refreshing and leave the breath pure and sweet."



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PERFECTION Oil Heaters



CHILDREN'S FEARS — And How They Grow

[Continued from page 68]

the world call out a *conditioned* fear response. All we have to do is to show the infant any object and make a loud sound at the same moment.

But this fear of the rabbit is not the only building stone we have laid in the child's life of fear. After this one experience, and with no further contact with animals, all furry animals such as the dog, the cat, the rat, the guinea pig, may one and all call out fear. He becomes afraid even of a fur coat, a rug or a Santa Claus mask. Just seeing them will call out a quick fear response. He does not have to touch them. These simple experiments give us a startling insight into the ways our early home surroundings can build up fears. You may think that such experiments are cruel, but they are not cruel if they help us to understand the fear life of the millions of people around us and give us practical help in bringing up our children more free from fears than we ourselves have been brought up. They will be a godsend if through them we can find a method which will help remove fear.

Suppose your child has been made afraid of the dark. Start unconditioning at once. Surely, every mother will be willing to take the time and trouble to shape the fear life of her child.

How do the parents build in these fears? In the simplest kinds of ways. Just think of the noises in the home. Let me enumerate a few of them. Your child has shown a little unwillingness to go to bed. This has hampered your own movements a bit and you slam the door when you go out. You want your child to live in a well-ventilated room; you open all the windows on a breezy night. Before you get to the door, it slams. In the night when the child is sleeping soundly the shade falls down or the screen placed around its crib falls over. Doors slam all over the house on windy nights, pots and pans are dropped. All of these things are powerful agents, they are sledge hammers in the shaping of your child. No flash of lightning can ever scare your child, even a beam of bright sunlight flashed upon its face in its darkened room will cause only a squinting of the eye. But the loud sizzling crack of thunder overhead will call out a scream of terror. Thereafter the flash of lightning may call out the most pronounced fit of terror, and if the child happens to be in a darkened room when this peal of thunder occurs it may become afraid of the dark for days and weeks.

Another part of the child's behavior closely connected with its fear life must be carefully watched by the parents. Whenever the child's body is being injured, as happens when pin pricks, burns, pinching and slapping occur, a negative or



withdrawal reaction takes place. Every infant is born with the ability to withdraw any part of its body from the object that is injuring it. These reactions are sometimes called

avoidance reactions. An easy way to express all this is to say that the child jerks its hand away from a painful object, a burn or a slap for example. All negative reactions except those coming from painful objects are home-made or built in by the parents. Most of us have thousands of these negative reactions built in. We avoid places, things, people. Negative or withdrawal reactions are *conditioned* just as are our reactions to fear. Let me illustrate. The crawling child reaches out and touches the hot radiator. It jerks its hand back. Sometimes one such experience is enough to keep the child three feet away from that object. After it has been negatively conditioned to radiators, the mere sight of that object makes the infant pull its hand away.

The parents' "don't" is the most potent factor of all in producing both fear and negative responses. Have you, as a parent, ever stopped to consider how many times a day you use "don't"? Do you know that when you use it you are using a mighty sledge hammer for molding fear and other negative reactions in your child?

Now the simple word "don't" has no power in itself to produce either a negative or a fear reaction in the child. It must borrow this power. Where does it get it? In two ways. The father has a powerful voice. Just at the moment the child starts to reach for something or to perform some act not desired by the father, he yells "Don't!" The powerful word "don't" takes the place of the steel bar in our laboratory experiment. In a short time by yelling "don't" as a child starts to do certain acts, fear in the presence of that object becomes the rule. "Don't" derives its sledge hammer power in another way. Often when the child reaches for an object one of the parents slaps its fingers and says "don't" at the same time. Now the slapping or painful stimulus will make the child jerk back its hand. Again we have a situation at hand for setting up a conditioned negative response. "Don't" soon takes on the same power to produce fear and negative reactions as loud sounds and painful objects. Because of the frequency with which we use the word "don't" and others, they soon become ruling forces in the life of every child.

Editor's Note: This brilliant series of articles has occasioned nation-wide comment. Dr. Watson will continue his discussion of the psychology of child training, beginning in the January issue.

NOVEMBER is the month for money making. Everyone in your town may be tired of fairs, but just try a Dixie Land Bazaar and see the dollars roll in. Write for our leaflet **FOUR FAIRS THAT MAKE MONEY**, which gives dozens of ideas for decorations, what to sell, and how to sell it. The price of this leaflet is two cents.



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Raisins that bring you all the flavor the sun can store in full ripe seedless grapes, and even hold their fragrance captive.

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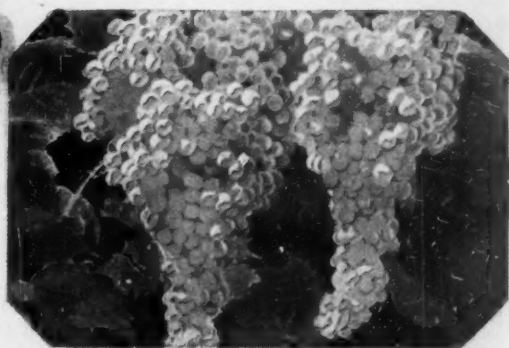
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The RED GINGHAM FAIRY GIVES A PARTY

ANOTHER BARBARA-ANN STORY

BY ERICK BERRY AND MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERICK BERRY



They carefully put the
layer tins in the stove



BARBARA-ANN," said Mumsie at breakfast. "Don't you think it would be a nice plan to give your own birthday party this year?" Barbara-Ann looked up. Her mouth was full, and of course she had been taught, as all of us have, not to talk with her mouth full, but Mumsie was pretty clever at reading what one wanted to say, even when one's mouth couldn't say it.

"What do you mean?" asked Barbara-Ann's eyes. "Why," said Mumsie, "ask, say, five or six of your best friends, and plan and cook the party for them. We could make it a supper, perhaps," she went on, planning out loud. "You can buy the decorations for the table and order the ice cream, and plan your party to go with it. I'm sure you could do it beautifully."

Barbara-Ann's mouth now being sufficiently empty to permit her to speak, she cried:

"Oh, I'll ask Sonia and Jane." Sonia and Jane were two new next-door-neighbors, whose delights as playmates had only, so far, been observed through a gap in the hedge.

"Why yes," said Mumsie, pouring her coffee. "And then there is Julia, and you must ask Sophie."

"She's pretty little," Barbara-Ann's voice held a question, "We—I—l, all right. And Alice makes us just six." Alice of course, for she was Barbara-Ann's most intimate friend, and would be ten next week.

And then all of a sudden, as Christmas and birthdays and circus days have a way of doing, the Day was suddenly here. Barbara-Ann had ordered pink ice cream, and pink roses for the center of the table and for each plate, and she planned to wear her best new pink dress. After lunch she slipped quietly out to the empty kitchen, with full confidence that the Red Gingham Fairy would be there, and sure enough, not hiding this time, but standing sturdily on top of the ice box, starched, gingham wings and all, was the fairy, rolling up her sleeves, in preparation for the task before her. "Well!" cried the fairy, eyeing the little girl, and tying on her apron:

"A party? Sweets to eat and drink? With paper caps and games to play? There's nothing quite so nice, I think 'cept getting ready for the day.

Sweet chocolate, with dabs of cream, Bon-bons you've bought, and need not make. The most important work, I deem will be upon the BIRTHDAY CAKE!"

"A Birthday Cake! A real live one with candles and icing and everything?" cried Barbara-Ann.

"Hm, hm," said the Red Gingham Fairy absent-mindedly.

"See what we have and know the worst, Lest you have further time to beg. A quarter cup of butter, first. A cup of sugar and one egg.

So far, so good. The milk's not sour? A cup of it will do. Speak louder? Excuse me dear. TWO CUPS OF FLOUR. And three teaspoons of baking powder.

Now then, one-half teaspoon of salt. That much of everything's intact. One teaspoon which makes me exalt Vanilla, is a good extract.

Many a cake's been spoiled, my dear, Because the oven's been too hot, Not hot enough, or something queer, This, we must see, won't be our lot.

Within that yellow earthen bowl Butter and sugar we must cream, Stir it and pound it with your soul Till it is smooth, without a seam.

First beat the egg, then drop it in, Next the vanilla, stir it hard, The sifter, now, that funny tin Just like a sand toy in your yard.

Flour and baking powder go Sifting into the bowl, with salt A little at a time, so slow, You stir it every time you halt.

And pour the milk in, at the time, First one, then t'other, that is right. You make a pretty pantomime Although with flour your nose is white!"

Barbara-Ann had to stop here to look at her nose in the mirror, over the kitchen sink. She looked like a circus clown, with a white blob on her nose and a streak across her chin. She wiped it off and then, in a very business-like way sked what she should do next.

They tested the oven and found it, "just right," and then the fairy showed Barbara-Ann how to butter the layer tins and pour in the batter so that there should be a depression in the middle to give the cake a chance to rise evenly.

"Is the cake nearly done?" It was Mumsie's voice at the kitchen door. Barbara-Ann looked up in surprise. The Red Gingham Fairy was gone...pouf...st...like that. Very suddenly, for so solid a little body.

"Oh Mumsie, it's taken so long to make the cake, I meant to get to the sandwiches and stuffed eggs too, but didn't have time. The eggs are ready though," she said, for the fairy had put them on to boil and then after ten minutes bubbling, had turned out the gas under them.

Mumsie bustled out. "I'll help," she said. "See, peel off the shells and then cut the eggs smoothly in half."

Barbara-Ann's skillful little fingers flew. She squeezed out the hard-boiled yolks into a bowl and under Mumsie's direction, mixed in with them, kneading it all into golden tasty mass—salt, pepper, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, some mayonnaise and bits of cut-up red pepper and some chopped-up chicken. When it was all one delightful soft pulp, she scooped it up with a spoon and pressed it back into the hard whites again, being very, very careful indeed. These, placed on a green nest of lettuce, one nest for each plate, looked very pretty indeed, and good to eat besides.

A big glass of milk at each plate, a rose beside it, crackers to pull with caps inside, small, thin, rolled sandwiches with a little ribbon around the middle of each one, eggs in the lettuce nests, ice cream, and six happy, excited little girls, all dressed in their best and all talking at once. But the height of the occasion was reached when Barbara-Ann, walking very carefully, the candles reflected like stars in her eyes, brought in the lighted cake.

"Ten years old today!" she cried and put it down on the table. They all drew a great breath, to blow out the lights, shouting, "Many happy returns!"

But Barbara-Ann, under her breath, said softly, "Thank you, Red Gingham Fairy!" And though the fairy wasn't visible, I'm sure she heard it, aren't you?



"Ten years old today!" cried Barbara Ann, as she brought in the lighted cake

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CUTTING THE COAL BILL

[Continued from page 48]

this needless purpose. Wonderful fuel savings have been accomplished in old houses by placing insulation over or against the roof rafters. Combine such a measure as this with the use of weather strips around door- and window-frames, and there will be an appreciable saving on the coal bill as well as in the energy required for adequate firing on cold days.

As to heating equipment, a little intelligent experimenting there may produce a saving of from 10 to 20 percent. Remember that there is fully as much heat in a ton of bituminous coal as in a ton of anthracite, and it is usually much cheaper. Except in the case of furnaces where the flue passages are small and not easily cleaned, or where grates have been adapted to fine sizes of anthracite by making the air passages small, no change of equipment is necessary to burn soft coal in furnaces where heretofore only anthracite has been used. But bituminous coal requires more attention, and unless this is given will give less heat. It is most successfully used in furnaces that are rather large for the house so that the fire does not need to be pushed.

Years of experimenting with all kinds of fuels by Prof. Lester P. Breckenridge at both Yale University and the University of Illinois have resulted in the formation of rules for fuel economies that are recognized as standard by authorities all over the country. They pre-suppose that bare pipes are covered and that undue air leakage into the house has been minimized by weather strips and storm windows.

1. Keep the grates in good condition. Do not let the ashes pile up under them. This interferes with the needed draft and burns the grates out. Grates should last many years.
2. Seal any air leaks in the ash pit and around the clean-out doors.
3. Provide suitable clean-out tools for the furnace flues and use them. Keep flues free of soot. This is an important item in

the prevention of heat loss.

4. Shake out the ashes when necessary but do not shake until live coals drop. When the light from the fire-bed is reflected on the ashes, stop.

5. Carry a deep bed of fuel, at least level with the fire door.

6. Do not let the fire burn too low.

7. Study carefully the proper use of the three dampers; their setting must be learned by experience with each furnace. Usually it will be found that with soft coal (a) the pipe or flue damper should be open when firing fresh coal and should be partly closed when the fire is well started; (b) the ash-pit damper should be open to start up the fire, open a little during the day, but shut at night; and (c) the check-draft damper should be shut to start up the fire and open partly during both the day and night. With anthracite coal the dampers should be kept wide open after firing until a blue flame appears, and then partly checked so as to keep the fire burning at the desired rate.

8. Do not open the fire door to check the fire. This should be entirely controlled by the dampers. All the air admitted above the fire in excess of that needed for combustion simply cools the heating surfaces which furnish the heat for the house. With soft coal, air should be admitted over the fire through the slide in the fire door until smoking ceases.

A loss of 15% through dirty flues is reduced to 5% when flues are kept clean. Most important of all is the reduction of the loss due to carelessly regulated dampers and a thin firebed from 40% to 15% when the dampers are properly regulated and the firebed is kept level with the bottom of the fire door. Note that in the right way of firing, the fire is banked higher at the back and sides than at the front. This is economical practice, especially with bituminous coal, and is particularly valuable in firing overnight as the fire will burn slower and keep longer.

WHERE IS MODERN WOMAN HEADED?

BY JOHN LANGDON DAVIES

BY RUTH PRATT

[Continued from page 67]

sublimate their maternal instinct into useful channels, and to rely less upon the useless, wasteful ways.

Feminism has made it easier for women to have sublimates than mates. Remember, feminism came to make women happier by giving them more chances for the game of "let's pretend"; but we must not forget that a game of "let's pretend" must always be a second best for most people.

"After all," these women will say, "what are business and money-getting and the struggle for existence that they should be allowed to throttle all human relationships?" We can imagine their banner inscribed with the words, "A woman's place is her home. BUT a home fit for a rational person to live in."

A great discovery has arisen out of the victory of feminism: on the one hand that pretense at independence is for the average woman always a second best—that it is better to be a man's wife than a man's stenographer, and on the other hand that the trouble with the old home was not, as some seemed to think, that it was a home, but that it was a very foolish sort of home.

In our large towns the home is becoming a dormitory with a part-time cafeteria attached. The child goes to a kindergarten and a pre-kindergarten and soon will doubtless start life in a pre-natal kindergarten. And all these institutions instead of seeming to us a confession of failure on the part of the home, a miserable substitute for family life, are becoming desirable in themselves; just as childbirth from being the savage's simple function has become a surgical operation requiring nursing homes and big doctors' bills.

And with all this, women are no nearer being satisfied, for though they can satisfy their surplus maternal instinct by "let's pretend" more than ever in the history of the world, they are losing the even more important ability to satisfy what is not surplus of that instinct in the normal way.

chance of some men office-holders. She is too much accustomed to saving money. Anyone who has watched the efficient housekeeper in action realizes that she was born with or has acquired two important qualifications for community office.

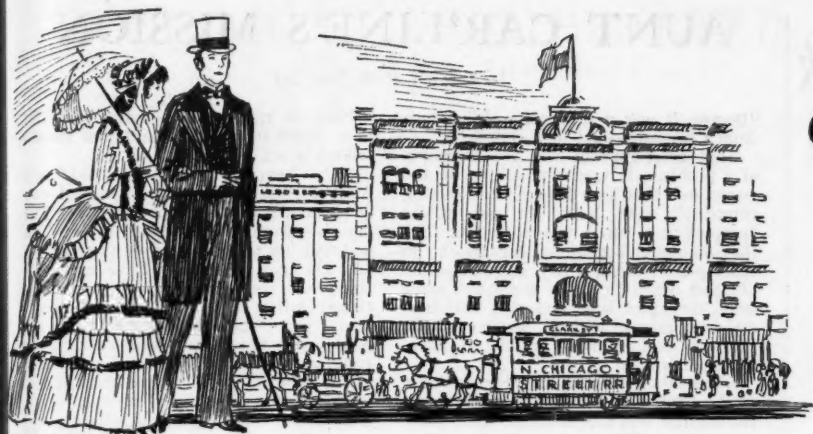
In the first place, she has an unlimited capacity for hard work. Hers is no eight-hour day. Nor does she delegate most of her work to a subordinate.

In the second place, she gives conscientious attention to detail. She is not bored or impatient or indifferent about it. No one but a woman will spend the tireless energy needed to clean house, or the painstaking care that must be applied to keeping it clean. The qualities are valuable in public as in private housekeeping.

A more subtle but not less vital requisite for the best type of community official is likewise to be found in the best type of homemakers. It is simply the determination to put the interests of the whole ahead of the demands of any part. One of the reasons why our local governments often function inefficiently is because they are clogged with special considerations. Laws and ordinances have been passed, positions have been created, pensions have been established to satisfy some individual, without consideration of the community as a whole. For it is natural to assume that the wife and mother who is trained to impartial judgments and to putting the interests of the whole family before those of any individual member, will take over into public life her breadth of vision and her determination to play no favorites.

Her lack of self-interest is still another qualification. She is no starved, ambitious youth who must live on his too-small salary or succumb to the temptation of "pickings."

I know that I have never found anything more interesting than my work as Alderman for the city of New York. "How can you do it?" friends ask me; and I answer, "You try it, and see if you want to do anything else."



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AUNT CAR'LINE'S MISSION

(Continued from page 54)

"Doctor, it was a prayer for deliverance from Christians—and in a church!"

That entertainment was the beginning of a problem. It was rumored among the young folk that Don Morey was "keeping company" with Reba. In our village "keeping company" was something like the announcement of an engagement in other places. When a boy and girl paired off, and began to "keep company" regularly, the other boys and girls withdrew and recognized, without spoken words, that they had a kind of proprietary interest in each other.

Don's father was wealthy, the president of the bank and a deacon in the church. His mother was the leader of the women of the town. Yet, to their honor, neither father nor mother objected to Don's choice of the girl on account either of her poverty or her religion. It was Jacob who, although not objecting, was worried.

Evidently he was too wise to forbid Reba to see the boy. He pleaded business and went away, and, after a time, Reba received an invitation to visit relations in a distant city. She returned after a few months and she and Don "kept company" again, seemingly more attached to each other than before her visit. A few weeks later a handsome, well dressed young Jewish fellow came to the village. She had met him during her visit in the city, and, for several days he monopolized Reba, and Don sulked.

Jacob's plan was too transparent to deceive many. It did not deceive Don. The Jewish lad, evidently smitten with the girl's beauty, returned every few weeks, and the rivalry between him and Don became village gossip.

AUNT CAROLINE and I were sitting on her porch one June evening. Uncle Daniel was nodding in his chair. Through the dusk came a straight young figure rapidly over the lawn. I was facing her and saw her emerge from the dusky shadows of the great trees. Aunt Caroline's back was toward her and she chattered on until the girl's step on the porch broke her trend of thought.

"Good evening, Reba. What is the trouble?"

Aunt Caroline did not turn her head. From the sound of the footsteps she knew who the caller was, and that she was troubled. I arose to give the girl my seat, but she dropped down onto the porch floor and rested her head on the old woman's knee, sobbing silently. This stranger in a strange land was doing as generations of girls of our village had done; coming to Aunt Caroline for comfort and advice.

It was the girl who broke the silence. Her sobs ceased suddenly, she lifted her head and said:

"I have talked with my father. He said to come to you and that you would know best."

"Lands sakes, child!" said Aunt Caroline. "Why pester me? Can't you decide which one of those boys you want to marry?"

The girl had not mentioned even the cause of her trouble nor admitted she was in trouble; yet the old woman understood.

"I—I could—but father thinks—"

"Jacob, of course, thinks you should marry a Jew?"

Aunt Caroline's words formed more of a statement of fact than a question.

"Yes—but I'm not sure—I don't know. I like—love Don." Her chin was quivering, but her eyes were rebellious.

"Jacob is more or less of a fool—all men are in these things," said Aunt Caroline calmly. "But he loves you and thinks only of your happiness." There was another silence.

"Child," she said, "you think you're in love with Don, but you're not."

"I am. I do love him. I love him dearly," the girl protested.

"Nonsense," said the old woman. "Why, child, if you really loved him, you wouldn't be asking your father, or asking me, or thinking of religion or of anything else, excepting that you loved him. You'd be like Ruth—and know that nothing else matters except love. No. You don't love Don. You like him. There is a vast difference between liking and loving."

"But he wants me to marry him. So does Julius, and father said you should tell me which to choose."

"It's a heavy burden on me, child," said Aunt Caroline. "Often I've dreamed you would marry Don. I'm not denying it. I've hoped, sometimes, you would marry Don and that 'his people would be your people and his God your God.' Love might do that; but you don't love Don. I have thought often of your religion, but somehow I just want that you should be very happy and the religion doesn't seem to count as much as that does. You wouldn't be happy if you married Don. Maybe you'd be too happy—for a little while. But, after a time; after the children came, there'd be a difference. Maybe you both would be bitter and disappointed."

You might love each other and conceal it—but you would suffer and perhaps turn bitter and all the rest of your lives you would be unhappy. It isn't your fault, and it isn't his—but nothing can change it. You both must marry some one of your own religion, when you meet the one you love."

Aunt Caroline, then, as if to change the subject, said:

"Julius must be a fine young man. When is he coming again to see you? You must bring him up when he comes. I must talk with him."

So naturally and calmly did she talk that, half an hour later, the girl arose, composed again, her life decision made. She slipped her arm around Aunt Caroline's shoulder and kissed her.

THE next day Don came storming to the old house on the hill to have it out with Aunt Caroline and to demand that she "take back" what she had told Reba. Uncle Daniel told me the boy was furious when he arrived and charged Aunt Caroline with "meddling" in his affairs, but an hour later as the boy left he said: "You're right, Aunt Caroline. You always are."

It was a little more than a year later that Julius came to our village to claim Reba as his wife. Aunt Caroline fussed over the bride as she had done over dozens of others, and Uncle Daniel told me she and the Rabbi who came to marry them, argued religion for an hour and parted, promising to pray for each other.

And, about a year later Don married one of the town girls, and became the happiest young husband in the village.

"It was a fine thing for Don to care for Reba," Aunt Caroline said to me. "He'll always have his little romance to remember. Men like to feel a wee mite sorry for themselves sometimes."

"I wonder if Reba—" I started to remark, and her old face grew serious.

"I think she'll be very happy," she said, interrupting, "but I'll always have a wee mite of worry until I know."

One evening I was driving out toward the old white house on the hillside. Part way there, Jacob, hurrying and red, hailed me and asked for a lift. He was so excited he forgot his usual shyness in asking a favor, and his usually studied English was almost incoherent. I gathered he had a great secret, and was saving it to tell Aunt Caroline first.

WE sat on the side porch again. There had been a thunder storm and the skies were black as the massed clouds retreated slowly. The world seemed fresh and sweet after the rain that had broken a long, dusty drought. Jacob, unable to hold his secret longer, fumbled in a pocket and handed her a telegram. At that moment, as she was adjusting her glasses, the sun broke through a rift in the clouds just above the horizon, and flooded the new-washed world with golden light. Aunt Caroline read, dropped the paper into her lap and sat, with her calm, wrinkled old face transfigured with beauty, gazing out at the glorious sunset.

"Sec, Jacob," she said pointing toward the West, "God wanted that they should be happy. I've worried—but He is smiling to show He is pleased."

I was still ignorant of the contents of the telegram until she said:

"Caroline isn't a Jewish name. The next one must be named Jacob."

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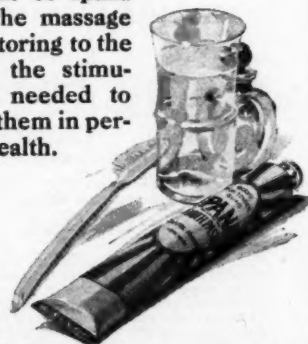
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BIG HEARTED

[Continued from page 15]

"What!"
"Yes; the traces are there, outside your door."

"I didn't notice them," he said, sur- prised and annoyed.

"You probably wouldn't. The traces of the jimmy are very slight, but plain enough to anybody in my profession."

"You mean that, yesterday afternoon, somebody tried to open the door of my suite while I was away playing golf?"

"Yes, the noise awoke me. I opened my door. There was a man in knickerbockers on the stairs. He carried a bag of golf clubs. He was gone by the time I was dressed and out."

"Not a servant, then?"

"Perhaps a servant disguised as a golfer."

"Whoever it is must be a fox," he said

"Well, what ought we to do?"

"Give him another chance."

"Yes... certainly. You mean for me to clear out today while you keep watch?"

"I mean that. Yes."

"But how about your sleep? You can't patrol the house all night long and all day, too!"

She lifted her gray eyes, a little shyly, the warmth of his solicitude being un- mistakable. "I really don't mind," she said pleasantly.

"But you can't stand it—"

"I can if it is likely to help you, Mr. Duncan," she replied with an unconscious naïveté that surprised and charmed him.

"I can't allow it," he interrupted with a seriousness that had in it something warmer than mere businesslike objection.

"You are young," he added; "youth has got to have sleep. You are a slender, delicately made girl," he added with increas- ing solicitude, "and even a six-foot police- man can't do without sleep—"

"Let me keep watch today, anyway—"

"No; I'll give up my golf first!" he in- sisted with a warmth of emphasis that made his own face flush.

Perhaps hers was inclined to, also, be- cause she averted it, got up from her chair and walked to the window. He gazed at the back of her shapely head.

Her hair, boyishly clipped, curled all over it in thick little brown ringlets. The snowy loveliness of her nape held his at- tention. Never did he remember to have seen any girl with so engaging a back.

Her soft gray gown, her spotless cuffs framing delicate idle hands, her enchant- ing little ankles and slender feet—

"I'll give up my golf and stand watch," he repeated.

At that she turned from the window. "If you do that," she pointed out, "your servants will wonder why."

"What the deuce are we to do, then? I'm not going to deprive you of your sleep. I'm not going to endanger your health. You," he added vaguely, "are not built like a whale."

She hesitated—seemed shyly reluctant to suggest an alternative.

"What do you propose?" he insisted.

"I was thinking—because I sleep so lightly—and the slightest sound awakens me—and if you wouldn't mind—wouldn't mind—"

"What? I'll do anything you wish as long as it doesn't hurt you!" If he were merely addressing a paid professional de- tective there seemed to be an unwarranted tinge of tenderness in his earnestness.

She didn't blush; she bent her head a trifle and stood with white, slim fingers linked before her like a school-girl ponder- ing a problem. Finally she looked up at him out of the most honest eyes he had ever gazed into.

"Do you mind if I sleep on your bed, Mr. Duncan?"

"Of course not. Sleep in it if you choose. I'll have it freshly made up—"

"That certainly would make your serv- ant suspicious. No; I'll not undress. I'll lie down as I am. Awake or asleep I shall hear the slightest sound at your door. Whoever tries to get in is not going to es- cape this time."

"Do you propose to remain on duty in this manner?" he asked in a worried but tender voice.

"I shall sleep beautifully," she insisted with a sudden smile that entirely upset him.

"Yes," he said, his [Turn to page 82]



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Actresses, nurses, debutantes, housewives find in Resinol Soap the elements every skin needs.

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A MATTER OF DOLLARS

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A meat loaf made with Knox Gelatine is simply delicious—exquisite—the family will forget that the meat is making its second appearance on the dinner table. And just as appetizing is the Vegetable Ring, another Knox Gelatine triumph in economy. Try them—and write for Mrs. Knox's book on "Food Economy." It will surprise you with its many practical suggestions. And remember that Knox Gelatine is in itself an economy—one package contains enough gelatine to make four different dishes, six servings of each!

MEAT LOAF



Take two cups of any left-over well seasoned stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, sliced, hard boiled eggs, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and cut in slices for serving.

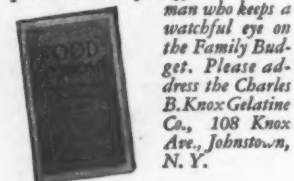
VEGETABLE RING



2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice,
1 teaspoonful salt,
1 cup celery, cut in small strips,
1/2 cup shredded cabbage,
1/2 cup canned peas,
1/2 cup small cucumber cubes.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water; then add sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, and salt. Strain, cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables. Turn into a ring mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish, and arrange around jelly thin slices of cold, cooked meat. Fill center with boiled salad dressing.

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KNOX
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GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

BIG HEARTED

[Continued from page 81]

self-control slipping several cogs, "it will be beautiful—your sleep!—there'll be plenty of beauty there—"

Inarticulate, he ceased; her smile grew confused. "There's an automatic in the drawer of my night table. You're perfectly welcome to take a fresh suit of my pajamas and sleep in my bed if you wish."

She thanked him prettily. "You'll lock yourself in, of course," he remarked.

"Oh, no."

"Why not?"
"I shall leave both doors of your suite unlocked. If the thief finds your apartment unlocked, and comes in and starts work on the closet, I've got him."

"Yes," he said with another tender look at her, "but what about you?"

"I'll awake—"

"I know. But what then?"

"Why, then I'll catch your thief for you, Mr. Duncan."

"How?" he asked, vastly troubled.

"How? I don't know. Probably when he finds himself looking into the muzzle of my gun he'll go quietly. They do, usually, you know."

"Suppose he—he shows fight?"

The girl's gray eyes met his; grew suddenly clear, laughing, brilliant. "Are you worrying about me?" she demanded.

"Yes, I am."

"Why?"

"Because I like you a w-whale of a lot," he broke out boyishly, "and I'm afraid you'll get hurt . . . That's why. . . I don't want you to get hurt—I couldn't bear it—"

The laughing expression on her face slowly died out, leaving an odd, fixed smile. She said nothing for a few moments; and he, too, was silent.

"It's nice of you to care . . . But this is merely part of my business . . . So, if you don't mind, I will try to sleep a little—"

"Certainly." He went to her and offered his hand; and when, in her sweet, honest way, she laid hers in his, he changed his mind and kissed it.

When he had disappeared over the rolling meadows of the links the girl walked lightly to the telephone and unhooked the receiver.

"Number please?" came over the wire. She gave it. Presently: "Universal Detective Agency!" announced a man's voice.

"Miss Lynd speaking," she said in a cautious voice. "Tell Harry to come over."

"I get you. G'bye."
She hung up; went slowly back to the window and gazed at the sunny scene where golfers moved in groups. Duncan was not visible; she searched the landscape for him in vain with her sweet but troubled gaze.

IF the girl were thinking of Duncan, that big-hearted gentleman also was thinking of her with all his might. Never before had any woman of any sort so fascinated him. He was accustomed to pretty women; always admired them, never before had been stirred even to the verge of such a sentiment as had so suddenly invaded him that morning.

He couldn't keep his eye on the ball; the vision of a gray-eyed girl interfered.

He had accomplished nine humiliating holes when he realized he'd had enough; that the inclination to get back to his house—the overwhelming desire to be near her again, was becoming irresistible. Doubtless she was asleep on his bed. But that didn't matter. He'd go into his living room and sit there—guard her while she slept . . . Guard her with his life if the thieving servant came sneaking back to finish the job . . . Or whoever it was—that strange golfer from the club seen by her on the stairs, and there encountered by his butler—no, it was unthinkable to leave that delicate girl alone to face an unknown intruder!

There seemed to be nobody on the terraces or in the lounging room. He set his bag of golf clubs in a corner, stood gazing about him through the golden gloom of lowered blinds, then went on upstairs.

As he opened the door of his living room he heard a slight splintering sound from the corridor. Startled, he stepped forward; and, at the same instant, Miss

Lynd turned from the door of the closet. Her face was terribly altered; her gray eyes blazed at him over a levelled pistol.

"Put 'em up!" she said sharply; "put 'em up quick, or I'll bump you!"

He merely stared at her, seeming unaware of the pistol muzzle jabbed hard against his abdomen. Suddenly the hot, red blood flooded his face; and, at the same moment, he heard his living room door open behind him, then close instantly; and a man's cool, bantering voice:

"Take your time, Milly; I got a gun on him—"

"Wait a second: Don't do that!"—cried the girl. "Don't lay him out, Harry—"

And, to Duncan with eyes suddenly savage: "Put 'em up quick or you'll get yours, I tell you."
As Duncan glared at her the man behind him suddenly seized his wrists, jerked them behind his back and handcuffed him in the twinkling of an eye. Then he gave Duncan a shove that sent him stumbling into his own chamber and landed him in a sitting posture on the bed. Now, for the first time, Duncan saw the man in the case—a dapper young fellow in golfing knickers. As Duncan caught sight of him he was shoving a pistol and a black-jack back into the side pocket of his tweed coat. He inspected Duncan with a bantering air; seemed jocosely disposed.

"If you put up a holler," he said, "I'll knock you stiff. . . . So don't get noisy." And, to the girl who, by this time, had partly removed the lock on the closet: "Snappy there, Milly! I gotta wire this guy good—"

He pulled a coil of copper wire from his golf-bag, pushed Duncan against a bed-post, and wound him up as dexterously as a spider swathes a struggling fly. He had a gag all ready, too; forced the ball of cloth into Duncan's mouth, and bound up his face, using adhesive tape as deftly as any surgeon. He was laughing.

"Say," he said, "you can't be trusted with valuable black pearls. A great big gabby guy like you, spillin' it to the world how you bought that Bolshi's beads. . . . Just like that!—for any fella to take 'em off you! Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself? Hey?"

He twisted the wire into unnegotiable knots with a tiny pair of pliers, gaily conversational all the while:

"Just because you're a big-hearted slob I'll tell yeh what we done . . . You're a good sport; you'll laugh. Wait—this is going to be a good one." He went over to examine the girl's progress with the closet lock, nodded, turned merrily on Duncan: "Well, we had your telephone switched to our hang-out from the first. We were operator and desk-sergeant and Universal Detective Agency . . . Well, you can't talk, can you?"

He paused to light a cigarette and glance at the girl who was still very busy with the lock. Then he turned and grinned again at Duncan: "Here's how we done you in: the day you brought back the pearls I was here as soon as you—got up into your room when you left it, and started work—but I hadn't time to finish, so I putted up and quit. I knew you'd telephone for the bulls. Next day I tried to jimmy in, but I had to quit again. Good thing I did quit—your Boss Whiskers seen me in the hall. I guess he told you—"

With a very slight scraping sound the closet lock came off; the door swung open.

"Got 'em, Milly?" inquired the man. She took the case from the shelf, opened it, drew out the string of black pearls and coolly stuffed them into her stocking. "All set," she said; "let's go!"

The man picked up his golf-bag, went quietly to the living room door, and peeped out. The girl turned and looked full at Duncan—seemed about to speak—made the effort, apparently, but remained dumb. Then, as her gray eyes looked into his, a bright blush dyed her face, crimsoning her from hair to throat.

"I could fall for a guy like you," she blurted out. "I'm fool enough!"

"Hey, Milly!" called the man from the living room, "all clear! Skip!"

Cat-foot she passed warily from the room; and out of the life of that large, careless, big-hearted young man.

A MATTER OF SENSE

KNOX Sparkling Gelatine has become so important as a food for daily use in the home that it is worthy of your careful interest and thought! Remember that Knox Sparkling Gelatine is the purest of gelatine—has been for over forty years. It contains no flavoring, no coloring, no sweetening. That is why it is so healthful—and so delicious. That is why the desserts and salads prepared with it have a home-made (not a ready-made) appearance and taste! That is why it blends so attractively and zestfully with all kinds of fruits, vegetables, meats, eggs, fish, etc.! Two favorite Knox Gelatine recipes are here presented to you. Other delightful recipes are in the package.

FRUIT FAVORETTE



Soak one-half envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and dissolve in one cup hot fruit juice (using any left-over fresh or canned fruit juices). Add one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful lemon juice and some of the fresh or canned fruit if desired. When mixture begins to set, add white of one egg beaten until light. Beat all well together. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water, and chill.

HAWAIIAN SALAD



1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup cold water.
1/2 cup boiling water.
1/2 cup vinegar.
1/2 cup pineapple syrup.
1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, if desired.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice.
Few grains salt.

Pare, chop, and drain cucumber; there should be one cup. Chop and drain pineapple; there should be one cup. Mix cucumber and pineapple, and add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; then add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing.

Mrs. Knox's New Recipe Book
Send only 10c to cover costs—and have Mrs. Knox's latest book in your kitchen.

It is her most notable contribution to cookery—it will be your most valuable aid to entertaining and happy family dining. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



KNOX
Sparkling
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"



Little Woolens

Downy Soft • Unshrunk

WHEN new, baby's little woolens are almost as soft as his precious, tender skin. But they can quickly lose their downy softness.

Rubbing with cake soap mats the sensitive wool fibres, makes them rough and shrunken. Then these tiny shirts and bands bind baby's little growing body, and restrict his breathing. Tight little socks cramp his feet and check their healthy activity.

With tissue-thin Lux flakes no rubbing is necessary. They whip instantly into thick, billowy suds that cleanse little woolens without shrinking or roughening them. After repeated Lux washings, wee woolens are still downy and unshrunk!

For diapers, too. Doctors say painful diaper rash often can be traced to the injurious alkali found in the soaps—flakes, chips or cakes—with which baby's diapers are washed. There is no harmful alkali in Lux!

Use Lux for washing all of baby's little clothes—be kind to his sensitive, rose-leaf skin. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Baby's bottles washed in Lux are so sparkling clean you know they are safe!



A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 12]

voice and uncertain grammar, whose one great desire is to attract attention. She said to me today as we leaned together over the rail, "My husband is so darn jealous. I got to talk to people and not sit around with just him. I ain't that kind and it don't go good with me."

"Are you married long?" I asked her. "Couple of months. It's his idea for a honeymoon—I don't know why I fell for it. All the time at me to fix my talk and lower my voice. It's don't do this and don't do that all day."

But it was the young husband who confided the real story to Charley. He is terribly in love with the girl, but he has sense enough to see that his family would object to her as she is, so he intends to live in this frozen land with her through a winter, then put her in the hands of some one in the States who will polish her up a bit. Then he will present her to his parents and tell them how bravely she suffered the Arctic hardships with him. Poor boy.

August 29th. We anchored two miles out of St. Michael, and Charley and I went ashore in an Indian's canoe, getting there in time to see the *Alice*, a Yukon boat, coming down full of miners going out, all carrying their gold, plenty of it.

St. Michael has one street—or rather a walk between a dozen houses and two warehouses. All around here are little tents with people who have come this far on expeditions and then had no means of getting farther up the Yukon.

September 2nd. Everything belonging to our expedition is off the *Humboldt* now, and this morning her whistles blew us a shrill farewell as she steamed back to warmth and civilization. I don't know what the rest thought, but I swallowed more than one lump when I saw her slipping away and leaving us to the wilderness.

The carpenters set to work to build the boat that is taking us to Dawson. Everybody has to help in day and night shifts, to speed the building. I have bought a pair of mukluks—boots made from skin, with no hair left on it, and in some way tanned to make it waterproof.

September 7th. Today we had a regular hurricane. A tidal wave came within a very few feet of our tent. I stood at my tent flap fearful, wishing I could be a successful King Canute and order it back.

Under these conditions people are beginning to show their real characters. Rains, winds, marshy ground, sleeping on earth, loss of time getting started—all these things are getting under the skins of people working like day laborers at tasks for which they are unfitted. We have a motley crowd, lawyers, doctors, gamblers, clerks, men who never worked, boys fresh from college. Grumbling at everything and everyone is loud.

September 11th. They are cementing the boat today. It is much colder and feels wintry. The mountains that looked gray and blue when we came, are capped with snow. The rain has a touch of ice in it. People are getting panicky, and our community has no laws. The men could easily do something desperate. It makes me shiver to see their faces.

September 12th. The sensible men in camp see there is immediate need of a system of law. So the Masons, thirty of them, in the expedition have called a meeting. They represented seventeen states and three foreign countries. Among them they have got up some rude sort of legal control.

September 16th. Today we launched our boat. Some call it officially the *Seattle Number 1*, but most of us have named her *Mukluk*.

No longer is every day precious, now, but every minute. We are having trouble getting a pilot. Few of the Indians know the river well, and it is very wide at the mouth, but we have found one willing, and we are as happy as children let out of school, so glad to get away from this inhospitable St. Michael.

September 18th. We came over to the boat today. After I got on, I wondered where to go next, for baggage seemed everywhere and the bunks are not built yet, but tiers of berths [Turn to page 84]

Westclox



Big Ben De Luxe \$3.75

Baby Ben De Luxe \$3.75

New de luxe models

EVERYONE admires these new Westclox for their unusual beauty.

Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe contribute much to the attractiveness of any room.

They stand firm and solid, which adds to their long life. They're felt-cushioned underneath for protection. You can rely on them for faithful time-keeping and a sure alarm.

Sold everywhere for \$3.75. With luminous night-and-day dial \$5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

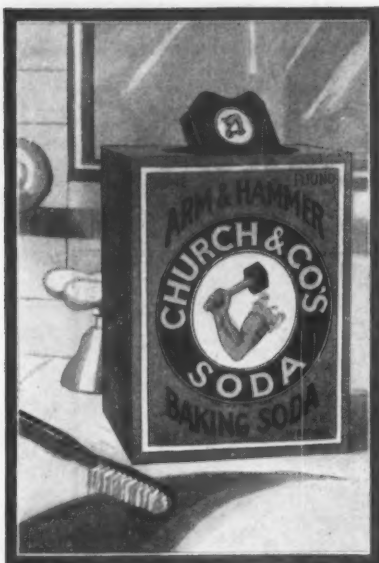
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.



Starting promptly means getting there on time.

A reliable clock helps—Westclox are that kind.



WHITE TEETH

A Triumph of Clean Health

WHAT are the qualities which a dentifrice needs in order to give you the best possible service?

It should have an alkaline reaction that neutralizes dangerous mouth acids. It should be soluble in water. It should be free from grit, yet have a definite "bite" that safely removes the harmful film from teeth.

All of these requirements are met by Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, known nation-wide as a necessity when cooking—it is pure Bicarbonate of Soda of the highest quality, its purity exceeds the U. S. P. standards.

Used regularly on a tooth brush with a little water, Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) will correct acid conditions, keep your mouth wholesome, remove discolorations and leave your teeth really clean, truly white—a triumph of clean health.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is a safe, effective and economical dentifrice, highly recommended by dentists generally—get a package today at your grocer's.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 Maiden Lane New York

COW BRAND BAKING SODA AND
ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA ARE
IDENTICAL—BOTH ARE BICARBONATE
OF SODA IN ITS PUREST FORM

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is also delightful for
bathing, helpful in combating colds, it is an effective
first aid for burns, sunburn, insect bites, it has

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uses
FREE—
Fill in the coupon
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CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK

Please send me valuable Free Booklet on Baking Soda as a Household Remedy—also send me for the children a Free Set of Thirty Beautifully Colored Bird Cards.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 83]

are being knocked together somehow, often with no partitions between. We have all been allotted sleeping spots. I am lucky. I got a place on the side where they throw wood in the boilers, and after putting up a bit of calico as a screen, I went to sleep pleasantly warm from the nearness to the hissing wood fire, even if my bones ached from the hard floor.

September 21st. Our Indian pilot has become uncertain of his course. The passengers got excited and jabbered at him and in his alarm he tried to get out of the pilot house. A guard was sent around it to keep out the angry passengers, but this alarmed the poor Indian the more.

September 25th. Landed at Anvik this morning. Here we take on wood, a bothersome job. One part of the passengers' agreement is that they will chop wood as it is needed. Charley is stiff from this work—it is the first time in his life he has done it. But anyway he hasn't complained of dyspepsia of late—he hasn't had time.

September 29th. Passed the General Stoneman yesterday going home. There is snow along the bank in places now. It is twenty above zero. Discontent is rife again. These people are really worse than children. Little groups collect here and there, talking and gesticulating. Charley tells me to walk carefully past them to hear what they are saying, but they stop when I get near to them, for they know Charley is one of the Mason group.

October 1st. I guess the weather itself is umpiring our little game, for our boat is fast being broken to pieces on the sides by the ice, heavier every hour, and now coming in big, solid chunks.

Today we passed a little Indian village, and an old miner named Boswell told me he knew the village, that the chief's name was William, and he had known him when he was up here years before. There were nice little cabins. A few miles farther down we ran on a sand bar. We had to cut the ice in chunks, put ropes on the trees, and pull ourselves free.

Our progress is dishearteningly slow. Charley and some of the others are sure as they listen to that terrible crunching of ice against the boat that we are lost if we keep on. So we have decided at the next freeze-up to leave the expedition.

October 2nd. The next freeze-up has already happened. We meet here again the May West, and she reports the river almost solid above us, so those who don't want to stop have to anyway. All hands are helping unload, no easy task, and a very unhappy one.

Some of the men today told me their stories. One young married man said he had mortgaged his home, left his wife and baby, with very little money, so sure was he of a fortune—and now he couldn't get back, and they might starve.

We started camp fires. Some men chopped down trees, some began to build cabins. You just pick a spot and say "This is mine," and it is yours. But Charley learned yesterday from Boswell that the Indian village we saw yesterday might rent us a cabin. It is only six miles down, and we thought it would be wise to go there before some one else thought of it.

So Charley and Boswell and I started. And six miles is six miles on that hard hummocky ground, but we got there at last.

The village stood on a rise in the bank over the river, four cabins, and all about it an awful smell of blubber and salt fish and Indians, but so comfortable compared with the place where we had landed that we forgot the odors. The few Indians stood looking at us quietly. Boswell went over to them and came back with one named Steven, who invited us into his cabin. It was a splendid cabin, with a regular window with four tiny panes in it, the floor of hewn logs, the walls all chinked with moss and there was a good stove—small, but real iron.

After some discussion, we have managed to secure Steven's cabin for the winter. He will move into another which he calls the big cabin where a lot of families live in one fairly large room.

Charley and Boswell are to leave me

here till they can come back with our baggage. I objected to this very decidedly. I have always been afraid of Indians, and though these look peaceful and pleasant they are hardly my idea of companions. But the men thought the trip too hard for me, so I sadly watched my men go back where the white folks were.

The Indians sleep in a line on the floor, so I was added to one end of the line, all our feet pointing towards the fire. It is a dryer, better bed than the one at St. Michael, but as I watch that long line of motionless Indian forms I wish I were back on the nice damp safe ground in camp. By the light of the fire I am writing this in my diary.

October 5th. Charley came and took me back to camp. He is needed there to help keep order and I am afraid will spend a good deal of the time there. But I guess I'll be safe with the Indians so we will move ourselves and relay our grub there soon.

October 6th. The Indians have named the camp White Camp, but the men here call it Woodworth. The May West is going to winter here too, and her captain's name is Worth, so we joined his name to Mayor Wood's and call the place Woodworth. The ice is thicker every day, and it is three below zero.

October 18th. The usual crowd was at the bank when I went for water this morning. Mayor Wood was there and I stopped to hear what he had to say. His hat was off, his hands outstretched, as if he were about to bless the Company. He stood solemnly looking at the crowd, then began in a very quiet voice.

"Friends and brothers"—and he was off in one of his lengthy talks. We have got into the habit of listening politely till he finishes—and his finishes are always about like this, "With the help of the Lord I am willing to do all that is possible. If a committee will wait upon me can't we come to some reasonable conclusion, men?"

As usual, there were yells of "We're for Wood," mixed with the usual hisses. He just stood there, his eyes lowered, and I was eyeing him indignantly when suddenly I heard a gruff voice.

"Say, Mr. Wood, speak up and let us hear your plans right now. We're a committee, all of us here, and you talk and talk quickly."

From somewhere marched a file of men with drawn guns, calling, "Clear the way."

Commotion started. I drew away a bit, but stayed to watch. Yells from here and there, little groups collecting, talking wildly with much swinging of arms, voices growing louder and louder.

Then, one of the men suggested a court be made, and a judge be elected to settle all difficulties. Hands went up madly in the air. I glanced at Wood, his head bowed at their decision.

Next moment I heard the announcement that Charley had been nominated Judge. He was voted for by yea and nay, and elected. Then Wood made a little speech, how, if they were satisfied he certainly was. They voted to establish sittings of the court right away, and then the men went away, pretty quiet and orderly, and I went back to the boat, thanking God that one more day had gone without violence.

October 23rd. Court is sitting most of the time and I go occasionally. Some of the cases brought up before Charley would be very funny if they were not tragic. Comrades of years standing who came up here together will quarrel over the most trivial things. One today asked for dissolution of partnership because his partner never fried the bacon on both sides.

There are only three women left here, besides me. The Captain's wife and his daughter-in-law, who are in a very nice cabin, and of course Mrs. Saunders, who is beginning to complain bitterly.

October 24th. Charley took the last of our grub and me up to the Indian camp today. I am fairly settled now, but we never did remember to get that lamp in Seattle, and I am dependent on candles.

November 2nd. The Indians are beginning to visit me. Today [Turn to page 88]

FEELS LIKE WALKING ON VELVET



Ozite Cushions are bound on all edges with orange tape. Look for it!

What luxury and restful comfort with Ozite Cushion under your rugs!

A charming room—a delightful home—because Ozite makes floor coverings so soft and yielding. Interior decorators will tell you that Ozite gives any rug (even the least expensive) an oriental luxury. Further, it absorbs the shock of every heel and actually doubles the life of rugs. Your dealer will gladly send an Ozite cushion up "on trial." See for yourself how it enriches your entire home, silences footfalls, creates a sense of warmth and ease. We know you'll want Ozite everywhere, especially since it costs so little and saves so much.

Sold by all furniture, rug and department stores.

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY
New York Chicago Los Angeles
American Hair Felt Co., Mfrs.

Ozite
Rug Cushion

Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is "sanitized". It is everlastingly moth-proof. Pat. Sept. 9, 1924.

Clinton Carpet Company M 117
130 N. Wells St., Chicago

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets", and small sample of Ozite.

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FEELS LIKE WALKING ON VELVET

Her special "knack" of mixing



Pancakes
Wheat Flour
Corn Flour
Rice Flour
Rye Flour
Sugar
Baking Powder
Milk
Salt

We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

--- today America's most famous recipe

WHAT woman can resist trying a recipe that holds promise of better results? Some new flavor—new moments of pleasure for her family at table?

American women are noted throughout the world for their constant interest in new recipes. And today an old-time recipe has won more users than any other ever recorded.

Down on the old plantation, Aunt Jemima refused to reveal to a soul the secret of those light fragrant pancakes which she baked for her master and his

guests. No other cook could match their flavor. No one could learn her "knack" of mixing ingredients.

Today millions of women in all parts of the United States are making tender, golden-brown cakes just like Aunt Jemima's own.

No cook book gives it

Only once, long after her master's death, did Aunt Jemima reveal her recipe. It is still a secret—no cook book gives it. Her special flours cannot be bought in stores today. But her own ingredients, proportioned just as she used them, come ready-mixed in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Women everywhere who are proud of their cooking have turned to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour because it offers the *only* way to have cakes just like her own, with that matchless plantation flavor.

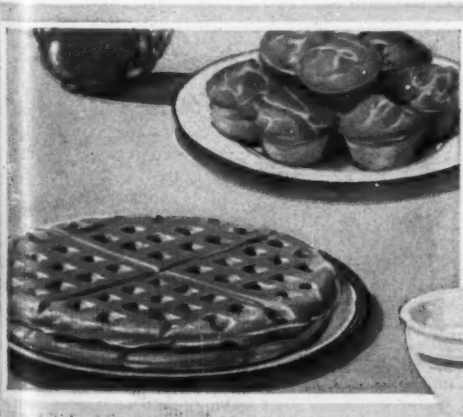
It is so easy now to make her wonderful cakes! Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.

See how soon your family will ask for pancakes again, after they taste that old-time flavor in Aunt Jemima's. Plan now to test her famous recipe—ready-mixed. Use coupon below to send for trial size package or get full size package from your grocer.

**FREE—a chance to test
this famous recipe**

Trial size package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today.

Crisp, light waffles and tender golden muffins can easily be made with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Simple directions on every package



THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH
Dept. D-19, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with recipe folder.

Name _____

Street _____ State _____

City _____



Her own ingredients—
ready-mixed

Keep Teeth Free of FILM

Thus Smiles
Attract With
Dazzling
Whiteness

In this special way
dentists urge you to
REMOVE FILM
every day

Send Coupon for
10-Day Tube Free
(See Opposite Page)



MYRTLE LIND thinks hunting a delightful way to retain grace of body—and Pepsodent a delightful way to sparkling white smiles.

ARE your teeth "off-color," dull—lustreless? Do you feel that you are more prone to tooth and gum disorders than the ordinary person?

NEW LIGHT ON THESE CONDITIONS

Modern dental research has recently thrown a new light on both those conditions.

Dull teeth are traced in their entirety to a film that forms on teeth. A dingy film which ordinary brushing does not effectively combat.

Many serious tooth and gum disturbances are traced almost as completely to the same source—*film*.

As a result, an utterly different way of tooth cleansing—Pepsodent—is, largely on dental advice, being adopted by thousands.

MOST TEETH ARE FILM COATED

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film, it has been found, absorbs discolorations. And thus makes otherwise clear teeth dull and dingy.

This film, it is now known, clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say dental authorities.

GERMS, TARTAR, PYORRHEA, DECAY

Germes breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Those germes, with tartar, are the definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Before effective means of removing film were found, tooth and gum troubles were constantly on the increase. Old ways had failed lamentably.

NOW—A SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING DENTIFRICE

After long and exhaustive research, dental science finally found effective film-removing agents. And that discovery changed tooth-cleansing habits.



AS NEW TEETH COME it's all-important to keep them white and free of film, the dentist tells Mrs. Vera Crowley. For this purpose be sure you ask for Pepsodent.

Those film-removing agents are embodied in Pepsodent; a tooth paste *different in composition and effect from any other known*.

Developed in consultation with high dental authorities, Pepsodent meets the dominant dental exactments of today in modern tooth and gum protection.

How It Acts

Pepsodent curdles that film; then thoroughly, as ordinary brushing never has done or never can do, *removes it from the teeth*.

Then Pepsodent—embodying gum protective elements which mark the most recent science knows—acts to firm the gums to healthy, coral firmness.

Then it acts to multiply the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva; thus keeping the mouth clean, thus fighting the acids of decay.

That is how the great tooth and gum beautifying and protective factors are provided in a highly specialized, prophylactic way.

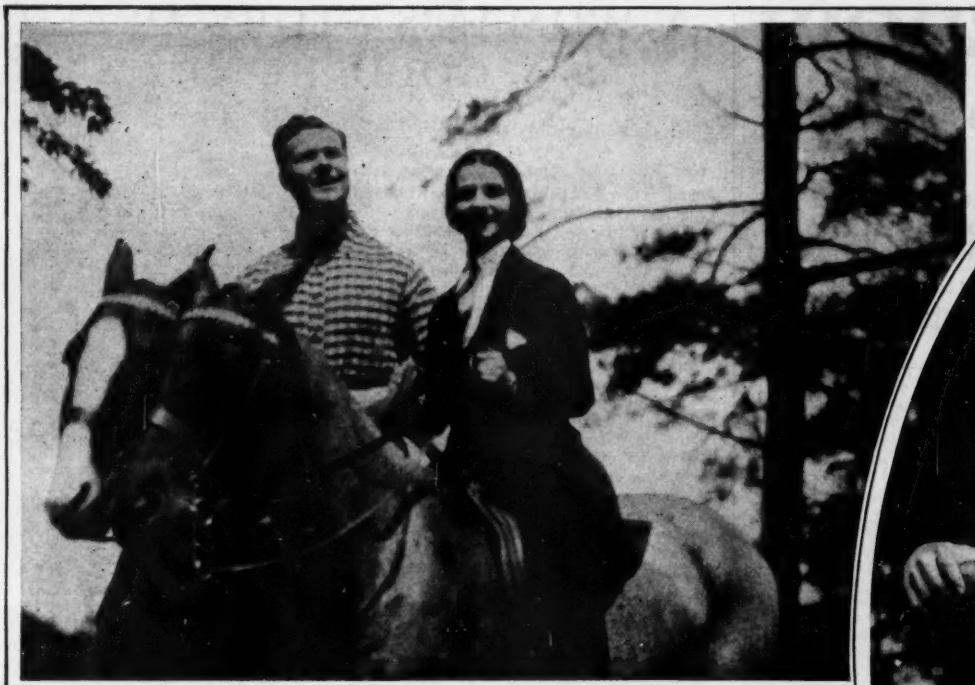
ACCEPT TEST

Teeth can never be white, or smiles glistening, unless film is removed at least **TWICE DAILY** from the teeth.

Teeth and gums can never be protected properly against decay, gum troubles and their serious aftermath unless film is combated regularly.

Send coupon for 10-day tube. Note how film is removed, how gums start to firm and harden. You'll agree that Pepsodent, along with regular attention from your dentist, marks the utmost in a dentifrice.

P E P S



GRACE DALTON AND GERALD JOHNSTON ride out early and enjoy the autumn tingle in the air. Health like theirs goes hand in hand with glorious smiles kept bright by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) FINDING THE BULLSEYE is the trick in archery which recently has become so popular. With smiles made bright by Pepsodent, Miss Ruth Denton proves a likely and enchanting pupil.

Smiles that Conquer

Are Smiles That Reveal Film-Free Teeth

WHEN you see a smile you envy, think of Pepsodent. Thousands of the pretty smiles, seen on all sides today, are due to it. Yesterday teeth were film-coated; today they gleam and sparkle.

Dingy teeth, lustreless teeth; so-called "off-color" teeth have been traced in almost EVERY instance, by dental research, to Film on Teeth. The importance of using a special, Film-Removing Dentifrice thus is obvious. *Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film.*

Largely on dental advice, people everywhere are turning to the twice-a-day use of Pepsodent, both as an important prophylaxis for the teeth and gums, and as a tremendously important aid to beauty.



(Above) POPULAR SMILES are these of Miss Sonia Jackson's and Clifford Holland's, members of the season's younger set. It's Pepsodent that keeps their teeth so white and sparkling.



(Left) "AND IN FRANCE, Pepsodent is known for the gleaming smiles it brings," writes Mlle. Douellit of Paris. And so it is known, too, among the dentists and people of 56 other nations.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1298, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. Toronto 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . London, S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2597

P S O D E N T

GROW—YES GROW



**Eyelashes
and Eyebrows
like this in
30 days**

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert
for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a
million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "may-bes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a notary public. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . In 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send \$1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Read These Amazing Testimonial Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinz,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Coriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Bliddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Miss Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

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A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 84]

two strange ones came in from around the bend. Their English is in one syllable and the rest of the time they just grunt.

Prospecting and discovering gold are the only alternative jobs to wood cutting. Sometimes a man comes back, looks wise and says nothing, and this only makes the others more wild to learn what he has found, and they often pay heavily to be stung, in the shape of a salted claim. I am wild to go out with every party, but sour-doughs tell me to wait.

November 5th. Steven is a frequent visitor. He is the half brother of William the Chief. He never comes in my cabin without the following salutations, never varied—"Say, me good man, you all same my brother—you good fellow."

Then he usually picks up something he means to have, and asks what it is. He shakes his head in amazement that such things should exist.

"Me good man—all same, Mr. Prevost. What you going do?"

I wound up giving him all he coveted, to make myself solid. But I was still in the dark about who Mr. Prevost was and why Steven resembled him. Steven enlightened me. He shook hands, his new goods under his arm, and explained again.

"Me all same minister. Mr. Prevost no here now. Me all same Mr. Prevost," and so departed. I understood at least one thing—Steven is emulating some departed missionary named Prevost.

November 10th. This is a happy day, for we bought from a prospector going up the river a glass lamp with a whole chimney! When Charley last week brought me a real coffee pot, I was really happy, but this lamp is more marvellous. It is almost like being at home again, when its soft light lights up the whole cabin. The northern night is getting terribly long—right now from four in the afternoon till ten in the morning. But we don't dare use the lamp all the time—only on state occasions.

November 12th. We are getting ready to go on a really big gold-hunting expedition. We went to the woods and chopped wood, and I managed to cut my finger.

November 14th. We started today, off on a staking expedition. I went along this time. We traveled all day, and it was hard going for the snow is not packed well. I broke through to my waist more than once and had to be pulled out, but I have the gold fever by this time, and was undaunted by accidents.

I am beginning to realize that when you get that fever there is no stopping you—health and even life seems small compared with what you may get. There is nothing like it in the world—the finding of virgin gold in the earth. The little we have panned out, the nuggets that have been shown me, the bags of dust—I would put that thrill against anything I have felt in the world.

November 15th. We climbed a mountainside today, following the man who is leading us. How can anyone tell just where something is that is under the earth? He acts as if he was locating it with a divining rod. At a particular spot designated by him we have staked our claim. At all events, he knows more about it than we do.

November 16th. Got back to our cabin yesterday and today went with Charley to Woodworth, where court is sitting. Here we were immediately beset by questions about our trip, but we are regulars now, so we just look wise the way we saw the others do, and are silent over our claim just the way they were.

November 20th. We left Camp this morning for Rampart. I used to think everyone in Alaska rode on the sleighs but not so. In the first place the sleighs are full of provisions and tents, with not even extra room for my hundred pounds, and in the second place the only way to keep warm is by running.

By night I was nearly dead. My poor feet were swollen and aching, and I could hardly drag myself to the door of the cabin where we were to spend the night.

November 27th. I ate my flapjacks and started out ahead of the others. I was too stiff to walk decently and I was afraid

they would notice it and send me back. Very glad I was to reach Rampart tonight. The town is almost deserted, and we took our choice of vacant cabins.

I have wanted since I came to see a real gold mine, so we went out on the creek above Rampart called Minook. Every thousand feet a tiny cabin, one or maybe two miners in it. One thing they all had—gold, sometimes big nuggets over which I went wild.

When they saw me so eager, one miner said to his partner, "Show her the potatoes," and he brought out some nuggets, as big as a good sized potato. I danced in my excitement. This was the life.

December 1st. Back home today I had a real Indian scare. Nikolai is a very tall Indian, big-boned, high-cheeked, with long black hair. Early this evening he walked into my cabin, evidently making it his first stopping place after the hunt he has been on. He came in with that catlike tread—this always makes me uneasy. I was by the stove getting biscuits ready for I was expecting Charley over from Woodworth for supper.

I greeted Nikolai: "Hello, Nikolai, come back? Nikolai catch 'em?"

He sat down heavily, without a word, and eyed me. I went on extra merrily. "Nikolai catch 'em? Yes. Good hunt, eh?"

Nothing from Nikolai. I talked on. He sat still, looking at me now and then. I never left my stove nor stopped watching the bend in the river for Charley.

I went on. "Good hunt, Nikolai. Nikolai catch 'em moose, catch 'em beaver. I think so. I think so." This last phrase I added to each statement with a sort of soothing singsong inflection.

Once he took out his pipe and rumbled, "Catchem no. Comin. Yes, comin."

Perhaps his hunting was poor. I went on desperately. "Next time, good, Nikolai. I think so." And I piled on wood, and baked biscuits, he never once leaving the little space in front of the table. No Charley showed up. I mixed biscuits and baked them for hours. I had them over the table, under the table, on the stove and in it, and with every punch of the dough I shouted brightly to Nikolai, "Good hunt, Nikolai. I think so."

I was nearly in a collapse now, and the bright moonlight showed no signs of a husband coming, my sack of flour had all disappeared in biscuits, and still he sat there, eyeing me every time I spoke.

I had just said, "I think so," for what I knew was the last time, when I heard a step behind me. Nikolai had moved at last. And he was moving towards me!

I dared not turn around for fear of seeing him come at me, so I reached around the stove for a piece of wood, pretending to put it in the fire and instead getting a good hold on it when—the lamp flickered and went out.

I heard a stealthy move behind me. I held to the table from sheer weakness and said in a voice that I tried to make full of rejoicing as I scanned the empty stretch of snow. "Oh, he comin—Robinson comin. I think so." I began to sing it like a crazy song. And I heard Nikolai coming slowly nearer and nearer. Had it not been for the table, I should have fallen. I saw him raise both hands over his head and felt them come down on my shoulders. He put his head close to my ear, and the wood dropped from my hand then and there.

Then I heard his voice, deep before, but now in a falsetto, an excellent imitation of my voice, in good English and with great satisfaction, "I think so, I think so," over and over as he backed slowly away and made for the door. He repeated proudly, "Goodnight, I think so," and went out. Well, as an English lesson, which is what it apparently was, it may have been a success, but it was pretty hard on the teacher, and I was too weak to move, and Charley found me there when he came in, late because of heavy law work at Woodworth. He looked in surprise at me, biscuits to right of me, biscuits to left of me. He only laughed at my fright, assuring me that he never would leave me here unless he trusted them. But I don't. [Turn to page 89]



"George insists he first admired my beautiful complexion and now he knows I owe it to MELLO-GLO. I can conscientiously recommend it to anyone."

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A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 88]

believe I shall ever get over being afraid of Indians.

December 3rd. There has been an epidemic of grippe among the Indians. I have been dosing them with ginger tea and quinine.

December 10th. Lucy, who is Steven's wife, has the grippe too. To amuse her I showed her my pen knife and let her hold it while I went over to my cabin for fresh tea. When I came back, Lucy seemed reluctant about giving the knife back to me, and I reached down under her blanket for it, as if she had been a naughty child. I took it from her hand, and felt something wet on mine. I uncovered her and found she was bleeding from a cut in her thigh. The poor thing told me she had been trying to cut out the pain with my knife.

December 20th. Some of our Indians are planning to go up river to a place called Cochran, where an Indian is going to give away everything he possesses and start life again. Every now and then some Indian turns very pious, gives away all he owns, and starts out again absolutely empty handed.

December 22nd. Thoughts of Christmas are intruding more and more. I am going to have a tree for the Indians—or a little of it for myself too. Christmas without a tree—there is no such thing. And my tree will be decorated if only with the excelsior that was packed between our goods.

December 23rd. My little stove will bake only one small pie plate full of anything at a time, so my baking took most of yesterday and today. I made a dough—a regular dough, sweetened it a lot—and put in cinnamon besides. I made it into different shapes—stars and crosses and bunnies. And I made some pies of cornmeal, very thick and sweet, and put cross bars of dough on the top.

I found a tin of cocoa and had an inspiration. I made a frosting of cornstarch and cocoa for some of my pies.

December 24th. My tree is all trimmed—with cakes and candies and excelsior, and the pies are piled around it on the floor. In some way the day passed, even though Charley was at Woodworth. Up there they quarrel even on the one day of the year that stands for peace on earth and good will to men.

I looked out doors this evening and saw it was really Christmas Eve. I felt so tired suddenly, so far away from the realities I used to know, so far that I wonder if I shall ever find them again. They are so far down that cold frozen river, down shining steel rails that lead to a town where people are laughing and trimming trees together. I ran over to Big Cabin putting determinedly out of my thought anything of home, and never looked once at the bend in the river with its unbroken snow sneering at me.

I invited my guests, darkened the room and lighted the lights. The women and children just stood there and said nothing. So I told the children that all the things on the tree belonged to them, and let them untie the candy piece by piece. I gave the pies to the women, and let them pick out which kind they wanted.

They had got all dressed up for the occasion, I was glad to see, and I think they were impressed, though no expression escaped them. And after a while they went slowly and solemnly out.

When they were gone, I had a sudden unhappy vision of Trix and Minnie dancing around the presents on their tree, of myself undoing things with wide red ribbons on them, of the shouts of delight which Christmas brought at home.

And then, just as I was beginning to wish I had never tried anything at all to make me remember Christmas, in came Annie, William's wife, and gave me a pair of moccasins and then little Simon brought me a chicken.

I went to my little tree to take a look at it—to get deep into me the mingled smell of candles and pine that is Christmas, and I laid my presents at its trunk. I have had a Christmas after all.

December 25th. The Indians are celebrating Christmas today in their way. All day they drink, all day they dance. The dancing is a continuous [Turn to page 90]

Cruel burns soothed

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From a fire chief: "The fire was out—but the housewife was severely burned in fighting the flames. I covered her hands and arms with Unguentine. Our trucks carry tubes. She slept well that night... soon was healed smoothly."



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MUFFETS



Not only a cereal—but a real help in serving other foods

FLAKY, tender, wound into a shape that makes for perfect spoonwork, Muffets are first and foremost, a new, different, and better toasted whole-wheat cereal. But more than that.

With Muffets, the grown-up age of cereals, so to speak, has arrived. Because of their exclusive shape, their pecan-like tastiness, Muffets were promoted first to the afternoon tea table. Then, as a dish for dessert. Finally, as the perfect late-at-night bite.

Sliced and toasted, Muffets can be used as a sandwich base; hollowed out they make delicious patty shells. One of America's largest Railroads today is using Muffets exclusively for patty shells.

*There Is a Meal in Every Muffet
.....and SUCH a Meal!*

SO SATISFYING, so rich in vital food elements. No waste. Food in every morsel. Easy to eat and digest. If the tender, flaky Muffet is more than you desire at one meal, slice it in half.

You can't tire of Muffets. There's always a new way to serve them—for breakfast, lunch, dinner, party refreshments, etc.

Try Muffets today. Order from your grocer. 10 Muffets in every package.

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5 of the Many Ways to Serve Muffets are illustrated here:

- 1 **For Breakfast:** Eat a whole toasted, crisp, crunchy Muffet, with cream, milk, butter or fruit—hot or cold as you prefer.
- 2 **Muffets Chicken a la King:** Hollow out center of Muffet. Add 2 cups of cooked, diced chicken and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Add 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice. Season to taste.
- 3 **Muffets Raspberry Jam Biscuit:** Spread Muffets' slices with Raspberry Jam Preserve; or cover each slice with jam and arrange in serving dish. Serve with whipped cream, or thin custard sauce.
- 4 **Muffets Vegetable Salad:** Hollow out and heat Muffets for 2 or 3 minutes. Fill with whole or chopped, plain or creamed, vegetables. Add cream, salt, pepper, and butter to taste.
- 5 **Muffets Asparagus Hollandaise:** Slice, butter and toast Muffets. Arrange fresh or canned hot asparagus on the Muffets slices. 5 minutes before serving pour thick Hollandaise sauce over all.

"THERE'S A MEAL IN EVERY MUFFET"



"Good?" says the Chief of all Woodcrafters

..... "Just try one when the skin is flecked with brown!"



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, Chief and Founder of the Woodcraft League of America, author of many popular books on animal life.

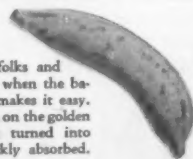
A SURE WAY TO TELL RIPENESS



PARTLY RIPE . . To ripen bananas that are green at the tips, just place them in a warm room. These partly-ripe bananas are readily digestible, however, when cooked and served as a vegetable.



YELLOW RIPE . . When all green disappears, the banana is ready for eating. And here's a treat. Take some bananas out on your next picnic. Remove part of the peel, scoop out a little of the pulp, insert a marshmallow, replace the peel, roll the banana in long grass—and roast in hot coals. Um-mm-m!



FULLY RIPE . . Little folks and big folks can tell at a glance when the banana is fully ripe. Nature makes it easy. Just look for flecks of brown on the golden skin. Then the starch has turned into sugars—easy to digest, quickly absorbed.

"HAVE you ever used up so much energy that there were just two things you wanted to do—eat and sleep?"

"These are good, healthy symptoms," continues Ernest Thompson Seton, chief and founder of the Woodcraft League of America. "And nature has provided you with a good, healthful, all-food fruit—the banana—which is not only packed with energy elements, but is also so easy to digest that you can eat your fill and then drop off into a sound, dreamless sleep."

"Every day in our various Woodcraft camps, bananas are served to both the youngest 'wayseeker' and the full-fledged 'eagle sachem,' who has won his seventy-two honors. Of course, all good Woodcrafters know that the thoroughly ripened banana with the brown-flecked skin is best to eat. It tastes best and is easiest to digest when ripe, for then the banana is packed with natural sugars that practically melt in your mouth."

"Yellow-ripe bananas, however, are just as delicious and good when cooked—rolled in long grass and baked in glowing coals, or broiled in their skins at the end of a forked stick. Cooking, you see, turns the starch content to easily assimilated sugars, just as the ripening process does."

Mr. Seton has mentioned but two appetite-teasing ways of serving bananas. Camille Den Dooven, former chef to His Majesty, Albert, King of the Belgians, gives you over eighty equally tempting recipes in his new book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." We shall be glad to send you this most unusual recipe collection if you fill out and mail to us the coupon at the right.



DR. JOHN B. MAY, Sachem and Grand Sagamore of the Woodcraft League, says, "As a boy many times I tramped the woods all day with only a couple of bananas for lunch. Later, as an athlete, I found ripe bananas good training diet. And today, in my work as director of summer camps for boys and girls, ripe bananas form an important part of the dietary."

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

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17 Battery Place, New York

Please send me illustrated recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

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NERISSA SAID IT WAS FATE

[Continued from page 90]

indulgently, but very firmly.

"Mother, you really must see reason about this matter. How can you encourage Nerissa! It's wrong of you!"

"I think he's very nice. I admit he seems odd but that was because he was so anxious to please. He overdid things."

Mother heard Nerissa's light footsteps on the stairs. "I wouldn't stand in the way of Nerissa's happiness," said Mother raising her voice. The door opened. "If she loves Howard and Howard loves her, that's all that matters."

Nerissa came into the room with an expression of tenderness on her face. It died as she looked at Jane.

The next day Mother wrote this letter to an old school friend.

"Dear Esme,

I was so sorry to hear of Jerome's illness and am delighted he is recovering.

Do let him spend part of his convalescence here. London must be like a hot-house at present. It can't be good for him. Westmore is always so airy. Excuse this short letter but Millicent is out of action at present owing to a cut finger so I'm rather busy.

With love, Mary."

"Guess who's coming to stay with us," she said to her daughters the following Wednesday.

"Who?"

"Jerome."

"Good Heavens! We haven't seen him for ages. What's he coming for?" said Jane.

"We were awfully thick when we were kids," said Henrietta. "I was terribly sorry when they moved away."

"I thought him a horrid boy," said Nerissa. "So rough. How long is he staying?"

"Just till he gets better. He broke his leg playing football, you know, and he has been over-studying as well, so he's had rather a bad time."

"Personally," continued Nerissa, "I never liked Jerome."

"I did," said Jane and began discussing him with the younger ones.

Jane was rather cool with Mother. She spoke to her respectfully but with marked disapproval and when Jerome came and the girl noticed with admiration his height, his slenderness, his darkness, his distinction, and his perfect manners, she reflected: "And Mother will notice no difference between him and Howard Owen." Howard came every evening. Jerome and he were pleasant to each other but it was plain that comradeship between them would be a difficult matter. Howard in his effort to appear at ease became more noisy and awkward than ever. Nerissa looked strained each time he spoke and tried nervously to cover up his mistakes.

Howard had been thwarted as a boy by his father's narrowness. Old Owen had once been a workman and he was fond of saying, "What was good enough for me is good enough for mine." Jerome's people, on the other hand, had pinched and scraped to send him to a private school and afterward to college.

"They're equal," said Mother to herself, "in looks, in brain, in strength and in kindness, but Jerome has the usual manners and Howard has not. It's a great shame for Howard, but he's not my child and Nerissa is. It's with her I'm concerned."

Nerissa was growing quiet and strange. She went for walks with Jerome in the afternoons and spent the evenings with Howard. Jerome's *savoir faire* soothed and rested her but as soon as Howard rang the bell her feeling of unbearable strain began again. "What do you think of Howard?" she asked her mother abruptly one day. Her voice, no longer defiant, was dejected and tired.

"I think he's splendid," said Mother enthusiastically. "So manly and strong."

"His father should have educated him," said Nerissa quietly.

"But what does education matter?" asked Mother. "It doesn't alter the heart. And it is the heart that matters."

"But—"

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mother. "And by the way, I think you are seeing too much of Jerome. We won't argue about it but remember that you are as good as

engaged to Howard and it's not fair. I don't often put my foot down but I do in this case."

"And do you really think," said Nerissa, "that because I'm engaged to one man, I must ignore all others?"

"But it's Howard you're going to marry. You'll take his name and live in his house. You'll start each day with him and end each day with him, you'll learn all his thoughts, and habits, nurse him when he's ill, share your children with him—"

"I'm not married to him yet," said Nerissa turning white.

"Nerissa!" said Mother in a shocked voice. But her soul rejoiced!

The following afternoon Nerissa came to Mother with her hat on and said at once—in her father's direct fashion—"I could deceive you, but I won't. This is just to tell you that I'm going for a walk with Jerome."

"Then it is with my entire disapproval," said Mother, but she made no protest as Nerissa went out.

She joined Jerome who was waiting in the hall and together they went out into the country lanes that led to the next village. It had been raining and the air was drenched with sweetness. The sky was tender and soft, and little clouds were floating about, spread out like fans. Jerome sang and Nerissa's heart lifted.

It began to rain again. "You'll get wet," said Jerome as though such a thing would be the greatest of all calamities.

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does." He looked about and saw an old shed that was overhung with ivy. "Let's take shelter here."

The rain persisted. It was wonderful rain, Nerissa thought, so coaxing and delicious. Though it was June the ground was covered with leaves which kept turning over like babies in their sleep. Nerissa lifted her face.

"What a day!" exclaimed Jerome.

"When are the poets going to recognize the loveliness of rain like this!"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" murmured Nerissa.

Jerome's heart stirred. Jerry had attracted him, but his feeling for her as increased by the fact that another man greatly wanted her. He didn't know this but it was true, none the less.

He tortured himself picturing Howard Owen kissing Jerry, marrying Jerry. "But darn it," he said to himself, "I'm not a cad and I won't steal another fellow's girl even if he's an outsider, and I'll never let her know how much—how much—"

Nerissa looked at him, and her eyes were filled with a sort of violent softness which moved him unexpectedly. He burst out, finishing his unspoken thoughts. "How much I love you." Then he kissed her.

Nerissa was very quiet. His kisses pleased her—as Howard's had—but his presence satisfied her soul—as Howard's never had! They were companions in mind and spirit, as well! She returned his kisses seriously and gladly, without blushes or exclamation and they clung together for awhile. Then Jerome agitatedly said, "I'll straighten things out right away." And Nerissa replied, "Not just yet. Let me do it."

They went home and as usual Howard came in presently. Conversation was light and casual but Mother was conscious of intense anxiety and strain. At last Howard went and eventually Nerissa and her Mother were left alone! Nerissa began at once. "Mother I'm not going to marry Howard."

"But you're engaged to him."

"Not officially." She hurried on. "I know you'll be upset about it but it can't be helped. I'm frightfully sorry for Howard and for you, too, because you are so keen on him. 'Don't you see we aren't suited?'"

"But—"

"I expected you'd take it very badly but it can't be helped. You have nothing to do with it. It's Fate."

"I'm surprised of course," said Mother, "but I want your happiness before anything. So if you prefer Jerome—"

"I never mentioned Jerome."

"Poor Howard!" said Mother and she meant it.

But she wrote in her diary that night: "Howard Owen gone. Thank God!"

Avoid putting on weight this FALL and WINTER



keep your summer figure with a summer diet

WOULDN'T it be glorious to go through the winter without adding an ounce of weight! Yet many women—or men, for that matter—do just that without going on a "starvation diet." And who wants to undergo such punishment?

It is much better to eat sensibly—that is, the right kind of food and plenty of it. With most people, too much weight is due to overeating of heavy and hearty food. This is especially true of sedentary people, who do little or no hard muscular work. They should eat more fruit and salad and green vegetables, and less of fat meat, bread and butter and pastry. That is a simple rule and enables you to eat all you want.

If you wish to keep your summer figure and still eat until you are satisfied, just keep right on with a summer diet and you can snap your fingers at avoirdupois!

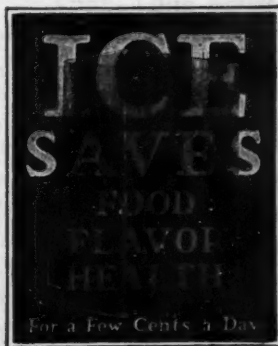
It is a big mistake to keep food, even in cool weather, without ice. The weather is too changeable. Whenever the temperature gets high enough, food begins to spoil. It may stay fit to eat, but the delicate freshness is gone, the quality which makes flavor.

What's more, it will help you keep your complexion fresh and clear, your whole body atingle with health.

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NOVEMBER 11TH

[Continued from page 10]

in the world."

"Didn't you tell her about Carolyn?"

"Yes," said Phil. "I told her. She just laughed. She said: 'All right. I'll be second choice—just in case you don't become an ace.' I don't think I understand just exactly what she meant, Stan. Do you?"

THREE days later Lieutenant Philip Savage might have gotten a better answer from his friend, Stan Haycock was in the American hospital at Souilly with a machine-gun bullet through his chest. Phil went to visit him daily, between the frequent patrols which the clearing weather and the dash of the First Army for Verdun were making necessary. There had been several fights and he had pulled the machine-gun triggers on his control stick more than once, although he had claimed no victories. His old eagerness to get at Huns had returned since Stan was wounded.

Yes, he had tried several times to make himself an ace. One more victory—and Carolyn would be waiting at the pier. She would be so proud of him if he were a famous ace . . . and, besides, that's what he was there for, to shoot down all the Germans he could. Even Miriam had admitted that. She had said: "Of course you've got to fight, soldier. The only thing you've got to watch out for is that a little sorrow mingles with your thrill of victory. If it doesn't, I shouldn't say that you were such a man." She certainly couldn't expect him to be very sorry if he had a chance to knock down the Hun who had put a bullet through Stan.

So when they made him flight commander he led the patrols on good days and bad, high in the blue, low through the gray clouds, hunting the Fokkers deep in their own air. He had a feeling he would meet some Fokkers with red fuselages and the well known checker-board marks on the top surface of their white wings. He might even meet a red Fokker with a white scimitar painted on it. Twice he went out hunting alone. "What's the matter with you, Savage?" said Captain Baldwin at the mess table. "Aren't two patrols a day enough? Don't worry about the war. You'll have time to get your fifth Hun—and probably your tenth."

On his bunk in the barracks was a scribbled note from Stan which an orderly had brought up from the hospital. "I've been holding out on you, old-timer," it said. "Your pacifist dame from Loxeville has been here three days. Got herself transferred. Thought you said she wasn't pretty. As long as she spends all her spare time asking me questions about you, you might as well come down and answer them yourself. Besides, she isn't pacifist and she isn't hard to understand. She simply seems to know how it feels after you've had a bullet running around inside of you—"

Also, there was mail from home, a letter from Carolyn. "Read about your fourth victory, Phil. Marvelous!" she wrote. "But we're all so bored with the war. Do hurry up and finish it and come on home. Peter Ogden was up from Washington over the week-end. He's been made a major. He says American aviation has been rather a farce—though of course he didn't mean you, Phil. Peter's war experience in Washington has broadened him tremendously. He knows a lot about the general staff."

That night he took Miriam to dine in the alcove at Madame Pinard's. He had done six hours over the lines during the day and he found it restful to be with Miriam and not talk. He caught himself wishing that Carolyn had been over too—so that they could both understand things without talking. Being with Miriam was just like being with Stan or somebody, with something added, something which both of them knew about and accepted as genuine and right. "Why did you get transferred from Loxeville, Miriam? I thought you liked it there."

She looked at him, her round, tight-sleeved arm resting out upon the table; for Miriam too was tired. He saw some point of liquid light far in the dark depths of her eyes and he thought her lip quivered with the intake of her breath. But she straightened up. "I did it because I

wanted to be near you, soldier," she said.

"What!" Phil Savage's face seemed younger when he was troubled. "Why should you want to be near me? I'm not going to crash again in this war."

"I want to be near you because I'm in love with you," she said. "You wouldn't expect me to beat about the bush about a thing like that, would you?"

He sat there stunned. "But why, Miriam? How can you be? I told you I was going to be met at the pier by—"

"Of course," she interrupted. "But I wasn't joking when I said I'd be second choice. I don't think she's going to like you when she meets you at the pier, provided always that you are brave and fortunate enough to become an ace. She will think you have changed, Phil—and you have!"

"But not for the worse I hope. I've been pretty decent as the A. E. F. goes—"

Miriam smiled. "No, you have not changed for the worse, dear soldier," she said. "What has happened to you is almost excuse enough for war. You might have lived for years and years otherwise before you got that funny, misty, beautiful something in your gay blue eyes. Even the *salles boches* have a word for that. They call it *Weltschmerz*, which means world pain, or world pity . . ."

The outside door flung suddenly open, its red color glowing in the beam of an electric torch, and three young American officers came in. Presently one of the three stood up, slapping one of his companions on the back and raising his glass as high as he could reach. "*Finis la guerre!*" he shouted in pigeon French, and then turning towards the two in the alcove—"Stand up, you over there, and drink a toast to the end of this dirty war."

Phil stood up but not to drink. "What do you mean . . . end of the war?" he demanded. "What do you know about it?"

The man turned to his companions. "What do we know? We've come straight from H. Q. at Chaumont and I guess our dope ought to be good enough for a confused aviator. The old war ends at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning on the dot."

Phil Savage was still standing beside the little table in the alcove, the conflict of his emotions written upon his face. Miriam's jacket of her uniform was shaking. Finally he looked down at her. "What's the matter, Miriam? Does the end of it all make you especially unhappy?"

She lifted flooded eyes. "Forgive me," she said. "I'm not unhappy. I never cry when I'm unhappy. But after four long years . . . it seems too wonderful to be true."

"Tears of joy then," he said. His perplexity and inability to grasp the meaning of the news himself ended in a half angry impulse. "I suppose you're glad too that I lose my chance to become an ace—and with it, Carolyn."

That was like a blow to Miriam. She seemed to waver in her chair and then, summoning some new strength, dried her eyes with a tiny handkerchief and smiled. "Please take me home. Or better, if you don't mind, let me walk back to the hospital by myself."

They walked the few steps to the crossroad in silence. Phil Savage felt uncomfortable, as though something important had been taken away from him suddenly. Of course, it must be the war, the thrill and adventure of the great game. He wondered if in his heart he were not sorry the war was over, but his heart told him that he was rejoicing over that. Too many good fellows were getting what Stan got, and worse, to be sorry about the dirty war. What was it then? Carolyn? His record as a pursuit pilot? Yes, he regretted that. He had got only four Huns. But something else was wrong too. "What is troubling you, Miriam," he asked, as they paused before parting. "Have I said something which hurt you? Are you angry with me?"

She put her hand in his. "I couldn't be angry with you, Phil. It's just that your road goes up the hill to the flying field and mine goes down to the hospital. We have traveled, as now, in opposite directions. You've had the fighting, the glory, the high adventure. I've [Turn to page 95]

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Miss Mary
 NOVEMBER 11TH

[Continued from page 94]



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had the tragedy. You have seen the war in the doing and I, only what it has done. Yours were the bugles and mine the muffled drums. I thought your sensitive imagination and feeling had taught you my side of it too, Phil, but they haven't. Something much later in your life will teach you and then you will remember. So good-by . . ."

The hilarity and excitement in the barracks of the squadrons was evidence enough to Phil Savage that the news had penetrated there. The songs about going home were in chorus everywhere. Lights, usually hooded, shone boldly in the night. Pilots from the other three squadrons of the group were visiting the Thirteenth barracks. Several of the boys were feverishly packing their army trunks, their thoughts already back across the Atlantic. Somehow it was all foreign to his mood just then and he walked for an hour out across the dark, empty field before he felt like returning to join in the celebration.

As he passed in front of the orderly room Captain Baldwin called him. "Well, my prophecy wasn't worth much, Savage," he said. "The show's over at eleven tomorrow. That is official. We've got to have a patrol in the air in the morning as a matter of form, and I wish you'd lead it. Start out about nine and just coast up and down the lines. Take any of the boys who want to go and your only orders are to be back on our side by eleven sharp."

The morning of November Eleventh was gray at first. It was still gray when Phil walked down the line of Spads to where his newly christened No. 10 stood roaring on the blocks in the hands of his mechanics, ready for the last patrol.

Most of the seven men who were going with him were comparatively inexperienced, just out to add to their hours over the lines. One of them, the lad who had been sent up to replace Stan Haycock, was making his maiden trip. Well, it didn't matter this time. Tom Emory at least was a veteran. He watched them boom away one by one into the fair breeze which promised to clear the skies before long and finally, ending his brief inspection, he also climbed into the cockpit and taxied out for his take-off.

They were in blue sky now but no other planes were in sight. All along the front, both sides, the guns were blazing away as though a drive were in progress. It seemed incredible that in another hour those fiery muzzles would grow cold forever.

Forty minutes passed. The whole terrain of the Argonne-Meuse battle lay beneath them. It seemed such a narrow strip from their height, such a little stretch of ground to have cost all that steel and fire and breath and blood. When they were over Stenay at the eastern end of the sector once more, Phil Savage glanced at the clock on his dash. It said quarter of eleven. Tom Emory had wheeled down alongside him, pointing.

Yes, Phil Savage saw them too, seven, eight, eleven Fokkers at an even height and paralleling their course down the line. So the German wanted to be the last in the air too. Well, no one ever accused the German air force of having lost its morale. Phil wondered if they were going to fight. It would be up to them to decide.

The two formations drew closer, until Phil Savage and his comrades could see the German pilots in their cockpits, dark, leaning figures. And then at the end of the tour, as if by previous agreement, as if it were a pact signed and sealed between them in order that another brave man might not die for nothing, each flight turned away into its own air and started back up the line.

There was never any explanation of just what happened after that. The thin white line of a tracer bullet passing his wing was Phil's first warning. Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw No. 23 and the rearmost Fokker in the whirl of a combat. In an instant those seven Spads and eleven red Fokkers were eighteen planes in the frenzy of a dog fight.

Spads screamed close over Phil Savage's head. Fokkers dove under his tail. Bullets cracked against his wings and he in turn fired madly at every streak of red which came before his guns. Two planes

went down like comets, leaving a trail of smoke. Another, lurching drunkenly, all but crashed into him as it fell. Two planes collided just below him and started downward locked together in a final death grip.

So the battle thinned out across the sky, individual circling combats, each man with a single antagonist in that maddest of duels which of necessity must be to the death. Time and space were lost out of the world. Nothing mattered but the one thing, to twist, dive, turn, zoom so that a red target could be brought in front of the lines of one's fixed guns. The smack of a bullet into his instrument board brought Phil Savage out of the stupor into which the unexpectedness of the thing had cast him. A red body with a gleaming white scimitar in its center dived across his back, zoomed, and dived again.

So he was to fight it out with his old enemy at the end. He knew what that meant and his nerves tightened. He skidded out of the line of fire, stalling his plane for the split part of a second necessary for his unsuspecting foe to slip by him. Phil caught him with both guns as he passed, but too far back to get either pilot or motor, and the chance was gone. That was no ordinary Fokker and he was almost instantly forced to skid and dive to avoid a thin, centering line of white which spelled death if it touched him. Phil Savage knew once more that he did not want to die. He wanted to live to get back to Souilly. He had forgotten to tell Miriam something which she ought to know before he died. Miriam's face appeared in his ring sight. Miriam's face was on the side of that Fokker in place of the scimitar. He could not remember Carolyn's face at all. A stinging, burning fire tore through his hand as it gripped the throttle and he could not remember anything at all.

His eyes were full of red now. For hours, it seemed, he circled, turned, and charged that Fokker, and was charged in turn. He could see the dark figure of its pilot, like an evil demon. He gripped his fingers hard against the triggers and raked the hated thing from propeller to tail.

The red Fokker made one last effort to dive, the hopeless effort of a Fokker to outdive a Spad, then straightened out in steady flight as though resigned to its fate. The surge of feeling which comes with victory was in Phil's heart as he came flashing down for the kill. Suddenly he could remember Carolyn. In that wild moment he knew he was at last an ace. He put the bead of his sight dead upon the dark figure in that red cockpit. He was shouting madly. His fingers lay against the triggers.

But he did not fire. He could not see to aim. As he was ready to press his triggers in final vengeance for his own dripping blood, a face appeared where his ring-sight ought to be. It was the face of Miriam.

There was a moment there in the air full of meaning. Phil Savage pulled up and leveled off beside his enemy, wing-tip to wing-tip, and they flew that way for seconds. Then the German, as if in sudden realization, reached up and tore off his helmet. There was blood on his brow, but his hair was gold, and his smile had in it all the happiness of youth. He raised his arms toward Phil in mute gesture, and they sat there staring at each other as if amazed that the cockpit of an enemy plane held after all a human being. Then they saluted and turned sharply away towards . . . home. The clock on the dash of Phil Savage's Spad said thirty seconds to eleven, and the war was over.

In his hospital cot, in the same ward with Stan Haycock, Phil awakened from a long dream. She was bending above him, watching, and her eyes were full of dark tears again. "You're all right now," she said. "Soon you can start for home."

"I'm in no hurry to get home, Miriam," he whispered. "You see, I'm not an ace." "But they all say you are an ace . . ."

"No," he said, "I could have been perhaps, but—I didn't kill him, Miriam. You wouldn't let me."

She knelt beside the cot and bent very low over his pillow, and talked to him in whispers. And if she cried a little more, it does not matter; for Miriam was one who wept only in her moments of joy.



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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 18]

back of Lussan's house.

From the flip barrel, where their newly made friendship had been growing apace, Tonteur and Hepsibah watched the pretty pair, with broad grins on their faces. Unaware of the attention of the two old war-dogs, Jeems was only a few steps from Paul and Toinette when they disappeared behind Lussan's house. He held back with a feeling of satisfaction when he saw the two going down a path which took them out of sight of any curious eyes that might have watched them. Not until the last flutter of Toinette's long skirt was gone did he proceed with the business of following them, and then, like an Indian, he slipped noiselessly along the path, and found them standing, somewhat perplexed, at the edge of a soggy and ill-smelling open space where Lussan had built his barn, and wherein his cattle and pigs had gathered for so long that one was sure of precarious and unpleasant footing there. Toinette, her chin tilted, a flash of indignation in her eyes, was holding up her skirt with both hands, and was on the point of loosing her wrath upon her embarrassed escort for daring to bring her to such a place of defilement, when Jeems stepped out from a rim of bushes and confronted them.

His face was pale. His slim body was taut as a bow-string. His eyes were almost black. He did not see Toinette, scarcely knew that she was in his world, even as her anger gave place to an exclamation of surprise when she saw in his hand the package which he had given her a few minutes before. He approached Paul Tache, and that youth, misinterpreting the slowness of his movement and the bloodless pallor of his face as signs of embarrassment and fear, sought to cover his own disgrace in Toinette's eyes by an explosion of haughty protest at being followed and spied upon in this way. Jeems made no reply, except to hold out the package. Sight of it choked the words in the other's throat. Jeems' silence, and the implacable and confusing way in which he continued to extend the package, brought a deep color into Paul's face. He, and not Jeems, was conscious of the amazement in Toinette's countenance, and of the intensity of her interest in the situation. Swiftly he recovered himself, and with a guileful change of manner and voice held out his hand.

"Pardon me," he apologized. "It is good of you to bring the package—which I accidentally dropped."

Jeems came a step nearer. "You lie!" he cried, and with a movement that was swift and furious he hurled the bundle at Tache's face.

The force of the blow, striking squarely and effectively, sent Paul reeling backward, and before he could recover himself Jeems was at him with the quickness and passion of one suddenly transformed by madness. He had never fought with another boy. But he knew how other creatures fought. He knew how animals clawed and disemboweled. He had seen owls tear each other to pieces. He had watched a duel between two mighty bucks until one gasped out its life with a broken neck. He had looked on the hunter-wasps as they tore off the heads of their prey—in a hundred ways he had viewed strife and death as the wilderness knew these things. And all that he had witnessed, all that he knew of torture and violence and the desire to maim and kill, gave to his action a character of such lively ferocity that it drew a howl of pain from Paul Tache and a shrill little scream from Toinette.

Jeems heard the scream, but it held no great significance for him now. His dreams were gone, and Toinette, her presence close to him, her eyes upon the battle, just as he had imagined them in the thrill of his mental visionings, was forgotten in the more vital depths of his interest in the flesh and blood of Paul. In his first attack his fingers clutched like small iron claws in the folds of Tache's cravat and coat, and a rending of cloth, a splitting asunder of gorgeous material almost to the other's waist, was evidence of the strength behind his assault. He followed this with a fury of scratching and tearing and both went down in the mêlée.

When they rose, Paul heaving himself up with an effort which flung Jeems from him, they were such a sight of muck and stain that Toinette forgot her precious dress and covered her eyes in horror. But she was looking again in an instant, for the spectacle fascinated even as it appalled her. Jeems had landed on his feet with a fist loaded with mud, and this he projected with an aim so accurate that half of Paul's face was obliterated by it, and as he leapt with a roar of rage at his smaller assailant he was such a shocking contrast to his usual immaculate self that Toinette nearly ceased to breathe. Then she saw and heard what her feminine eyes and instincts could not understand nor keep proper count of, a mad twisting and tumbling of bodies, panting breaths, grunts, and finally a clearly audible curse from Paul Tache, and with that sound Jeems flew backward and landed on his back.

He was up almost before he had struck, and, with his head ducked low, like a ram's in a charge, hurled himself at Tache. This individual, having cleared his eyes sufficiently to perceive the blindness of the other's rush, stepped a little aside and swung a well-directed blow which sent Jeems down into the muck again. His hand filled itself with this sticky substance a second time, and as he returned to battle he let it fly at Paul. Profiting by experience, Paul dodged skillfully, and the volley passed over his head, spreading in its flight, and fell in its contaminating virulence upon Toinette. She saw her raiment spotted and defiled, and such a sudden fury rose up in her that she sprang upon Jeems as he clawed and kicked in a clinch with Paul, and assailed him with all the strength and bitterness of her small fists and biting tongue.

Jeems had seen the tragedy of the misdirected mud, and he knew that Toinette's hands, and not Paul's were pulling viciously at his hair. There is a hurt which bears with it a sting of satisfaction, and this emotion pressed upon Jeems as he fought desperately in front and felt himself attacked treacherously from behind. For Paul, and not he, was accountable for the mishap to Toinette. Had the other not dodged in a cowardly fashion, allowing the stuff to pass on to her, the thing would not have happened. It did not take more than a few seconds for the inspiration of this thought, with its apparent justice and truth, to fire him with a courage and determination beside which his former resolution sank to insignificance. He was no longer fighting for Toinette's approval, but against her, against Paul Tache, against all the world. Toinette, pulling at his hair, beating at his back, had raised his struggle to epic heights. The strength of martyrdom filled his lean arms and body, and he struck and scratched with a renewed fierceness that made his heavier but softer antagonist give way before the punishment, and both went down to earth again. Toinette fell with them, her long skirt impeding the activity of their legs, her big hat hanging like a sunshade over her face, her beautifully made curls tangled and spotted with mud, her hands beating angrily at whichever of the two chanced to come in her way.

Jeems was aware of her presence in the mêlée and physically sensible of her combativeness, but in the complexity of action which now surged over and about him he could afford no discrimination in the manner of using his arms, legs, teeth and head, and at last, finding herself disentangled, Toinette scrambled to her feet considerably bruised, and in such disorder that no one would have recognized her as the splendid little lady of the seigneurie who had come so proudly to Lussan's place a short time before. Her handsome hat was a crumpled wreck in the mud. Her dress was twisted and bedraggled. Her hands and face were discolored with soil, and her hair was so tangled about her that she was almost smothered in it. Despite this physical condition, her mental self was more than ever inflamed with the desire to fight and seizing upon the hard and woodlike stalk of a last year's sun-flower which lay in the dirt, she succeeded in bringing it down with such force that, [Turn to page 99]

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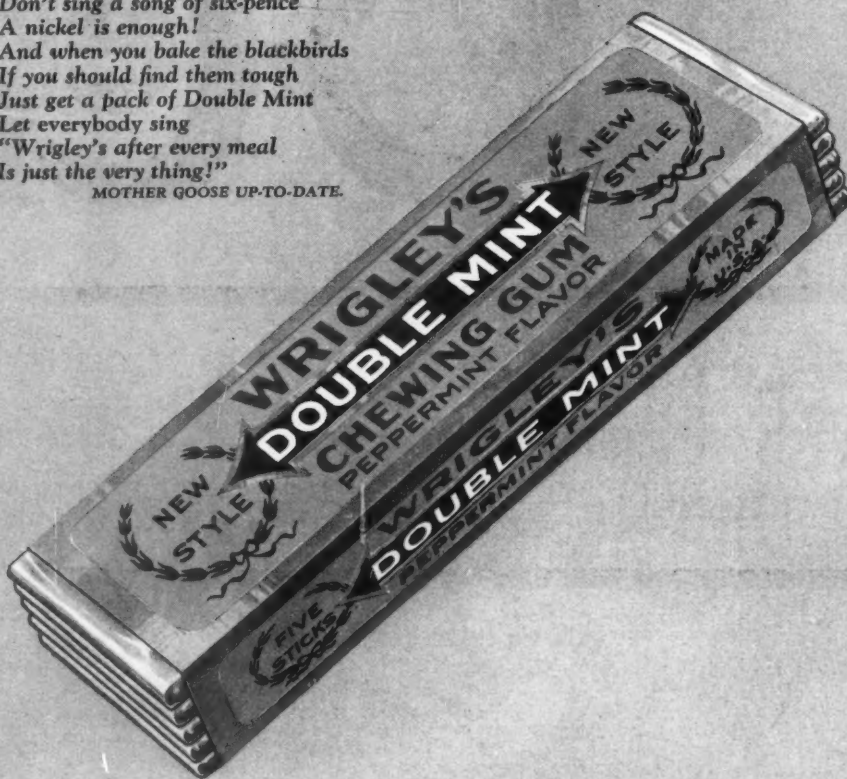
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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 96]

missing Jeems. It caught Paul on the side of the head and laid him sprawling, like a great spider, flat on his face. This terminated the conflict for Toinette, who gave a cry of apprehension when she saw what she had done.

During the half minute or so preceding Toinette's well intended but mismanaged blow, Jeems had felt the discomfort of an increasing lack of wind, and would have made testimony that either Paul or Toinette, or both, were hammering him with wooden mallets similar to the one he had seen in the hand of the auctioneer. This impression was created solely by Paul's fist, animated to redoubled strength and action by the fact that Jeems' teeth, at the moment, were painfully fixed in a vulnerable part of his anatomy. Paul had recovered from Toinette's blow before Jeems could take advantage of it, and what happened during the seconds or minutes of their final round of contention remained largely a matter of speculation in Jeems' mind. He was sitting up, after a little, and there was no one to strike at. Paul was out of his reach, and so was Toinette, yet he heard their voices, and turning his head he discovered them a few yards away, oddly indistinct, moving in the direction of Lussan's house. He tried to call out, thinking that Tache was running away like a coward, but something in his throat choked him until it was impossible for him to get breath enough to make a sound. He tried twice, and then made an effort to rise to his feet, that he might pursue his beaten enemy. But the earth about him swam dizzily. Lussan's barn was here and then there. He was gasping, sick at his stomach, and something warm was dripping from his nose upon his hands.

A horrifying thought leapt upon him, and so sudden was the shock of it that he sat staring straight ahead, barely conscious of two figures emerging from the concealment of a thick growth of brushwood twenty paces away. The thought became conviction. He had not whipped Paul Tache! Paul had whipped him—and his enemy's accomplishment had been so thorough that he could still feel the instability of the world about him as he drew himself to his feet.

HALF an hour later, not far from Lussan's place, Jeems was scrubbing himself in a hidden pool of creek water, while close to him his uncle was industriously cleaning his battle-stained clothes. As he worked, Hepsibah Adams also talked. "I say it again—that with a few little tricks of the trade you'd have cleaned his batter good, Jeemsy. And those are the tricks I'm going to make you acquainted with from this day on. It's fists you want to use, and not so much the Frenchy woman's way o' using teeth and nails. You got a good roasting, Jeems, a trouncing and basting as good as I ever saw, especially the last part of it; but it's a matter o' education to be fustigated like that, and nothing for which you need blush with shame. Why, when I came to, I gave that Albany Dutchman the primest beaver skin west of the Hudson for walloping me! It was a joy I shall never forget, and taught me a lot. A man must be flayed now and then to keep him in shape. For that reason you're a better man now than an hour ago."

Jeems was doubtful of this final statement as he drew himself from the pool. Cool water had refreshed and strengthened him, but one eye was closed, there were bruises and scratches on his face, and his body was lame in many joints and parts. His anger, however, had subsided, and there was something different about him as he came from the water, a change that was slight, but one which his uncle's shrewd eyes did not fail to perceive. The lad was not crumpled by his defeat, nor was there a suspicion of humiliation or embarrassment in his attitude. The cold and steady light which gleamed in his good eye delighted Hepsibah. To that individual, exultant over the Adams spirit which he had seen so energetically displayed in the fight, Jeems seemed to have grown an inch or two in height, and to have added twice as many years to his age. Even Odd, whom Hepsibah had brought with him,

appeared to regard his master with a new and inquisitively analytical respect.

Jeems was drying himself in the air, and Hepsibah was absorbed in his monologue on the art of fighting, when a distant crash in the underbrush, and then a nearer and louder approach, drew them both to attention. This interruption to the solitude of the pool continued, until, through a disruption of bushes, appeared Tonteur, who came down to them with such a wild flourish of an object in his hand that Odd gave a contemplative growl. Jeems stared with all the power that was left of his vision, and a shiver ran through him, for he beheld in the almost unrecognizable thing in Tonteur's hand what was once the beautiful hat worn by Toinette.

"Look upon it, friend Adams!" cried Tonteur. "Her hat! And every inch of her is like that, from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. They're combing and cleaning her now, Madame Lussan and her girl, and my Antoinette screaming all the time for this little monster of yours, that she may scratch his eyes out! It is so funny I can only look at her and laugh until the tears run out of my eyes—and she must go home bundled up in Jeanne Lussan's clothes, which are seven sizes too large!"

Then, taking notice of Jeems, with his bruised face and the distress which had come into it, he stumped quickly to his side and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my man, don't look so blank and miserable! It isn't entirely your fault this fiery little minx of mine got into the fight, and a lot of her ego has been lost in her dishevelment, if you know what I mean. If you don't, just bear in mind that her young stalwart is also rigging himself in homespun, and that you've left marks of equal merit all along the battle-line. Some day you'll put him in the mud and keep him there, and when that day comes, if you'll let my eyes have proof of it, I'll give you a horse and saddle to ride home from Tonteur Manor, and you may keep them for your own."

Whereupon, holding Toinette's wreck of a hat before his eyes, Tonteur broke into laughter.

"If only her mother could have seen it," he said, calming himself at the thought, and heaving a deep breath of regret. "The patrician blood of the *ancien régime* mingling with the ignoble dirt of a barnyard! The exalted brought to earth at the hands of the lowly Goth and Vandal! The daughter of a noble dame cleaned of her pride and vainglory by a backwoods cub like Jeems Bulain!"

Hepsibah Adams had given a grunt midway of this speech, and now he gazed upon the seigneur with a somber eye.

"I don't make it clear just what you mean by Goth and Vandal, but when you call Jeems a backwoods cub, and in the same breath ride him along with the dirt of a barnyard, your language comes nearer to my understanding," he growled. "And that being the case, I'm telling you there never was another tribe like the tribe of Adams, in spite o' what you're saying about the noble dames and princesses in your family, and this Jeems you are tongue-tying into hard knots is an Adams, and a good one, too, though his mother had the misfortune to marry a Frenchman when I wasn't looking. From the day Old Nick put his hoof into the Garden of Eden the Adamases have been the flower of the human flock. We've been fighters from the time fighting began, and when the contention of man gives way to everlasting peace there'll be an Adams, and not a Frenchman, somewhere about to put a period to the story we've helped to write."

Tonteur's face had grown red with indignation. "What! You dare to insinuate that Jeems' mother dishonored herself by marrying a Frenchman?" he demanded.

"I didn't go quite that far," said Hepsibah, "but I might make it clear by saying that any Frenchman is a dog for luck when he marries into the tribe of Adams, and this holds good for all and sundry princesses who may go by the name of Tonteur."

Tonteur dropped [Turn to page 100]



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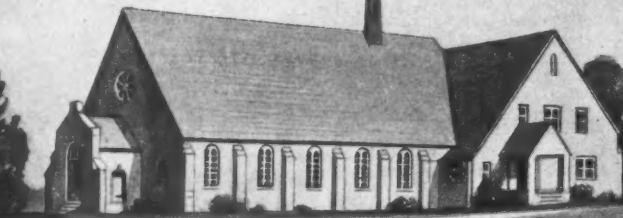
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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

(Continued from page 99)

Toinette's hat to the ground. "No Frenchman would stand for such an insult, sir," he retorted. "And, to drive it deeper, are you inferring that my daughter was responsible for the disgraceful scene in Lussan's barnyard?"

"Not responsible," said Hepsibah. "But subscribing to and largely abetting. That is what I would truthfully say."

"Jeems struck her with a handful of mud!"

"Which was an accident!"

"It was deliberate, sir! I saw it!"

"It wasn't!" shrieked Jeems. "I didn't mean to hit her!"

But the two old war-dogs, with their fervor and patriotism inspired by persistent attention to the barrels of flip and strong beer, scarcely heard his protest. They had drawn close to each other, and the seigneur was swelling as if on the point of bursting his waistcoat, while Hepsibah Adams, his round face lighted by a grin of anticipation, began to roll up his sleeves.

"You call me a liar, then?"

"Yes, and all of your tribe of Adams!"

Jeems gave a cry, and Odd a fierce howl, for something happened so suddenly that both were startled by it. Hepsibah had made a pugnacious lunge, but faster than his movement, and infinitely more skillful, was that of Tonteur's wooden peg, which rose with vigor and precision and smote him a resounding thwack on the side of the head which knocked him off his feet. To see his intrepid relative spread out like this robbed Jeems, for a time, of the power to move or breathe; but when he saw this fallen idol half on his feet, and witnessed Tonteur's hickory peg as it made another vicious assault upon Hepsibah's pate, knocking him flat again, Jeems' pent-up breath released itself in a yell, and he began to hunt for a club. By the time he had armed himself, Hepsibah, half-stunned, had contrived to avoid a third swing of Tonteur's underhanded weapon, and the two men were hugged in a fierce embrace, choking and gouging each other at the sheer edge of the pool. Desperately Jeems maneuvered to employ his club, but before he could get in a blow the soil gave way and the combatants plunged into the water, out of which, after a turmoil in which Jeems thought that both must drown, Hepsibah came floundering and puffing ashore, dragging the baron after him.

Then, to Jeems' amazement, his uncle stood back, and, surveying Tonteur, who had also clambered to his feet, doubled himself over with laughter. Toinette's father, his brain cooled by the chill of the water, seemed in no way resentful of this; and while Jeems stood with his stick half poised, ready to deliver a *coup de grace*, he was treated to the spectacle of the two men, so recently at each other's throats, closely gripping hands.

Dropping his club, he hurried to his clothes and began to put them on, while Odd stood beside him, sensing the presence of a situation which was past his comprehension. With each moment that passed, it seemed to Jeems, the merriment of the two who had been fighting became greater, until at last, seizing upon an inspiration, Tonteur proclaimed that only one thing could fittingly put a cap to the incident, and that was a bottle of Madam Lussan's wild plum brandy.

Jeems waited until they were gone in the direction of Lussan's house, having made no answer to the recommendation that he remain where he was until his uncle returned. Then he went to his father's cart for his bow and arrows. He did not try to hide himself, nor did he feel that he was running away when he left on the homeward trail without letting his father or uncle know.

He disappeared into the woods, and mile after mile of the still, deep aisles of the forest he walked swiftly, with Odd at his side. A new emotion burned in him. It was an hour in which he had lost, and yet in losing trivial things he had, unconsciously achieved greater ones. Paul Tache had whipped him. Toinette's cool friendship had turned to hatred. His dreams were wrecked, his rose-hued hopes sunk into oblivion. In the face of these things, the beginning of a new strength was in

his heart and it was almost exultation.

It was not long after Jeems' departure from Lussan's place that Hepsibah discovered he was gone, and with a quick adieu to Tonteur and a word to Henri he set out after him. Few men could keep pace with the trader on a trail, despite the rotundity of his bulk, and at the end of an hour he came to a halt, with Jeems stepping from behind a bush half a dozen paces away, an arrow fixed in his bow.

If Hepsibah had a doubt of his nephew's courage it was dispelled by this watchfulness, and the lad's readiness for action.

Looking at Jeems' face, Hepsibah knew that he had not run away. "I'm dead, looking at the theory o' the thing," he commended. "Jeemsy, I'm ashamed o' my carelessness, and proud o' your discretion. At that distance you could stick an arrow half through me!"

"Clear through you," corrected Jeems. "I've done it with a buck."

Hepsibah's eyes glowed with pleasure at the note of calm boastfulness in the boy's voice. "Why did you run away?" he demanded.

"I didn't," replied Jeems, meeting his uncle's look with a flash of resentment. "You ran away from me—with Tonteur. I wouldn't go like that with Paul Tache! I'm going to whip him. Some day I may kill him."

"Killing, except in the case o' war is not a good thing to have on your mind," Hepsibah remonstrated. "Fighting, if jolly and well intended, lifts the soul to glorious heights; it makes you laugh as well as cry, and cleans out all the thistles and weeds in the backyards o' your life, making you broader-minded and stronger o' blood. But when that fighting is poisoned by hatred and you reach a point where you can't laugh at the cracking o' your own pate as well as the other fellow's, then it's a destructive thing and the worst that can empty its vials o' desolation upon the earth. Jeemsy, that's what is spreading like a plague over the land right now, the same poison o' hatred with which you fought young Tache, and the time is coming—it's almost here—when it's going to burn up this world of yours in flames so red and terrible that God A'mighty Himself won't be able to stop them!"

Forgetting himself, Hepsibah let his voice rise with the emotion which was never entirely quiet within him, and at the astounding words he was saying Jeems' thoughts lost their hold of Tache and he stared wide-eyed and wondering. Hepsibah went on, seeing the visions of impending events which he had described to Catherine and Henri the night before, and Jeems' blood ran fast at the pictures his uncle painted of their wilderness world in the grip of massacre and war.

"All this you should know," said Hepsibah defiantly, thinking of the futility of his arguments with his sister and her husband. "You're coming to manhood, Jeems, and if your mother and father won't look after themselves you must do it for them. There's fighting in your future and you might as well make yourself ready for it, though I can't see any reason why you should tell your mother about it or what I've said. She'd punish me, I swear, and your mother's sweetness is no sweeter than the bitterness of her reproach when she doesn't say a word, but just looks at me as if I'd struck her with my fist. You won't tell her, will you?"

Jeems shook his head, and promised. "Then I'll go to the end of what I had in my mind," continued Hepsibah, and he proceeded with what his conscience urged him to say, even pausing to trace with a stick in a spot of open sand a map of the countries which would soon be at grips in war, pointing out their places of weakness and strength. And when, after making tiny trails to mark the paths of invasion and greatest danger, Hepsibah put a finger on what he called Forbidden Valley and stated his conviction that the Mohawks would come that way with fire and tomahawk, Jeems caught his breath with a throb of suspense.

ON Saturday, Henri Bulain and Catherine took up the regular routine of their springtime work [Turn to page 101]



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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

(Continued from page 100)

again. This had been interrupted in several ways of late. Heavy rains at night had impeded planting and the little plowing which remained to be done, and time had been lost in the trips to Tonteur Manor and Lussan's place. At the breakfast table, where Catherine presided with a formality which assured Hepsibah and Jeems that she had not forgiven them for the embroilments they had brought upon themselves, Henri said that Saturday was as good a day as any on which to resume his work, and Hepsibah eagerly agreed with him and offered his help.

In the evening, before he went to bed, Hepsibah stood smoking his pipe under a sky that was an arch of glowing stars. A great silence lay about him, a stillness made deeper by the little sounds of life which came out of it, the breathing movement and pulse which were of the earth itself, the whispering of growing things, the faint and ever-present melody of air stirring softly among seas of forest-tops. He could hear the homelike sound of Henri's ox in the barn, and the purling of water in the creek. Not far away a whip-poorwill swelled its throat in lonely, beautiful song, and from the edge of the distant swamp another answered it. More than all other birds of night or day Hepsibah loved the whippoorwill. Their solitariness and brooding melancholy touched a sympathetic chord somewhere in his nature, and when the humor was on him he imitated their notes so perfectly that the birds called back to him in a friendly way. But tonight he scarcely heard their cry, nor did his blood react with pleasant thrill of the beauty of the star-filled heavens with their touch of silvery flush in the east where the moon was about to thrust itself over the top of Squirrel Rock. His eyes saw only one thing and that was the pit of darkness which hung over Forbidden Valley, and his ears were tensed even now for that which he believed would come out of it some day. He was thinking of the plans Catherine had made for the years ahead, of her dreams impossible for him to break down, of her faith and happiness which he could not darken with his warnings.

He thought he was alone but when he turned toward the cabin he found Jeems standing near him. The boy had come so quietly that Hepsibah's skilled ears had caught no sign of his presence, and for a moment he stared in silence at his face illumined by the starglow. It was Jeems who broke the spell by coming nearer to his side. Then Hepsibah thrust an arm toward the submerging sea of darkness before them. "Do you know that valley well?"

"As far as the lakes, where we go for berries and to shoot wildfowl in season," said Jeems.

"No farther?"

"A little. Hunting is nearer and easier between here and the seigneurie, but we get our candle-fat there because it is a good feeding place for bears and the lakes are full of fish with which to bait our deadfalls."

"And you have seen no trails except those made by deer and bear and porcupine?"

"Yes, we have found moccasin tracks." The flush of moonrise had grown into a flaming ball climbing over Squirrel Rock, and Jeems' eyes were on it.

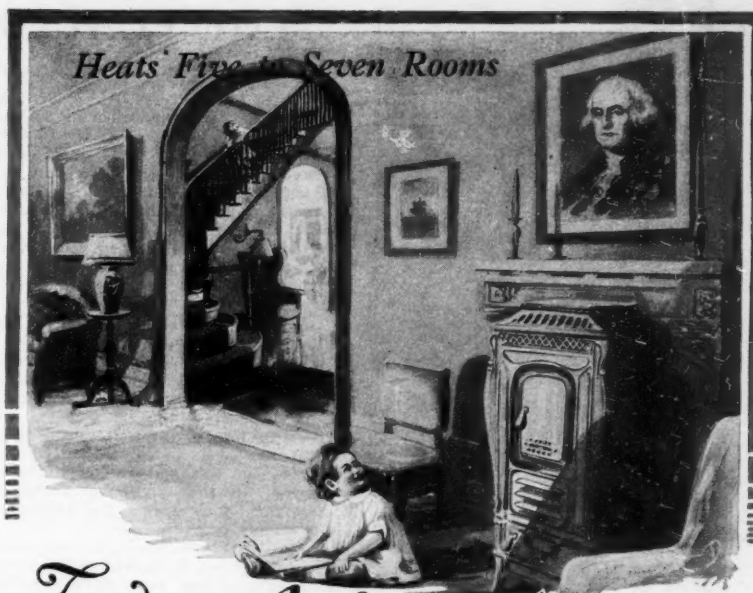
"I am making a trip to the lakes tomorrow," said his uncle, "and it is my intention to find what lies beyond them. Do you want to go?"

"I am going over there," said Jeems, and he nodded toward the rising moon. "I want to see Toinette and tell her I am sorry for what happened yesterday."

"That's a decision born of the Adams' blood, lad," Hepsibah approved. "There never was a day when an Adams failed to be a gentleman in the vicissitudes of either love or war. It's a fine and inspiring thought to want to apologize to Toinette—even though you were right. I'll go with you and leave the valley for a later day."

"I'm not going to fight," said Jeems. "I'm going to see Toinette—and I want to go alone."

[Turn to page 102]



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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 101]



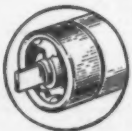
There's a chill in the air that came in with the dusk. There's an inviting circle of light around the hearthstone. The chairs draw closer, one by one. It's night time—home time—time to draw the shades, to keep the world out and the cheer of the fireside in.

NEXT time you order window shades, be sure to specify Hartshorn Shade Cloths on Hartshorn Rollers. They will look their best from the outside—serve their best inside. And this is important. The Hartshorn Roller will never ruffle even the most hair-trigger-like temper by balking or sulking when a hand on the cord says, "Go up" or "Come down". There's more than a half-century of experience in the making of fine shade rollers behind it.

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On Sunday morning, when he set out for Tonteur Manor, this was the thought deeply entrenched in Jeems' mind—that he would not fight Paul Tache that day no matter what temptation might be placed in his path. He had told his mother where he was going and what he was planning to do, and with her encouragement to spur him on he felt eager and hopeful as he made his way toward the seigneurie.

On the crest of Tonteur hill he paused, and no knight ever looked on a lovelier kingdom than the wide domain which lay below him. He was about to descend the winding path when a horseman rode across the bottomlands and started up the narrow trail. It was Tonteur. Concealed in a thicket, Jeems watched him pass and wondered why he was riding in the direction of Forbidden Valley with such a dour and unpleasant look on his face.

Soon Jeems' feet were in the path which led to the manor. It was so still he could have believed that everyone was asleep, as he courageously mounted the wide steps to the door of Toinette's home. His fingers touched the cold iron knocker. He hesitated in the moment he was lifting it, for he observed that the door was open by a space of a few inches, and through this aperture a voice came to him clearly. It was a high, biting, angry voice, and he recognized it as Madam Tonteur's. He raised his weight from its metal panel and would have knocked when he heard a name which made him pause in rigid silence. It was his own. Without trying to listen, and with the discomfort of an eaves-dropping position forced upon him, he learned why Tonteur had ridden up the Hill with such stern displeasure in his face.

"It is no fit place for a gentleman of New France to be going," he heard Toinette's mother say. "Henri Bulain was a fool for marrying this good-for-nothing English woman and Edmond is a greater fool for not driving her from the country when her breed is murdering and killing almost at our doors. The woman was made for a spy, despite the pretty face which has softened Edmond's silly heart, and that boy of hers is no less English than she. The two should not be allowed to live so near to us, yet Tonteur brazenly sets forth to visit them and maintains they are his friends. The place they have built should be burned and the English woman and her boy sent where they belong. Let Henri Bulain go with them if he chooses to be a renegade instead of a Frenchman!"

"Fie upon you for such thoughts, Henriette," chided the milder voice of Madam Tache. "I despise the English as much as you or Toinette, but it is unfair to voice such invective against these two even though the woman is proud of her pretty face and her boy is a mud-slinging little wretch. Edmond is a big-souled man and simply befriends them out of pity!"

"Pity!" sniffed the other. "His pity, then, is an insult to Toinette and me. This English person has become so bold at his favor that she smiles and laughs in my face as freely as any fine lady in the land, and like a charlatan she lets down her hair for you to rave about!"

"Because I asked her to," said Madam Tache. "Are you angry because of that, Henriette?"

"I am angry because she is English, and her boy is English, and yet they are allowed to live among us as if they were French. I tell you they will be traitors when the time for treachery comes!"

Jeems had stood with his fingers clenched at the unyielding iron of the knocker. Now he heard another voice and knew it was Toinette's. "I think Jeems' mother is nice," she said. "But Jeems is a detestable little English beast!"

"And some day that beast will help to cut our throats," added her mother unpleasantly.

Madam Tache laughed softly. "It is too bad the woman is so pretty," she said good-humoredly. "Otherwise I am sure she would have less of your disfavor. As for the boy, we should not blame him for what he cannot help. I have sympathy for the unfortunate little v' abond."

"Which is not a reason why my husband should degrade himself and humiliate me by going to see his mother!" snapped the baron's wife. "If her indecency attracts him there—"

The great iron knocker fell with a crash, and almost before the sound of it reached a servant's ears the door swung open and Jeems stalked in. The women were speechless as he stood in the wide opening to the room in which they were seated. He scarcely seemed to realize they were there and looked only at Toinette. He remained for a moment without movement or speech, his slim figure tense and gripped. Then he bowed his head in a courtesy which Catherine had carefully taught him. When he spoke, his words were as calm as those of Madam Tache had been.

"I have come to tell you I am sorry because of what happened at Lussan's place, Toinette," he said, and he bent his head a little lower toward her. "I ask you to forgive me!"

Even Henriette Tonteur could not have thought of him as a beast after that, for pride and fearlessness were in his bearing in spite of the whiteness of his face. As the occupants of the room stared at him, unable to find their voices, he drew back quietly and was gone as suddenly as he had appeared. The big door closed behind him, and turning to a window near her Toinette saw him go down the steps. An exclamation of indignation and amazement came at last from her mother, but this she did not hear. Her eyes were following Jeems.

He went across the open and into the fields. A bit of iron had sunk into his soul. The sun was still shining, the birds were singing, the miles of wilderness were golden in their beauty, but his eyes were seeing with a new and darker vision. From the rich valley which had been the fount of all his dreams they turned to the faint gleam of distant water in the south, where lay Lake Champlain, and beyond which, not far away, were the Mohawks and the English and the land of his mother's people. It was the blood of that land, running red and strong in his veins, which Toinette and her mother hated.

He walked more slowly through the Big Forest and approached his home from its eastern edge. He could not see Tonteur nor his horse, nor any life about the cabin, but when he came near to it he heard an alarming sound through the open door. His mother was crying. He ran in and found her with her head bowed upon her arms and her shoulders shaking with sobs. In response to his startled voice, Catherine raised a face wet with tears and, seeing the effect of her grief upon him, tried to smile. The effort fell half way, and in a moment she was almost weeping again, with her face pressed to his shoulder as if he were a man in whose strength she was seeking comfort.

Her words came brokenly, and Jeems' mind was a turmoil of misgiving and fear as he listened. First he gathered that his mother had been very happy at the beginning of the day. Holding him in an hysterical embrace, and weeping afresh by turns, she told him that his departure to ask for Toinette's friendship, together with Hepsibah's presence in the bosom of her family, had filled her with joy and pride. In addition to these things, Tonteur had come over from the seigneurie and with that event her morning had overflowed with gladness.

"They seemed delighted to see each other—your uncle and the baron," she said, with a moan that sent an increasing apprehension through him. "And we talked about Toinette—and you—and they laughed and joked together—and he was so pleased when I asked him to stay and have dinner with us—and they walked off—arm in arm—and, then—oh, Jeems, Jeems, they went down into the stump field and had a terrible fight!"

Her arms relaxed, and as she dabbed at her eyes with a wet and crumpled handkerchief she gave a little wail of despair, and added:

"Your father is going now—with the ox and cart—to get Monsieur Tonteur!"

Through the window Jeems caught a glimpse of the ox and [Turn to page 105]



A GIFT OF THE CENTURIES

DOWN through countless centuries there has been slowly developing one of the great comforts for the human heart of today.

Scientists have searched out the secrets of Nature. Inventors have perfected metals. Mechanical experts have developed processes.

A quarter of a century ago these resulting factors were combined to provide at a reasonable cost the most positive and permanent burial protection ever known.

The immutable law of Nature which governed the designing of the Clark Grave Vault makes it absolutely positive in its protection. Not a particle of moisture can get inside.

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Delicious Molasses Goodies

Children just *will* eat sweets . . .
Here are "yummy" desserts that
are actually good for them



Molasses—rich in lime and iron—is good for little growing bodies

It is just human nature to love sweets. Every mother's son—or daughter—really thinks dessert is the main course! And a wholesome dessert is the happiest way to satisfy children's natural craving for sweets.

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Brer Rabbit Layer Cake



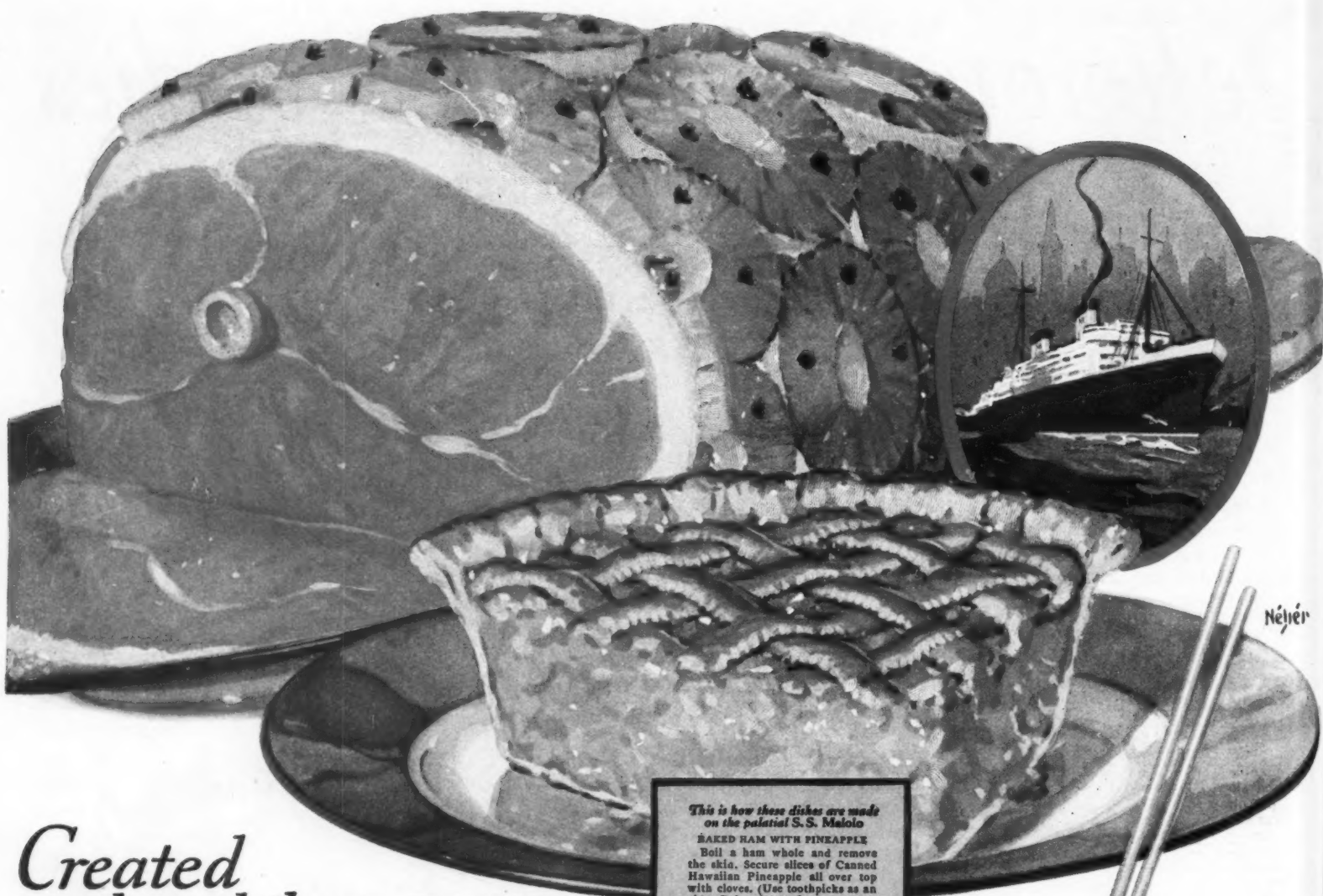
*Brer Rabbit
Gingerbread*

Ice cream with Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses

LACE MOLASSES WAFERS: Slowly heat to boiling point 1 cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter. Boil one minute, then remove from fire. Add 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda sifted together. Stir well. Set pan in vessel of hot water to keep batter from hardening. On buttered baking sheets or inverted dripping pans drop $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonfuls of batter 3 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven until brown. Cool slightly, then lift off carefully with a knife.

Two grades: Gold Label—high light molasses for the table cooking. Green Label—dark stronger flavor

Brer Rabbit Molasses



Created aboard the S.S. MALOLO "home-tested" in Detroit, Flint and Omaha

On the new Matson liner "Malolo" one marvels at the fine accommodations—wonders at the amazing speed—and exclaims at the excellence of the cuisine.

And, like many other palatial ships, fine hotels and restaurants, this great liner uses Canned Hawaiian Pineapple in many attractive ways.

Take for example Baked Ham, Criss Cross Pie and Berry Lemonade. We asked the head steward to make these famous dishes. Then note

in all your life." She adds: "I also serve Pineapple often with Ham Steak. I cut a thick slice of raw ham, stick in a few cloves, cover top with Sliced Canned Hawaiian Pineapple, add a half cup pineapple juice, and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes. It's a truly delightful dish."



The steward's Criss Cross Pineapple Pie was submitted to Mrs. W.S. Abbey, 123 West Baker Street, Flint, Michigan. She says: "I served the delightful. Two guests commended

This is how these dishes are made on the palatial S.S. Malolo

BAKED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE
Boil a ham whole and remove the skin. Secure slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple all over top with cloves. (Use toothpicks as an aid.) Bake slowly from 30 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. Baste once or twice with Pineapple juice.

PINEAPPLE PIE—CRISS CROSS
Line pie pan with pastry. Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch and add to 3 cups Crushed Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into pan. Dot with bits of butter. Cover with dough strips in criss cross fashion. Bake in hot oven for about 30 minutes.

PINEAPPLE-BERRY LEMONADE
In each glass place 2 tablespoons Crushed Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with its juice, 1 tablespoon of strained canned or fresh crushed berries (strawberries, blackberries, raspberries or loganberries), juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 tablespoon sugar, crushed ice. Fill glass with plain or charged water. Mix well.

With meats, and in pies and drinks, just as in a hundred other ways, Hawaiian Pineapple, either Sliced or Crushed, is a boon in any kitchen.



Be sure to keep both kinds on hand. They are identical in quality and fine flavor, but each has its own particular uses. And write us for our newest recipe book. A postcard will bring you a free copy. Address Department 33.

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PINEAPPLE

Crushed

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 102]

cart plodding in the direction of the stump field, with his father flourishing a long whip beside it. Excitement replaced the suspense under which his mother's condition had placed him, and without waiting to see whether she continued the drying of her eyes or fell to weeping again, he darted out of the cabin and ran toward the scene of battle. He took a short cut across planted ground and arrived ahead of his father, his wind half gone. It was Odd who told him the field was not empty, for nowhere could he see his uncle or the baron. Following the dog's lead he found them both at the end of the clearing close to the pile of stumps which he had helped to tear from the earth the preceding day. Before he could see them he heard a voice and knew that Tonteur was not dead.

"I'll cut the liver out of the dishonest scoundrel who made me this leg!" the seigneur was crying in a great rage. "He should be quartered and hung for using a hickory stick with a crack in it! With a sound leg, sir, I'd have sent you over that pile of stumps, for it was as clever a blow as I have struck!"

Jeems stopped, and as he gasped for breath he thought it was strange that he did not hear a reply.

Then he ventured a few steps nearer and beheld Hepsibah Adams sitting on the ground with his back against a stump, his arms hanging limply at his sides, his round eyes wide open, and with a set and stupid look in his face.

"It's an outrage!" came Tonteur's voice again. "Hickory, sir—not ash or elm or

chestnut—seasoned for a year, he told me—and here it is with a crack half the length of it, and an old crack, as you can see with half an eye! I'll murder him!"

Jeems stared at his uncle. Hepsibah was rolling his eyes and making an effort to answer. A sickly grin spread over his countenance.

"I'll make you a leg—that'll last—friend," he said weakly. "A good leg—better leg than that—hickory, too—an honest leg—carrying no hidden crack in it."

"With a leg like that no crown in Christendom could have stood the blow I gave you," Tonteur answered from a point which Jeems could not see. "A blow having just the right slant to it, and catching you properly as you lunged. It wrenched my backbone, sir—the sheer force of it! Do you declare yourself vanquished, or will you take advantage of my condition, with only one pin to stand on and none whatever to fight with?"

"I'm a little stunned, brother," acknowledged Hepsibah, managing at last to get a hand to his head. "But atop o' your luck I don't like this bit o' vainglory in your talk. I've been harder hit, but never before with wood. You couldn't do it again in a brace o' years, and as soon as I've made you another leg I'll prove it to you!"

Jeems heard the rattle of the approaching cart and advanced into the presence of his uncle and the baron. Toinette's father, like Hepsibah, was on the ground. His clothes were awry and stained with earth, a great lump was rising on the side of his

face, and, as Jeems quickly observed, his wooden leg was broken off close to the knee. Upon this scene, over which a profound silence had fallen at his appearance, his father came with the cart.

Henri first gave his assistance to Tonteur. "If this humiliation and disgrace becomes known, sir, I'm ruined," the baron declared, allowing himself to be lifted until, with Henri's support, he stood balanced on his one good leg. "To hop like a frog, and be carried behind an ox like a bag of wheat—it makes me blush with shame!"

Jeems went to his uncle, and with his aid Hepsibah climbed to his feet and stood dizzily, watching with cheerful appreciation as Henri Bulain hoisted Tonteur into the cart.

"He's a most ree-markable liar, Jeemsy, this man Tonteur," he said. "I'll swear it wasn't his wooden leg that hit me, but a jemmy of iron wielded by the devil himself, or one o' these stumps flying on its own account. It was a mighty blow!"

He made an effort to walk, and would have fallen if Jeems had not exerted his strength to hold him up. Henri, having successfully loaded Tonteur, returned to assist Hepsibah; and the trader, struggling like a drunken man to maintain an appearance of proper equilibrium, permitted himself, without objection, to be lifted in beside the baron.

From the window of her cabin Catherine saw the cart coming with its human load.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

BRINGING UP PARENTS

[Continued from page 19]

penitentiary? God alone knew. And He passed along very little of His knowledge to parents.

During the last century and a quarter, the idea has been filtering into the minds of occasional people in contact with children, that God's usual method of passing along knowledge is to give people brains to dig for it. But a century ago (and also much later than that, alas!) the care of young children was always left to ignorant or brainless people who couldn't get any other job. Women who would never dream of entrusting their delicate silver or fine linen to an ignorant, inexperienced, flighty girl, cheerfully left their young children in the hands of just such nursemaids. Nobody with brains and education dreamed that it might be worth their while to do "baby-tending" as they scornfully called the care of children under school age.

There the human race stuck fast. The way towards understanding the laws of development of children seemed blocked entirely by this social habit. It took a long time (the usual generation or two which we always seem to take to catch up to an idea) before it was seen that one way around the difficulty would be for occasional brainy people to occupy themselves with young children.

An Italian and a German were the first grown men to act on the idea that the development of the young of the human race might be a subject for intelligent thought and experimentation. Just as Charlemagne was the first great European warrior who acted on the idea that learning how to read and write was not beneath the dignity of a self-respecting, full-grown Nordic fighting man, so Froebel and Pestalozzi stepped out courageously to show the world that living with young children and trying to understand their natures and the laws of their development was neither an abject nor an unmanly occupation. Pestalozzi was born in 1746 and Froebel in 1782. It took about a century for their example to soak down into the ranks of ordinary parents. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the first stirrings among parents took place, towards the movement to study their profession. And the first stirrings were small ones. Once again we encounter the century which seems necessary for the human race to step up beside its great minds.

The seed of this new idea—that even young children are human beings—sprang up and died down and sprang up again and multiplied and spread till it became an

accepted part of the mental furniture of every parent who had any mental furniture at all. Children, even very young children, perhaps especially young children, are human beings and need to be treated as such. This was the idea advanced by radical thinkers and finally accepted into the consciousness of the majority.

But how do human beings need to be treated?

Awakened parents, looking about them for some light on this next question, found very little available. Most of the ways in which society treated human beings would not do for parents at all; because parents pretty universally and biologically, though blindly, really love their children and in their queer mixed-up, unintelligent, human way wish to do what is best for them; and half a glance at almost any human society shows that its motive in what it does is not love for its members, not even the most mixed-up, unintelligent desire to do what is best for them, but a single-minded desire to get the most out of them.

When I have said "parents" I should, to be accurate, have said "Mothers," for it is only very recently that fathers have realized that they too are modern parents. The women who in the nineties and in the first decade of the twentieth century were the young mothers of the literate class, when they found they needed to know more about the nature of the babies for whom they were responsible, turned quite naturally, with little loss of time, away from the traditional sources of knowledge for women—superstition, rules of thumb passed on by ignorant old age, prejudice—all of it flooded futilely by the most heart-felt prayers and self-sacrifice. They turned away from all that and addressed themselves to authorities, in whom women as a whole had never before had any interest, scientific authorities, people of brains who had really studied the principles underlying the fact about which these mothers so sorely needed enlightenment.

A little book called *The Care and Feeding of Children*, written by a doctor who knew what he was talking about was issued and re-issued in never-ending editions. Young mothers read it (or one of its excellent imitations) till the binding fell off, and then bought a new copy—in the teeth of ridicule about "bringing up a baby out of a book."

The consequences go beyond anything we can guess at now. But we are not now

concerned with guesses at the future, rather with this new habit of mind of ordinary mothers in the home.

Babies grow into boys and girls very rapidly. The same mother who had turned for the first time in history to scientific sources for advice about bringing up her baby, had brought him triumphantly through his first two years with a brilliant absence not only of the new disorders and disasters predicted by the older generation, but without most of the old disorders and disasters considered inevitable by the elders.

So far, so good. As long as a baby's organism was mostly physical, his young mother's new knowledge about physical facts served her and him very well. But between the ages of one and two, it began to be apparent that there was more to manage in that baby than physical health. He began to act very queerly, to have (for instance) "tantrums," to fling himself down when he did not get what he wanted, and scream his head off, and hold his breath and turn black in the face, and so on and so forth in phenomena very familiar to his grandmother. The doctor who had done very well so far as a guide and mentor, now went over to the grandmother's party of crude, unscientific indifference to the causes which underlay those distressing goings-on on the part of the baby. If the child had a degree of temperature, the doctor was perfectly willing to turn his trained mind and experience into as clear and logical an inquiry into causes as he could manage. But show him the child, blind, shrieking, raving mad with anger, and he put his hand in that of the grandmother, and said easily in unison with her, "Oh, just a fit of temper. You have to expect that," and turning his back on the young mother, strolled away.

The young mother did not believe a word of it. Had not that very doctor shown her ways to avoid many and many of the physical ills which older generations had told her she "had to expect"? What did she do? She did just what her mother had done, and very much more steadily and intelligently than her mother, precisely because her mother had struggled through the thickets and showed her the path. Confronted with a solid, substantial (and to her, terrifying and tragic) difficulty, her instinct was not to try to fling herself against it with unthinking brute force, nor to cajole her way around it, nor to resign herself defeated, nor to pray to God to remove it from [Turn to page 106]



In the Years Beyond Toyhood Days-

TOYHOOD DAYS! Precious years of make-believe! But all too soon the carefree present melts into the sober future. Childhood buds into maturity. Joyous little play-feet ripen into healthy, grown-up perfection—or develop foot troubles that cause untold pain and suffering.

Hail Simplex Flexies! Worn in childhood, they prevent foot troubles in maturity. Flexible soles and ample toe room let growing feet exercise freely—develop as Nature intended. Feet rest squarely on the ground on three-point suspension (the correct way). Pliant little legs can't bow in or out. No rough seams or tack ends to irritate tender skin. All this, plus real style, at a cost no greater than you pay for ordinary shoes.

These are reasons why your children should wear Simplex Flexies. You can get them at the better shoe stores anywhere. Ask your dealer for free copy of beautifully illustrated 16-page style book.

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Flexies are made in a great variety of leathers, in both high and low styles.

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KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets—one for your information and one for the children's entertainment.



Gentlemen: Send me the name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklet "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

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You don't need to have a poor complexion...

NO woman can help being self-conscious if her skin is dull and broken out. She feels that even the tiniest blemish is conspicuous...

And she knows that no matter how beautiful her features, people never consider a woman really attractive if her complexion is unlovely.

The natural impulse is to cover up skin defects—to try to improve the complexion with external treatment.

But to really correct a poor complexion you must get at the condition that causes it. Radiant beauty, a fine clear skin, must come from within—from physical well-being.

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Sal Hepatica



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BRINGING UP PARENTS

[Continued from page 105]

her path. Her instinct was that one, new to women, which her mother had dimly felt: to make herself enough of a person to understand and conquer it. And she started out to make herself more of a person by trying to learn from people who knew more than she.

At first, the very first, nobody of intelligence helped her find what she wanted. She was laughed at for pretentiousness, half-baked ideas, and the naïveté of her faith in bookishness. The grandmothers and doctors of those children were laughing tolerantly, too, counseling patience and saying comfortably, "Oh, they'll grow up all right. They always do." And each young mother was saying to herself, in terror, "But what if mine should be one of those who don't!"

These young mothers "organized a club" with the well-known ridiculous American faith in organization; and in the superficial, unscholarly American way began to "read papers" to each other on subjects of which they knew very little.

And... there is a vitality to a genuine folk-way which laughs to naught the small self-conscious calculations of the few brain-cells used in pure ratiocination... out of their fumbling grab at what they needed, has rapidly emerged one of the most wide-spread, enlightened, advanced, thorough, and interesting efforts of the American democracy to learn what it needs—the organized movement to study child psychology which is being carried on by an astonishing number of American women (and men now) all over this country, in cities and villages, in Parent-Teachers Associations (there are a million members in this organization), child-study groups, child-welfare groups... there are many names, all to designate the same phenomenon, as new as wireless telegraphy in the world, a group of ordinary citizens who are trying through study to learn something sound and reliable about the elements which make up the human personality, so that they can make more sense out of what they see in their young children.

It is enchanting to see that this time, after the very first, such a movement among plain undistinguished citizens has not been left to founder all alone in the morass which undirected study is apt to become. The idea of the desirability and possibility of universal education had made progress in the minds of leaders of thought as well as in the dim instincts of the masses. It is apparent to a number of people of real intelligence that what is known by middle-class and poorer mothers of young children is important to everybody, quite important enough to make it worth the while of superior folks to help them steer their course.

Would such great men of science condescend from their professional heights of "real" knowledge of a deep subject to advise and inform ordinary half-educated American men and women? Would they? Just give them the chance! Would they be willing to try to predigest some of their erudition so that it might be intelligible to people who really didn't know enough to understand, and yet so greatly needed to understand? Well, rather! Watch them at it!

No part of the movement towards adult education in this country has had such intelligent, willing, eager, and ingenious cooperation from experts as has this new movement on the part of parents to understand their children. No other subject of human knowledge has even been so conscientiously stripped of the shabby velvet of mediaeval Latinized jargon in which many other valuable departments of human knowledge still foolishly drape themselves. And this is—quite apart from child-study itself—one of the most important and forward-looking phases of this movement of parents.

I don't know anything which gives the observer more faith in the advance of universal education along honest, reasonable, intelligent lines than to look at the selected lists of books available to any of the many thousands of organized groups of ordinary American fathers and mothers who are trying (for the sake of their children) to make a little more sense out of human nature and conduct. They are not pretentious, shallow, "popularizing" books, written to please and flatter a shallow, pretentious public by making them think they know more than they do (as alas! are many of the books on the arts); they are not written by nobodies and published by wild-cat firms situated in job-printing houses. They are published by the best firms in the country, and are written by our best known philosophers, by experienced doctors, by trained psychologists, by sound educators. And they have a public of American men and women... not specialists... who want and will read and study books with such titles as *Evolution, Genetics, and Eugenics, Source-books in the Philosophy of Education, Psychology of the Pre-School-age Child, Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist, The Psychology of Everyday Life*—to select a few titles at random from a typical selected List of books for Parents and Teachers put out by a typical organization for child-study.

Such reading lists are made up of such names as John Dewey, William James, Havelock Ellis, Stanley Hall, Kirkpatrick, Bertrand Russell, James Harvey Robinson. These are all reputable "specialists" and yet they have written books which are being studied by people who have never before "studied" any books. These new students are grown-up Americans, economically independent, who study those books because they find in them a statement of the abstract principles underlying the personal relationships in which they find themselves involved.

Family life has always (to the hooting and scorn of the sophisticated) been a subject passionately dear to the American heart. It is natural that on that personal subject Americans seem most willing, by and large, to put some real mental effort in order to make a better job of it. Well, personal relations in the home are terribly vital to human society... perhaps even as much so as the tariff. The study of such relations, the serious use of sound text-books in this field of human endeavor, may very well be the crack in the wall which leads to continued climbing towards more intellectual effort.

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3727-30	4936-35	5026-50	5042-50	5070-45	5081-35	5092-35	5103-45
4436-30	4949-35	5027-45	5043-45	5071-35	5082-45	5093-35	5104-45
4495-35	4952-35	5028-45	5049-45	5072-35	5083-45	5094-35	5105-45
4499-35	4965-45	5029-50	5062-45	5073-35	5084-45	5095-35	5106-45
4530-25	4977-25	5030-45	5063-45	5074-35	5085-35	5096-35	5107-45
4624-30	4991-35	5031-45	5064-50	5075-35	5086-35	5097-50	5108-50
4776-35	5020-45	5032-30	5065-50	5076-45	5087-35	5098-45	5109-45
4875-35	5021-35	5033-45	5066-45	5077-50	5088-45	5099-45	5110-45
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1398-30	1528-25	1548-35	1588-50	1593-50	1598-50	1609-50	1614-50
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THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 23]

and materialistic free-thinking.

TANTE was cantankerous due to the pain in her knee. She occupied a tower room on the top floor of the hospital and sat in a wheel chair as one would occupy a throne, her cane rapping imperiously for attention.

"This Blair was a good enough youth," she insisted when Stanley had told her troubles. "And Monroe was a bad man. You knew both as only a pretty woman knows the men who love her," looking with admiring disapproval at Stanley's attractive self in the gray corduroy tailleur and darling red turban. "Be glad that Ames is not too much like yourself," a whimsical smile lighting her face.

"Because I was once engaged to him—must he be hateful to my boy?"

"Do Ames good; needs some one to check him up. You're too sweet and overscented like these very hyacinths, bah," with a tap of her cane.

"There's Telva, too," Stanley's face was a study in distress. "It is absurd for her to be my bootleggerette. She's an amazing personality but—so unsound, so daring. She is certain to be attracted to Ames."

"Good for Ames. He's no milk-and-water fop. Let him be ruined by some one other than yourself. In knowing Blair and Telva, he may come to know you," she warned.

Stanley left the nursing home with the composite feeling of a patroness and a penitent. She stopped at the Press editorial offices and left her card with a line scribbled on it asking Blair to call. Then she drove to the old Lenox Hotel. Stifling sentiment, she invited Telva to dinner.

She drove to Sam Russel's offices to discover that her son had not been there that day. Sam admitted this with something of triumph. He believed that Ames was going to lunch at The Tavern with a newspaper man.

When Blair's card was brought up to Stanley the following evening, she felt that things augured well. He had come at once and Ames was at the theater.

Entering the drawing room she paused, wondering if his heart was beating as fast as her's. He seemed so old—so lack-luster. Could this be the same ardent man who had believed her faintest fib and hung upon her slightest smile? He was shabby and redolent of gin, his necktie was a stringy affair, his hands shaky and the knuckles swollen. Had she done this to him, she wondered in a passing flash of remorse?

"Why, Blair," she began, stretching out her arms as if he were a neglected child.

"Still Stanley—and at her best," Blair declaimed harshly, remaining at arm's length. "The boy is not like you," he added as if that was something of a triumph.

"It has been so many years and I've lived through so much—as you have," she faltered.

He came closer and bent down, scrutinizing as if for some blemish. "But you have not changed—you will never change, will you?"

Stanley drew a sigh of relief as he pronounced the verdict.

She brought champagne and sandwiches. She had estimated how long before Ames would return. Presently Blair told Stanley fragments of his story.

"Yes, Donna died," he said piteously.

"I went back to Donna after I smashed."

"Do you hate me?" asked Stanley somewhat timidly.

"What would be the use? I'd rather hate Ames—but I'm afraid that I can't. Donna told me to forget you . . . Donna! The best I can say is that I'm prepared to pity you. Just now you're supreme but age is creeping up like the tide. You'll be caught in it before you're aware—but you'll still be Stanley . . . I wonder why I came here," he asked himself.

"Then you are not my friend?" she was timid, wistful.

He shook his head. "I am not even my own friend."

"Poor, bitter Blair—is it only money that you need?"

His crooked smile made her ashamed. "The more money I have the drunker I get. The less I have the sharper my re-

morse—oh, it has nothing to do with you. Let me see the boy now and then; I'm coaxing him to try reporting. It will break him into American ways and thought—he's as stiff and impractical as a new press."

"I may buy the paper," Stanley threatened. "My son would be its editor."

"Do—and pension me," laughed Blair. "Are you that much afraid of me?"

Stanley got rid of him before midnight. By then he was maudlin, his thickly worded speeches no longer disturbed her. But the fear that he might revolutionize Ames' life remained. She was glad that she had asked Telva for dinner. Telva could become an important ally. Telva was young and of Creole blood, her poverty was a pleasing feature in Stanley's eyes. In proper evening dress she might become an inspiration.

YOU must not always judge a man's soul by his actions," Ames told his mother six months later. "If Blair is a libertine to outward appearances he is a priest of a high altar within. Sorry to disagree but I do like him," poking away at the fire of birch logs which warmed the October air.

For six months Ames had found himself at war with the world. Heretofore he had warred only with himself in a vague, unsatisfactory fashion—his mental battles ending in sentimental surrender. But this new state of affairs was different.

Something crucial as well as exhilarating was being expressed in his revolution with the cosmos, in having left Sam Russel and the Van Zile estate and going on the Press as a general reporter, his mother standing aghast at what seemed a calamity. That Blair was responsible for it, Ames seemed rather proud. "He wants me to knock about," he had explained. "He's been in so many tight places himself and come out somehow that I respect his opinion—it's not altogether Blair's fault that he's down in the world."

They had compromised by Ames' intention of trying out the newspaper game for a year and then deciding whether he would take the Van Zile estate.

She was forced to watch him go into the city room at a joke of a salary, growing closer to Blair as he grew away from her. They quarrelled and hiked and drank and gambled together—this wise derelict and this uncertain youngster. When Stanley hurried to fill her house with the younger set as an antidote to Blair's propaganda, Ames fought away from being present. He was out of step with his own generation.

Sometimes Telva Monroe coaxed a dinner invitation from Blair or when he had theater passes he invited her in exchange for a pint of brandy. He disliked Telva Monroe because he understood her. Ames did not.

"You'll marry her, Heaven help you," Blair had said the evening before Ames was to tell his mother of a new decision. "She'll stop bootlegging and go to bootlicking! Oh, but she will. She's out to climb. She'll wear tons of jewels and have a pair of chows. She'll domineer Stanley—I doubt if even that famous person will be a match for her."

In contrast to this blunt denunciation Ames kept hearing Stanley's gentle voiced: "Telva's a dear—blood does tell. The blood of kings in her family! I admit she is shocking and barbaric but she's quite all right underneath that veneer—and she adores you. Everyone sees it. . . . she is hungry for love, for some one who really cares. We all need that," with a little sigh.

"Blair says that Telva is like raw beef-steak," Ames had answered. "Not being a cannibal she's a trifle too lurid for me."

"Tell me this: if Telva were not quite so radical—would you like her?"

"Very much—but not that way," was the instant reply.

"She likes you—that way."

"I don't believe it. She's going to like a lot of us—oh, she has said so—she likes Sam and even Blair and some of the rum-runners—one grubby French-Canadian quite thrills her; Telva can be easily consoled."

Ames began fidgeting with ornaments on a console table.

"I've another job on [Turn to page 108]



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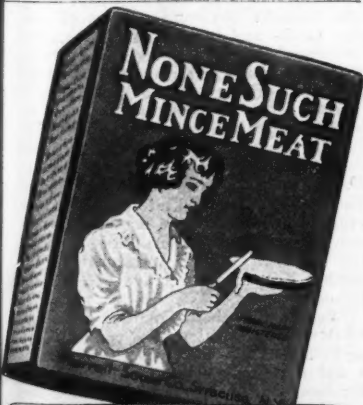


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THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 107]

hand. I'm off to the north woods of Canada on a curious errand. An associated press dispatch came in telling of a Russian princess, no less than one Valja Anzia Zanicowicz, who is starving in her wilderness home, an eccentric character who escaped the Soviets and drifted over here, a cousin of the Czarina's and all the rest of it. Her creditors are pressing her hard; it seems she has some art treasures in this farm-house where she has taken sanctuary but she has no intention of parting with them unless the sheriff forces a sale. Blair thinks I can get a corking story and a chance at rare bargains. We'd like those, wouldn't we? It's my first out-of-town job, so to speak—and I'm keen for it. Blair has been in the woods in October. He says that it does things to your soul as well as your appetite and muscle—doesn't it sound inviting?"

"Very," said Stanley unwillingly. "More of Blair's work," she was thinking. "It will be Cairo next or a Manila correspondent—anything to get him away. Telva, much as I despise you, we are not going to let him go!"

BLAIR was right. A new world manifested itself as Ames' wagon jolted over the "thank-you-marms" in the Northern Ontario road. He was to stay at Robertson's and after sundry turns of the road with irregular edges of the blue lakes peeking out as milestones they came to the somber house where the wagon turned in. A gray-haired, gray-bearded, gray-eyed man in knee boots and homespun breeches, a gray flannel shirt opened to show his tanned chest and a pair of old-fashioned, square-lensed glasses pushed up on his forehead greeted them. "The dominie—Mr. Robertson," whispered the driver in a burst of confidence.

The Robertsons considered that a newspaper correspondent who declared that he had come to see the princess Valja must be a trifle mad.

They were non-committal as to the Russian princess until curiosity gained the better of natural reserve. Would he print facts about Valja in his "journal"? These might be difficult to obtain. Only Carol Clive knew her... did he not know of the Clives? Here the Robertsons had set down their teacups with an air of condescension as they proceeded to enlighten him.

A generation or so ago—time went slowly in the north woods—Jim Clive had been the idol of Covent Garden, a popular ballad and light opera singer. Of excellent family, his grandfather a nobleman, he was engaged to a girl of his own sort, when he had had the bad taste to fall in love with a bar-maid, a tall, straight, Norse goddess person with red gold hair and clear blue eyes. He had married her during a moment of chivalrous infatuation only to find his career blasted and his future ruined. Ostracized on all sides he had taken a grant of land and brought his Bonny Bess out to the new world. With no knowledge of farming—and less of Bess—he had tried to stand his ground. Bess more than stood by him—that she had! If the only living child, Carol—like her mother physically and her father mentally—was his only solace, Bess was not the one to whine. Having made the farm pay and taught her husband the rudiments of the game, she, Bess had the good taste to die and be mourned while Clive stayed on in the north country while Carol went to the States for a Winter or so to learn shorthand. On her return the poor child had fallen under the spell of this Russian derelict who had painted her in a dozen "outlandish ways," claiming her as a secretary and drudge without pay. Jim Clive had not realized the enormity of Carol's danger. He wore his frock-coat of a Sunday and sang his songs of an evening as serenely as if Carol were still at his side. But Carol had become fascinated by this weird Russian with her three saddle horses and numerous dogs, cats, monkeys and parrots, chameleons—and even snakes, it was reported. Moreover she wore draperies of heavy red crepe, her hair clipped close to her head and her jewels put to shame those in Toronto show windows, yet never paid a bill nor offered an explanation. Only Carol's management permitted her to endure with the natives. Already there was a growing murmur of revolt.

Forearmed with these facts Ames approached the Princess' "estate." For the first time during his adventure Ames felt uncertain. He tapped at the door which was flung open by a small, lame woman with piercing, gold-colored eyes, her white hair standing up on her head in half-inch length bristles. Her red toga-like frock was held in place with a belt of hammered silver and bracelets of the same. A garnet necklace called attention to her wrinkled skin and as she waved her amber cigarette-holder he noticed the barbaric looking rings crowded onto her tapering fingers. "Who now—in the name of the devil?" she said in a swift, high voice with little trace of an accent.

"In the name of the 'Dalefield Press,' Madame," he answered quickly. "May a mere reporter learn a detail or so of your colorful history—and a dilettante in art be allowed the refusal of some of your treasures?"

"You hear him, Carol?" she called to a tall, slim girl in a scarlet flannel frock, a tam-o-shanter of the same shade slipping over one ear. "Come in, sir, do you like ruins? We are overstocked. Do you like debt, sorrow, disgrace? We shall overwhelm you. This is my refuge—this is my Carol—Miss Clive, this is an American intruder. I do not know your name but we hate you already... so what does it matter?" dropping into a melancholy tone. "We are bored with you as we are with life. I am teaching Carol to be bored—a noble but an arduous occupation. Vladimir, tea for the enemy," clapping her hands as an indistinct shadow-like person in shabby, baggy clothes left the room.

"Why am I hospitable to you? Because I hope for money," continued Valja seating herself by the open fire and beckoning for Ames to do the same. Carol had left her model's chair and come nearer Valja. She towered above the bent little woman with her wicked, lightish eyes. Carol's hair was like that of a Japanese maple. It was wound round her head in heavy, girlish braids. Her blue eyes seemed black in the dim light, their expression half-hidden by the thick lashes. She was fearless but untried, Ames decided as she looked at him with her unafraid eyes as if demanding personal explanations.

On the easel was a fantastic study of Carol. She seemed one of her remote ancestors in the black velvet frock with a plumed hat and the hounds grouped at her side. As for the room, Ames mentally gasped and applauded by turn. Originally the "keeping room" of Canadian farmers it was now a bizarre atelier. Barbaric tapestries and silver crucifixes vied for attention, wrought into iron lanterns with jeweled motifs and brass samovars cluttered the carved tables. Dogs lay in all corners. A spidery little ape ran up and down the portieres as if they were a jungle tree.

Inside of an hour Ames found his intention of getting a special story for "The Press" set aside. Mentally he resigned from "The Press" as soon as he saw the frown in Carol's eyes at the thought of Valja's being projected into unsympathetic print. From now on he would represent only himself. Would the princess consider parting with certain possessions? His mother had an appreciative eye for the beautiful.

"Before the sheriff or the bailiff or whatever you call the swine comes to rob me!" said Valja coolly as she puffed at a waterpipe and let a monkey perch on her shoulder. "To appreciate my treasures—and make them yours—means that you must pay a good sum. . . . Come, what appeals to you the most?"

Carol poured the tea Vladimir had brought in. "Let him look about," she suggested. "Being one of your bad days you are unusually horrid. Plan on being yourself and ask Mr. Van Zile for lunch." As Carol handed him a cup of tea Valja turned to a casket-like box and took from it a brilliant green snake which writhed about her arm.

"You are the one to be appreciated," Ames insisted, turning away from the snake and looking at Carol. The blue eyes met his in an understanding smile.

It did not seem as if this fearless-eyed young girl, who was preparing to leave, should be associated with such aristocratic débris.

[Turn to page 111]

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THE CREOLE BEAUTY

Her hair is dark, with just a hint of copper. Her lips are red. Her skin is creamy velvet. Her eyes like deep, dark pools. For her—Nude Pompeian Powder and the Medium tone of Bloom.



THE WATER LILY BLONDE

Her hair is like spun gold. Her skin is white. Her eyes are a soft grey-blue. She should mix $\frac{1}{2}$ White and $\frac{1}{2}$ Flesh-Pink Powder, and use Light Bloom.

WHAT IS YOUR TYPE OF BEAUTY?

Let me help you determine and tell you how to select your correct shade and tone of powder and rouge. Send for my new Beauty Sampler—5 little vials of the 5 shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder with my new 20-page booklet showing 24 types of women, in natural colors.



"Congratulations on your beautiful new powder shade, 'NUDE'!"
Celia Cordiner, G. H.
Beauty Editor of the Delineator



FRANKLY RED-HAIRED

Her hair is definitely, undeniably red, her skin is delicate and fine. Her eyes are green, and if her lashes and brows aren't dark naturally, she should make them so. For her—Naturelle Pompeian Powder with Oriental Bloom.

By
Mme. Jeannette de Cordet
Beauty Specialist

YOU may have dark hair with light eyes, or light hair with dark eyes—but your skin has the warm lure of ivory and rose. You are, perhaps, more typically American than any other type—an interesting combination of all types—a delightful blending of all blondes and all brunettes.

For you, then, we have created this new shade of powder. It, too, is a delightful blend of the more extreme shades, each one softened, each one yielding more beauty by its subtle mixture with the other. It has the same alluring attribute as your chiffon-light hose in the "nude" shade, you know. It delicately enhances the natural smooth beauty of your skin. Indeed, it may well be a gossamer-thin bit of chiffon laid smoothly over brow and cheek to glorify the beauty of one's own complexion and natural coloring.

The new Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

NUDE

~the New
Pompeian
Shade of Powder

is made expressly for the typical American girl. Unless you have the dazzlingly white skin that is so rare, or the dark olive skin of the true Spanish type, you will surely claim this perfect shade for your most effective use—to make the utmost of your natural charms.

With it can be worn the Medium or Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom. Some women can successfully use the Orange tint as well, for the Nude shade of powder is most suitable with all shades of rouge. Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom, a rouge of exceptional quality, come in perfect shades and tones for the various types of skin. Both are absolutely pure, and have the virtue of adhering well to the skin.

Pompeian Bloom is now presented in the daintiest of new containers. Ask for the "purse size." Powder and Bloom each 60c.

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HUGE perfect raspberries; luscious scarlet strawberries; tart ruby-red cherries give Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatins their fresh entrancing flavor.

It's the actual juices of these fresh fruits that make all the difference. The flavors are rich and true.

Even before you taste it you will begin to like Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin more than any other you have ever used.

You will like its fruity fragrance—its quivering tenderness.

You will prefer it because it jells more quickly and never settles into a gummy streak—you will like the way it whips—and especially you will like the way it unmolds cleanly

and perfectly. This—and the fact that it has no slightest trace of gummy taste or odor—prove the great superiority of the gelatin of which Royal is made.

Once you taste its wonderful flavor of fresh ripe fruits, you will look upon Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin as the standard for gelatin just as you consider Royal the standard for baking powder.

Purest and best for children

Now that experts in nutrition lay so much stress on the positive benefits of pure gelatin in the diet of children it is essential that you use only the purest and best. Ask for Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin at your grocer's. You will recognize the red package, the same color as the Baking Powder can.

"Even the men," wives write us, "instantly notice its fresh fruit flavor and the children never tire of it no matter how often they have Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin."



In Five Luscious Flavors:
Raspberry, Strawberry,
Cherry, Orange and Lemon

ROYAL fruit flavored GELATIN



The moment you open the package, the entrancing fragrance tells you its flavor comes from fresh fruit. You know it is different from anything you've ever bought before



As you pour on the boiling water, the gelatin has no slightest gummy odor or taste—just that same warm fragrance that the fruits themselves exhale in the sunshine

Easy to unmold—Just hold the edge of the mold with both hands and dip it up to the very rim into warm (not hot) water while you count 10. Place a plate face down on the mold, reverse quickly, then lift off the mold and serve immediately



THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 108]

Outside the strange house Ames drew a breath of relief. Turning to Carol he explained: "I passed your house on the way—I'm staying at Robertson's. Isn't there a longer way to go back? I want to talk to you, if I may. I must know you," said Ames impulsively. At that moment his mother and Telva belonged to another lifetime.

"Why?" she demanded pausing. "Because I need to know some one like you...I've had a rather strange life—it was difficult to translate things into her simple language."

"We're all in a bad way—isn't that it?" she smiled almost tenderly. "You know my father's story? Of course you do. No one who stops at the Robertsons but hears it...our story is better known here than my poor Valja's."

"Yes, they told me," admitted Ames. "Your father must be the real thing. You are. Already, I know you to be different from any other girl I ever met—"

"Just what did you come here for?" Carol ignored his compliments.

"A newspaper story which I chucked as soon as I saw that it would bar me from her presence—and yours. I mean to buy some of Valja's junk—because I want one of her portraits of you. You are such a darling."

"Don't spoil what might be a happy friendship," she broke in. "I have never liked being made love to—although you would be different from the Summer boarders. I'm not keen about love, as a matter of fact. I'm afraid of it, I've seen what it brought my father and Valja. I'm glad that I'm merely an accurate typist," her pink lips set in a straight line.

"Do you think that will prevent you from ever being in love?" asked Ames. "Perhaps not—but I shall marry no one—"

"Nonsense—you, who were born to be loved—"

"I've not finished," she interrupted gravely. "I shall never love anyone unless my love can help him. Oh, but I mean it. You must remember that I know much of the world and the love between men and women. Love and sacrifice are often one and the same." The blue eyes were so eager that Ames found himself floundering for an emphatic answer.

"Theoretically you are right." He was contrasting this girl with Telva and the rest of Telva's kind, the modern daughters who pride themselves upon being "the egg in the coffee" and who published their theories "right out of the top drawer"... his mother's small, exquisite self came before him, try as he would to banish the picture.

"Have you ever worked hard at anything?" demanded Carol.

"Why, of course—what a question—" "What an idea, you mean. But you haven't. I knew it the moment I saw you. You have the look, the something that says 'I've never tried myself out—hardly worth the effort'... Oh, you must get to work," she commanded.

"Why?" Ames came up beside her and held her by her arm.

Carol studied him for a moment. "You are weak—with the possibility of becoming unbelievably strong," she decided. "Dad will agree. Come for supper—it's to be merely salmon loaf, nut bread and jam. Dad likes to meet real people," she paused as if annoyed at her inference.

Then she entered the pergola gateway leading to the house. Ames followed.

JIM CLIVE welcomed him with the pathetic restraint that an exile welcomes a transient of his own renounced caste.

When the men were alone Jim Clive, more than ever the gentleman and artist in spite of his homespun suit and briar pipe, turned to Ames with the frankness which is never misunderstood between men of honor and said: "Carol's a quaint thing...you like her?" his slim tapering fingers with their painfully calloused tips tapping on his chair arm.

"Very much, sir," admitted Ames. "She has never been in love nor known the world as you and I know it...of course you know the story—you're staying at the Robertsons! You're an attractive and experienced young man—don't hurt her...She has weird notions in that red-

gold thatch of hers. Sometimes they worry me. By the way, what's your job?"

"I'm to look after my father's estate or read law," Ames confessed with reluctance. "My father was a rich meat packer, my mother a beautiful young actress. As I am her only child she has dedicated herself to me," his eyes straying over the mantel where a finished canvas of Carol was hung.

"A spoiled boy," he said briefly, "but don't spoil my girl.... that's a warning."

IT was six weeks before Ames returned to Dalefield. Six swift weeks—revolutionizing weeks for him, six uncertain ones for Stanley. From the first she had mistrusted this journey. When Blair laughingly informed her that Ames had written in his resignation and refused to send any story concerning the mad princess, but was staying on for a rest and to pick up antiques, Stanley had been on the defensive.

"Probably he's in love," Blair advanced as explanation for Ames' cropper regarding the "Press."

The next day Stanley wired for Ames; she was ill and needed him. The message reached him at the close of his sixth week in the north woods. Snow was warning stray transients to hurry home. The semi-weekly train running to Fox's Point had been changed to a weekly schedule.

Ames obeyed the summons as a soldier obeys the order to mobilize. There was no alternative.

"I won't say good-by," he told Carol as he came into the Clive living room late in the afternoon. "My mother, who is ill, has sent for me. Perhaps I've been a careless truant. I've left word with Valja as to sending the things—please give her this," handing Carol a check. "You're in charge of the royal treasury, I take it—the things can follow at leisure—but I wish you'd hurry to Dalefield. We need you," holding her hand.

"I'd be afraid to come to Dalefield—" she said in a breathless voice. "You are afraid of—her," pausing as if she was frightened at her boldness.

"You mean—my mother?" Carol nodded. "Terribly afraid—you are still a little boy who has grown-up tantrums on the side," pointing at him with a tell-tale finger.

"You are the strangest girl I have ever met," uninvited Ames sat on the settle and began playing with the fire set, "and the loveliest."

"And you are wonderful," she responded to his amazement. "I'm thinking aloud," she added, "when I tell you I like you very much; that I hate saying good-by."

The old clock croaked out with malicious promptness that it was time to leave. Carol started—she must be with Valja as early as possible—she must pretend that it was nothing Leroic to say good-by to this spoiled man o' dreams. While she struggled to do so she became conscious that tears stood in her eyes.

"I don't want you to go—very poor technique to let you see how I care," she began again between a sob and a laugh. "But I do...I'm primitive enough to be frank and say that I cared from the very first."

Ames' first reaction of joy was followed by one of confusion and regret. He must be more sure of himself—Carol was so unspoiled—

"Dearest," patting her awkwardly, "you are as sweet as you are intense—but wait. Think this all out and be certain just what you are letting yourself feel—"

She looked up with startled eyes. "That could never change things—it is one of the things that just happens! Perhaps I would have prevented it as readily as you had I had any choice. I told you that first day that I was afraid to love—"

"Stop being afraid—and find the right person," he advised, "keep on liking me tremendously." Ames was kissing her hair, her neck, tilting back her head to find her lips.

She drew away and looked at him accusingly. "You must remember that we care so differently," she said gently—as if explaining it to a refractory child. "You are having a new sort of thrill. Father warned me. He said: 'A fine enough lad but not a man for any woman just now.'"

So he left her, turning from his seat in the wagon to catch the last glimpse of her blue frock and shining braids, her eyes smiling through their tears.

PARTLY due to worry over Tante, who had been discharged from the nursing home and walked out daily alone to come to grief over a curb with a fractured kneecap as a result, Stanley had given way to her obscure heart trouble. She explained this in pensive murmurs as Ames sat beside her bed.

Then she sat upright among her flock of tiny, lace-trimmed pillows and pulled the satin quilts over her knees. "Do you know that I worried lest you fall in love with some Evangeline. Russians are as fascinating as they are uncertain. This woman was old, was she not—she has probably loved many times?" with patronizing tenderness.

Ames' laugh was reassuring. "She is seventy and half mad."

"She had a companion—a secretary?" deduced Stanley so quickly that Ames started as if a door had made an unexpected sound.

"An official and altogether unusual person," rattling on in his lightest manner to describe Carol, stressing the story of Carol's father and the life the two had lived. "A dear, queer girl," he ended—"nothing of Telva's vivid—"

"Oh, Telva's a lamb," defended Stanley; "she has been as considerate of me as if she were my daughter. She is received everywhere," Stanley urged. "This nonsensical veneer covers a proud little thoroughbred who happens to be awfully fond of you. Blair, that thing of tatters, does not like her and has influenced you. He sent you on this trip," her green eyes regarding the November twilight with a threatening gaze.

"You remember Blair didn't care for Telva—he is indifferent to women as a matter of fact. Blair has not influenced me." Ames squared his shoulders as if that finished the accusation. "Mia, let's go south and hunt sunshine."

"I agree—let's go some place on a boat—do the old West Indies again, pretend you're a little boy and that I know almost as much as your nurse," hoping for enthusiasm in his reply. Idly, Ames consented. They discussed Tante; she must stay at the house if she liked, dear old Tante; what a responsibility she was getting to be.

Stanley now took up the next argument—Telva. Ought not Telva come along? She had a cough and was thin. Her situation was distressing.

The first week in December there sailed from New York, Mrs. Stanley Van Zile, her son Ames, and Telva Monroe. Dalefield had cause to whisper approving asides to the effect that there never could have been serious scandal between Tony Monroe and Mrs. Van Zile—was not his daughter going to the West Indies with them and, undoubtedly, would marry Ames? Lucille Monroe had been a fanatic as is often the plight of ugly women with handsome husbands.

The second week in March saw the Van Ziles in New York, Telva having gone to New Orleans. She dared to invade the home of her ancestors by reason of her recent engagement to Ames Van Zile. To date Ames had been merely coy and cooing but her ring was almost a three carat diamond with a circlet of pigeon-blood rubies and she was well on the way to getting her choice of her mother-in-law's best laces.

AMES returned to town with nothing of his mother's or Telva's triumph. He dreaded getting into line, as he termed it. What he dreaded was facing reality, accepting the inevitable. He planned on writing Carol the news at once. Instead he had deluged her with souvenir books and a lace mantilla, experiencing a schoolboy guilt in doing so. Inwardly, he found himself fretting because he had no word from her—save a note forwarded from Dalefield and catching them in Havana. Before he had written to Carol—which meant before the little red jewel box in Dalefield was cluttered with packing cases and wardrobe trunks on this first day of their return—Telva [Turn to page 112]



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THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 111]

came sweeping up the drive in Stanley's electric brougham to spread the glad tidings. She rushed upstairs to where Stanley was listening to the housekeeper's report. Brushing the latter aside she announced in her most vivacious manner:

"Dear future mamma, upon what do you think your son took an option in the north woods? Nothing less than the reincarnation of Helen of Troy done in henna and innocence! She has come to Dalefield either to be declined or accepted—a trifle awkward considering," twisting her engagement ring with an exaggerated gesture.

"Helen of Troy?" said Stanley in amused alarm. "Ames, is Telva trying to create a scene? Come forth and be masterful."

In dressing gown and slippers, his hair uncombed and his face flushed, Ames left off unpacking and obeyed.

"To proceed: when I went back to my wreck of a hotel," ran on Telva, "I found the place in an uproar—not over our engagement, dear me, no—but over one Carol Clive who had arrived from the aurora borealis or some place as spectacular and remote. She had been with them a fortnight. Her father had been killed by an accident, a stroke or something, so she decided to follow on to Dalefield. You had told her that would please you above all else."

"Ames, did you actually promise the girl work?" asked Stanley anxiously.

"Of course I did—she is very capable."

"They are keen about her," Telva added begrudgingly, "chiefly because they are waiting to see what will happen. She has the poise of an arch-duchess, the innocence of a teething babe and the wardrobe of an indigent grandmother!"

Before the afternoon ended Stanley and Telva began to avoid any mention of Carol and Ames had found an excuse to leave them.

He discovered Carol in the hotel dining room. She wore a shabby blue serge frock cut square at the neck very like the one he had last remembered her wearing. Later in the stuffy plush parlor, "Tell me about it," Ames said. "Was it very terrible? Perhaps you would rather not tell me just now?"

"It was so bleak and unbearable afterwards—I ran away from myself—and came here."

"And you were alone," said Ames.

"Valja had gone off in a gust of temperament and extravagance," she explained. "Do you despise me?" he asked.

"Worse; I love you," in the tone she had used the morning of their good-by.

"My dear child," drawing his chair closer. "This is as unfair to yourself as it is perplexing to me. You see, I am engaged to Telva because—"

"Your mother wished it. She must be a wonderful person. I've heard much about your mother and Telva—and you—"

"You're crying," reaching for her hands Ames forgot the publicity of the parlor.

"I am. In half a moment I shall sniff! You can't help not meaning the things you said in the north woods—that was a different you speaking. One who seldom has a chance to exist!"

"Put on your things and come home with me," as if giving a command. "I want to take you to my mother—"

Carol consented because: "I'm not afraid to go," she offered in a spirit of challenge.

SO this is Carol?" Stanley said simply,

holding out both hands in greeting.

"Ames has talked of you without pause. My dear, have you bewitched him? We feared lest he return to be a wood-chopper. Sit here," leading her to a chair. "I can understand. My adored father died when I was sixteen—it broke my heart. Even yet there are days—" gazing off at the fire effectively. "Ah, here you are, Telva, come and admire the Carol bird... Ames had sense enough to bring her straight to me!"

Stanley's lips closed into a firm, thin line as Telva, all gardenias and black lace, inspected Carol with mock gravity.

"I shall padlock Ames from now on," she announced cheerily. "Have a Martini? Then I'll have two—I must do something to stimulate my hatred and terror—at present, my feelings towards you are something it would take a Nihilist committee to define—"

"Don't tease, Telva, you may have a surprise or so yourself," interrupted Ames.

"I'm glad you brought her straight to me," Stanley stroking Carol's arm as if she were a newly acquired possession.

Swords shone in Stanley's eyes. Another goal was in sight—to destroy Carol and all that Carol might attempt to correct or create!

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

THE AMAZING FRENCH

[Continued from page 24]

Deputies and Senate were torn by those unfortunate dissensions which are found wherever the multiple political party system exists. The situation looked hopeless. The French bankers joined the bankers of England and America in asserting that a large foreign loan was essential and was the only means of averting disaster. Such a loan was impossible to obtain without the cooperation of the American banks, and such cooperation was impossible without first ratifying the agreement reached by the American and French Debt Commissions.

As a means toward national safety a coalition Government was formed under the leadership of M. Poincaré. In this Government almost every political group in the Chamber had its representation. Past antagonisms were forgotten and Briand, Herriot, Painlevé, Tardieu and others rallied to the support of Poincaré.

At first, I think it may be said that it was the Government's intention to ratify both the British and American debt agreements and to apply for a large loan in order to stabilize the franc. But in the midsummer of 1926 Georges Clemenceau addressed an open letter to the President of the United States deprecating the terms of the settlement, and declaring that France would not yield her freedom of action to any nation, be it her age-long friend and ally the United States or any other. The reaction to this letter outside France was distinctly unfavorable, and the feeling was nearly unanimous that it was an unwise thing to do. On the other hand, the letter met with an overwhelmingly favorable response in France. There

was a spontaneous rally to the sentiments expressed, which showed how deep an affection and admiration the people of France have for their grim old Tiger.

Before the publication of Clemenceau's letter it was not certain that the Government could obtain a majority in the Chamber and Senate for the ratification of the American Debt Agreement, but after it appeared there was so little chance of putting it through that the attempt was not made.

It was then that the French Government brought into action all its courage and resourcefulness, and by a series of skillful financial manoeuvres checked the fall of the franc and held it steady at about twenty-five to the dollar. Confidence was soon restored, capital ceased to flow out of France and gradually began to return. It was found that a foreign loan was not necessary and that France had come back financially.

Therefore it is unwise to predict disaster for these amazing people. A year ago they were pictured as, hat in hand, asking help from their seemingly more prosperous friends. Today many believe that their financial house is in such order that, in some ways, they hold a commanding position.

Another amazing change has come. Americans, as such, have ceased to be unpopular. When it was thought by the French people that they were at our mercy, their resentment was bitter. Now that they are free and can deal with us on equal terms their old-time friendly feeling for us is becoming more evident every day. And that is as it should be.

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ADDRESS

DEAR WAR MOTHERS

[Continued from page 5]

mothers and widows who suffered loss of sons and husbands that their noble sacrifice was futile. "Was the war worth while?" he asks. "What did America gain by her outpouring of blood and treasure?"

What did America gain! America did not go into the war tempted by lure of gain or profit, or to gratify feelings of passion or hatred. She went in because she had to go in to defend her rights and her ideals. She went in to serve humanity. Any other course would have been craven. For America the war was worth while. Under its stimulus our people rose to sublime heights of patriotism. Welded together in one great, unselfish moving cause, they found their old bearings of devotion to the cause of freedom. They fought that this government of the people might endure, as did their sires before them.

Under this inspiration we have bounded forward in the past ten years, morally, materially, and spiritually. We are doing things for the glory of mankind, for the glory of God that would not have been possible before. There is a renewed and reverential prayer for world peace, for which America's entry into the war and the manner and method of her engagement in the struggle provided fresh impetus.

I should like to think that the time may come when we shall be finished with war. If that time is to come, I want young America—as confident, as intrepid as David of old—to lead the way. But, meanwhile, let us not forget that it was a steady arm, an unerring eye and the rounded stones in his sling, as well as a just heart and unselfish purpose that gave David the victory over Goliath.

Yes, I should like to think the time will come when war will be banished from the earth. I should like to believe too that never again will the gnarled and twisted ambitions of any one individual in authority be permitted to plunge the world into agony. And yet even democracy is safe from the domination of the autocrat only so long as an intelligent and patriotic people hold fast the reins of government.

We all know well what the American woman gave in the World War. Her spirit was as buoyant as that of the wounded French nurse whom I had the honor of greeting in the base hospital at Souilly three months after my arrival in France. General Pétain pinned the *Croix de Guerre* upon this brave young woman's breast and said, "My daughter, the General of the American Armies is here to wish you well." Summoning all her strength the wounded girl smiled and murmured: "Mon Général, I am happy to meet you for I wish you to see what French women are willing to suffer for their country."

With all the American woman did in those days, her opportunity for still greater service is at hand. As citizens women have become full partners in the best system of free government yet devised by the mind of man. But the privileges which have been recently bestowed upon her carry with them certain clearly defined obligations. Here the Gold Star Mother has an opportunity for patriotic leadership in peace comparable only to the great sacrifice she has already made for her country in war.

Who has a better right to take her place in the forefront and help her sisters use their power of equal suffrage at the ballot box intelligently and loyally? Of all women the Gold Star Mother appreciates the importance and the honor of citizenship. Let her then emphasize the basic fact that the constant and thoughtful exercise of its obligations alone can preserve our liberty.

But each individual woman must realize that she is directly responsible for just the kind of government that she accepts. It is her duty to master not necessarily the intricacies of politics, but to understand the underlying principles of government. She must learn for herself until practical courses in citizenship are established in all our schools. She must inquire carefully into the moral character, the fitness and the sense of responsibility of those who stand for office in her town, her state, and her nation.

If lawlessness, wastefulness and corruption exist in government, woman must take her share of the blame. If officials

in legislative or administrative positions are demagogues or charlatans, the fault lies with the citizens themselves, men or women. A government can be no better than the average of its citizenship. Successful government cannot be based upon sentiment as its problems are intensely practical. True patriotism is not confined to time of war, but is an every day principle of political life.

Everything that man accomplishes or tries to accomplish is due to the inspiration of woman. As deep in her nature as the primal impulse of motherhood is woman's yearning for protection for those whom she loves. Nowhere is this instinct more clearly manifest than in her abhorrence of war. Herein lies her chance to employ the majesty of her newly won power. War is essentially destructive. Woman's nature is naturally constructive.

Let woman fuse all her force, all her spirit, and all she has learned from the grim lessons of the past into implacable resolve to give her country strength, power and influence among the nations.

If the Gold Star Mother and her sisters will strive for an America, virile, efficient, God-fearing and law-abiding—an America adequately prepared against the armed aggression from without and the stealthy propagandist from within, they will best advance the cause of enduring peace among all peoples.

In the World War those of us who had fateful decisions to make faced with assumed placidity the casualty lists that mounted and continued to mount day after day. But we were sustained by the faith of those back home, especially by the unfaltering courage of the mothers of our boys. These mothers represented to us then, and they represent to us today, something that cannot be put into words—the "something" that Raphael put into the Transfiguration, that Whistler put into the portrait of his mother.

It is stating a self-evident truth, but it cannot be emphasized too often, to say that the mothers, the sisters, the wives, the sweethearts of our men were the real heroes of the war. Their task was more difficult than ours. While the soldier splashed through the mud or bivouaced in the snows of northern France, the women at home had to carry on patiently without the stimulus of constant action, of events so exciting, so fast-moving as almost to stun our emotions.

The American woman never wavered. She displayed no weakness, no infirmity, no haunting doubt. She made us strong. Without her aid both at home and at the front we could not have gone through to victory.

The millions America rushed to arms were not professional soldiers. They were mothers' boys, with the upbringing and the splendid spirit of the dauntless, enlightened women, whose blood coursed through their veins. They were as great as any soldiers ever assembled under any flag.

In May, 1918, when the American commander advised the Allied High Command that when possible our troops then distributed among the Allies would be brought together as an autonomous army, he knew the stuff of which his soldiers were made. He knew dependence could be placed upon them.

This confidence was brilliantly justified in our offensive against the enemy on the Marne and in the campaigns of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. This last and greatest American offensive was directed against the German juggler. The stroke succeeded, because the mothers of America had given us boys whose moral and physical cleanliness, whose spirit and dash, whose courage had never been surpassed.

The war not worth while! Nay. From the great stimulus of devotion to an unselfish cause there resulted enormous educational as well as patriotic and spiritual values. America and her traditions became, almost over night, a glowing, living thing to millions. The conflict welded our people into solidarity. It extended our horizon and gave us a broader outlook on international affairs. It taught us to love our own country more than ever. Over and above all else it spelled a lesson of the imperative necessity of preparedness. Thus the sacrifice of America's sons has perhaps pushed further [Turn to page 114]



Adds Glossy Lustre— Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

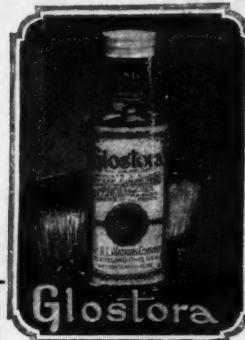
If you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do. impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

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A few drops of Glostora



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10 Days' Approval



POPULAR SONGS

- 2344 Me and My Shadow
- 4131 Wreck of the Old 97
- 2331 Ain't She Sweet
- 2337 Picky Lindbergh (Patriotic)

- 2330 Lady Lindbergh, How I'd Like to be You (Comedy)
- 4118 No, No, Positively No
- 4119 May I Sleep in Your Barn
- 2345 At Sundown
- 4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget
- 4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
- 2386 Where Do You Work, John
- 4136 I Can't Forget Mary
- 4135 Robin's Gambler
- 4142 Log Cabin in the Lane
- 4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold
- 2323 Get Away Old Man Get away
- 2250 Well I Swam
- 2278 Bye Bye Blackbird
- 2278 Chinky Charleston
- 4118 Little Rosewood Casket
- 4118 Letter Edged in Black
- 4132 She Ought to be Home
- 4132 A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother

- 4088 Floyd Collins' Fate
- 4127 Pickwick Club Tragedy
- 4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
- 4117 Ben Bolt
- 4117 Where River Shannon Flows
- 4098 Rose from Ireland
- 4098 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
- 4128 Under Some Old Apple Tree
- 4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy
- 4123 Juanita
- 4123 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia
- 4128 Lone Trail Rose
- 4128 Old Black Joe
- 4128 Dixie Land

COMEDY

- 4112 Flanagan at the Vocal Teacher's
- 4094 The Arkansas Traveler
- 4094 Flanagan in a Restaurant
- 4092 Flanagan's Married Life
- 4092 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
- 4092 Hy and St and the Line Fence
- 4075 Church in the Wildwood
- 4040 Voice of the Chimes
- 4040 Nearer My God to Thee
- 4040 The Lord is My Shepherd
- 4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
- 4057 Safe in the Arms of Jesus
- 4057 When Roll is Called Up Yonder
- 4057 Throw Out the Life Line

SACRED (Songs)

- 4081 Listen to the Mocking Bird (Whistling)
- 4081 The Song Bird (Whistling)
- 4081 Arizona Traveler (Fiddling)
- 4081 Turkey in the Straw (Fiddling)
- 4081 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1 (Band)
- 4081 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2 (Band)

DANCE SELECTIONS

- 1402 Mary Lou (Vocal Chorus)
- 1405 Little Spanish Town (Waltz, Vocal Chorus)
- 1405 You're Kind of a Girl I Can Love
- 1405 Aloha Bop (Vocal Chorus)
- 1405 Moon in the Heaven
- 1405 Black Bottom Slide
- 1405 Charleston Choo Choo
- 1405 Honolulu Moon (Waltz, Vocal Chorus)
- 1405 Huddles Puts

HAWAIIAN

- 4023 My Old Kentucky Home
- 4040 O Sole Mio
- 4040 Aloha Lele
- 4040 Honolulu Bay
- 4040 Johnnie
- 4040 Kamehameha

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You may send me on ten days' approval the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. When the ten records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of \$1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records ten days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory I will return them, and you agree to refund at once all that I have paid, including postage for returning the records.

1 4 7
2 5 8
3 6 9
4 10
Place crossmark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.
Important (Write Clearly)

Name
Address
City State

DEAR WAR MOTHERS

(Continued from page 113)

into the future the possibility of another armed conflict.

The war made possible important achievements in every branch of endeavor. Medical science advanced a generation in two years. It is even predicted that the span of human life may be doubled as a result of discoveries in preventive and operative medicine in the war laboratories.

Aviation is taking enormous strides. The war, in a sense, made possible the epochal flights of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and Maitland, those intrepid American fliers who have spanned both oceans. Events move fast in these crowded times. We are almost bewildered by the wealth of invention and achievement. We can hardly keep track of progress in this rushing post-war period.

In the World War America gave freely of herself to humanity. We may feel content with the part we played. It was indeed a world-saving work. It was a proud thing to be an American then and it is a proud thing today. It seems to me this, truly, is a time for thanksgiving.

And, if in the calm contemplation of the nine years that have passed since the armistice, and with malice toward none, we can build for the future upon the lofty, enduring basis already established, then the mothers of America have cause for rejoicing.

No, Gold Star Mother, your hallowed dead did not die in vain.

Your son and you placed something in the minds of men that has not perished and that will not perish!

With sincere affection,

John J. Pershing,

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 27)

atmosphere of their evenings to suggest the informality of the baseball park, rather than the solemnity of the concert hall. Before the music starts one may hire a mat to mitigate the hardness of the concrete seat, and between numbers one is visited by wandering vendors of soft drinks, alert to furnish solace to throats parched with listening. He will even find rain checks; for while the concerts are given in the Great Hall of the college in case of an early rain, in cases where the rain begins only after the music has begun the hearers are entitled to seats for the next concert.

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

(Continued from page 24)

graduates frankly criticize the courses and regulations prescribed for them. But none should know better than they that the students reflect rather than create the modern tendency to frank speech and franker criticism. No advice from a parent will impress a child of ten as much as the example of a child of fifteen; no faculty can mean as much to the undergraduate of 1927 as the graduates of ten and twenty years ago.

In many respects the college student of today, far from being rebellious, is the most hopelessly conservative of individuals, and his teachers despair in their efforts to keep him from taking the precedent of his elders (which may be a precedent of callow criticism) for unquestionable truth. What the older critic resents but often fails to make clear is that these young people's conservatism is based not on his standards but on those of the generation between his and theirs.

Price has been reduced 44% since its inception in 1925 while Quality has increased 100%.



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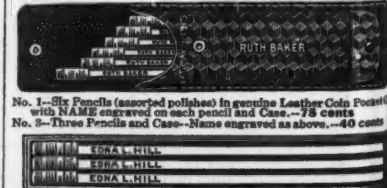
If you cannot locate your nearest dealer write Dept. 6 for his name and literature.
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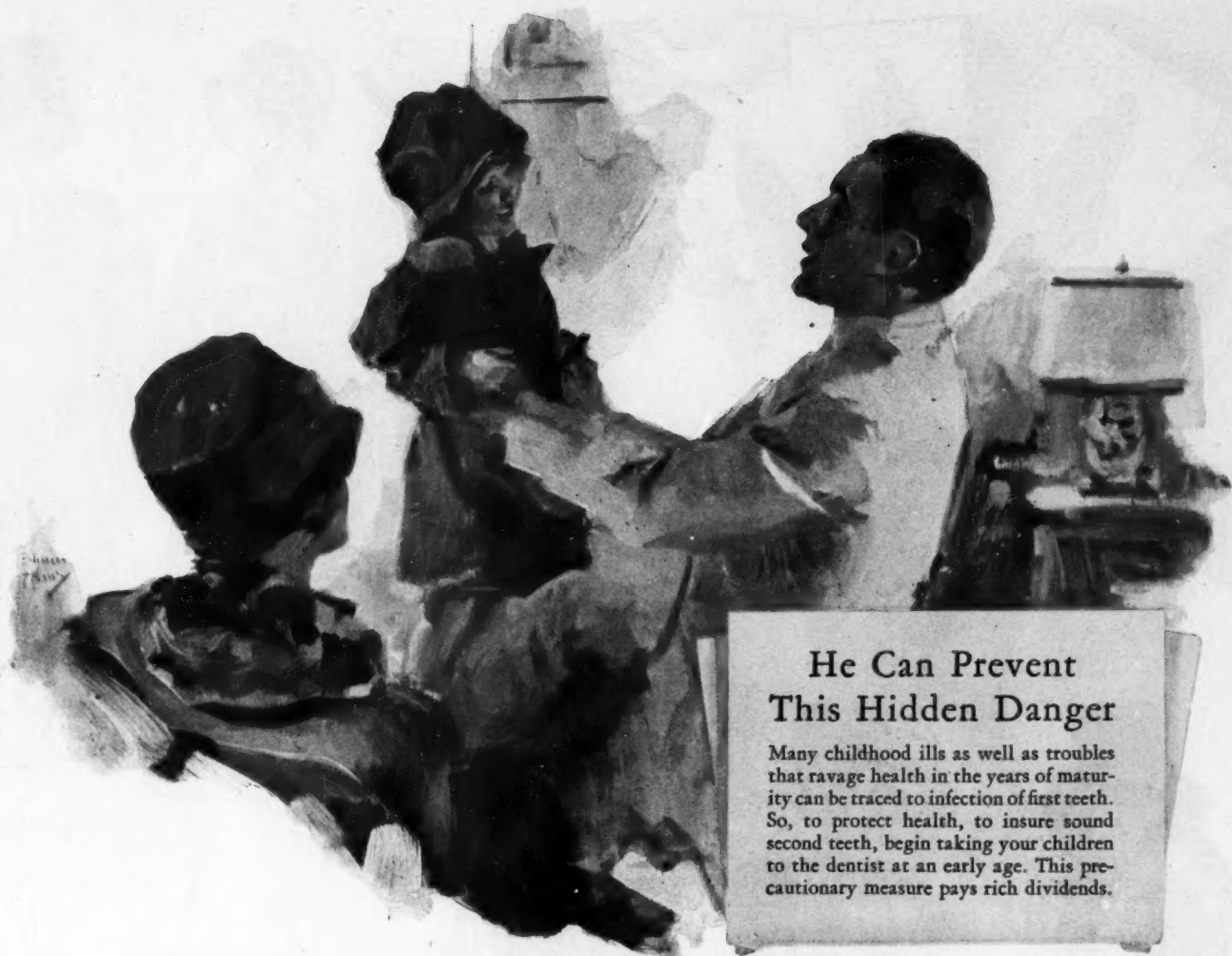
NAME stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case—FREE Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all



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ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
7583 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Why 4 out of 5 are penalized

The true worth of a healthy mouth cannot be computed in dollars and cents. It is far too precious.

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass on the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe—Pyrorrhea.

*At These Uneven Odds . . .
Don't Gamble*

What an insidious enemy it is! In its stealthy advance it leaves a trail of havoc. Its poison that forms at the base of teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Then such really serious troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anemia, nervousness and facial disfigurement often follow.

Make sure that you and your children will never be among the unfortunate 4 out of 5. Two simple preventive measures will protect health. Let your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using

Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your loved ones this good habit.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist,

prevents Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course—if used regularly and in time. It firms gums; also it keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay!

Don't wait for danger signals, for gums to become tender and

to bleed, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Prevention is far easier than cure. Be on the safe side and start using Forhan's for the Gums now.

It is unlike ordinary tooth pastes. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is health insurance that provides protection against this dread foe. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York*

You Can Be Sure Of This

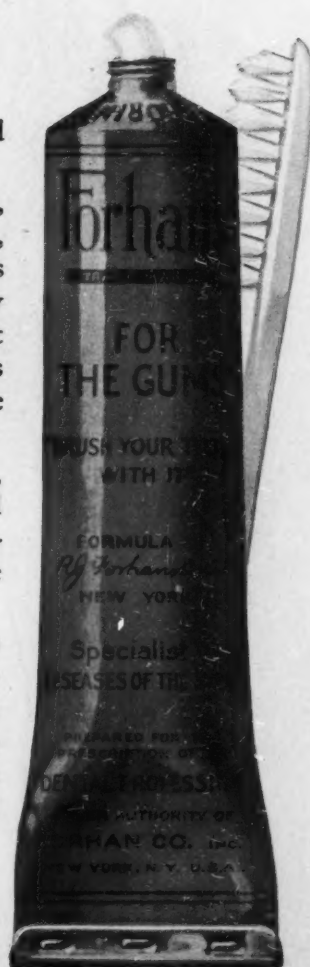


Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a telltale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. All druggists—35c and 60c.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
... IT CHECKS PYORRHEA





THE CORSET-LIKE LININGS

BOTH Callot and Chanel of Paris solve the "what-kind-of-corset?" problem by making a kind of corset into the gown, especially for evening. Heavy net is used double, fitted, reaching nearly to the knees and ending in four elasticities. This feature is significant as a step toward the revival of the fitted lining; we are to appear more tidy. Certainly it is a more comfortable and convenient way of dressing.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5088. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt with front inset. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 7/8 yard of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 5097. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch reversible material. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1409 in darning-stitch may be effectively used.

No. 5107. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt with circular flounces. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch; camisole and skirt foundation, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5084. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Fan-shaped trimming in straight-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1594.

No. 5100. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Motif No. 1590 would be smart in satin-stitch.



5083
Emb. No. 1590

5106



L'ECHO
DE
PARIS



5098
Emb. No. 1590



5108
Emb. No. 1496



5110

TOBACCO SHADES ARE NEW

SNUFF and tobacco shades appear to be supplanting the popular beige. It is smart to wear an entire costume of tobacco shades and carry a very large handbag of bright, light red leather. Stockings are deeper in tone to match. In the evening, a snuff brown satin slipper is worn with any gown except certain green or purple shades. Width in skirts is everywhere accepted. All skirts swing free of the body.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5083. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Motif No. 1590 would be effective worked in satin-stitch.

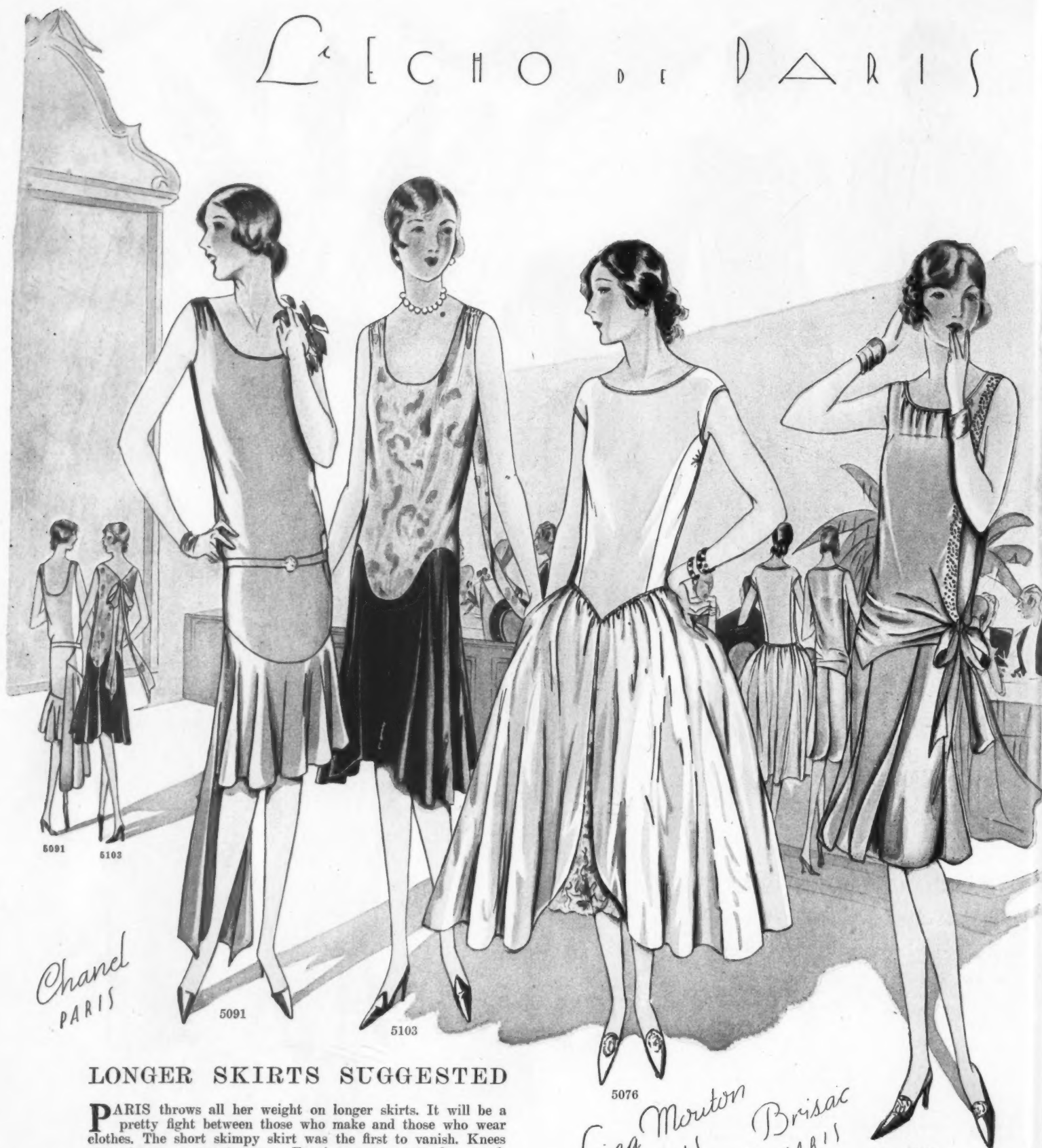
No. 5106. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5098. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Motif No. 1590 adds a chic touch worked in satin-stitch.

No. 5108. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1496 in darn-ing-stitch would make a simple decoration.

No. 5110. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting shield, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



LONGER SKIRTS SUGGESTED

PARIS throws all her weight on longer skirts. It will be a pretty fight between those who make and those who wear clothes. The short skimpy skirt was the first to vanish. Knees are not seen on smart women. Evening gowns creep downward, also hips are suggested by panier effects. Extremists put puffs of fabric like ostrich wings over each hip. Short trains appear at parties. These are all indications of a new restlessness.

ANNE RUTENHOUSE

No. 5091. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; two-piece circular lower section with drapery forming a short train. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured; 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch plain material. Width, about 3 1/2 yards.

No. 5103. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular skirt with uneven lower edge. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured; 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch plain material. Width, about 3 1/2 yards.

No. 5076. Misses' and Juniors' Evening Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; back underskirt, 7/8 yard of 40-inch; front underskirt, 5/8 yard of 30-inch. Width of underskirt, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 5077. Misses' and Juniors' Party Frock; with loose panels. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Beaded trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1548.

Blanch Rothschild

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5108
Emb. No. 1610

5097

5107

5106

PARIS SPONSORS RED AND BLUE

RED, blue, also white, are fashion's chosen colors this season. Fashion seems to have taken our flag as its color guide. Lipstick red continues, also geranium red. Sports clothes have red jackets, cardigans or blouses, with white skirts and little blue felt hats. Red hat bands are worn. White satin or chiffon evening gowns are very smart with a red flower or girdle. Red crepe de Chine frocks appear on the street with wool coats of dark blue.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5108. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1610 in single-stitch would be smart.

No. 5097. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece skirt with tunic; long fitted sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch reversible material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5107. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; two-piece camisole skirt with circular flounces. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5106. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4930. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with single breasted closing. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5042. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with cape and novelty sleeves. Size 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4965. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with shawl collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 yards of 40-inch material.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5099. View B. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with shawl collar and pleat inset at each side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

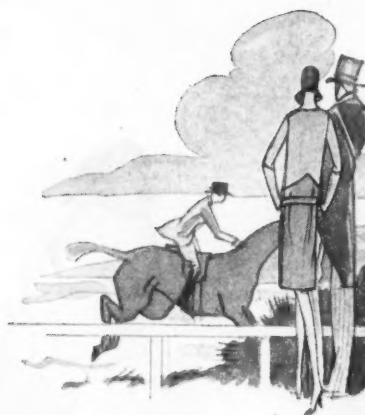
No. 5109. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with pleat inset at each side and center back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5099. View A. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with circular lower front section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch.

LE CHOIX
DE PARIS



5027

5031
Emb. No. 1260

5031

5082
Emb. No. 15535029
Emb. No. 1519

5027 5029



5082

No. 5027. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years. 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires waist, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting skirt requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 5031. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years. 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch light; 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch dark material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Motif may be developed in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1260.

No. 5029. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years. 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch; vest, 1/2 yard of 40-inch and 1/2 yard of 2-inch lace. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1519 developed in satin-stitch may trim vest.

No. 5082. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1553 would be smart developed in wool in satin- and buttonhole-stitch.

L'ÉCHO
DE PARIS



5105



5105



5039



5104

Emb. No. 1590



5104



5039

5084



5084

No. 5105. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with tunic; scarf collar and circular lower sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch light material; 2 yards of 40-inch dark. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 5104. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; pleats at front; long fitted sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Motif No. 1590 in satin-stitch would add a chic touch.

No. 5039. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; featuring the new diagonal seaming; kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch light; 2½ yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5084. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; surplice front; long set-in sleeves; inverted pleat at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch or 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.



5043

5020

5026

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5030

5105

5043
Emb. No. 1590

5020

No. 5020. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch light; 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 5043. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Motif No. 1590 in satin-stitch would be smart.



5026

5030
Emb. No. 1539

5105

SPORTS FASHIONS

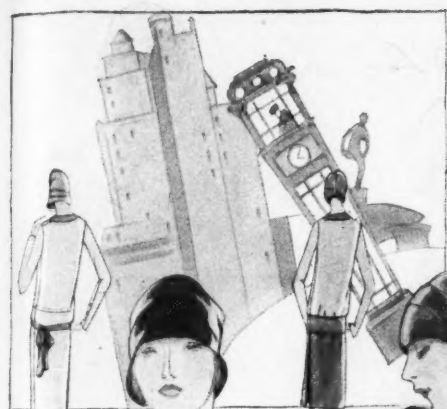
IN London, where every new feature of sports clothes travels around the world, a large floppy flower of tinted leather is worn with a leather belt to match. The leather is finished like slipper suede. Hats are tilted over one eye and are of satin felt similar to velour. Wool crepe is a favorite of the dress-makers, as are cheviot and tweed. Suede pull-on gloves, suede shoes, and enormous zipper handbags complete the ensemble.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

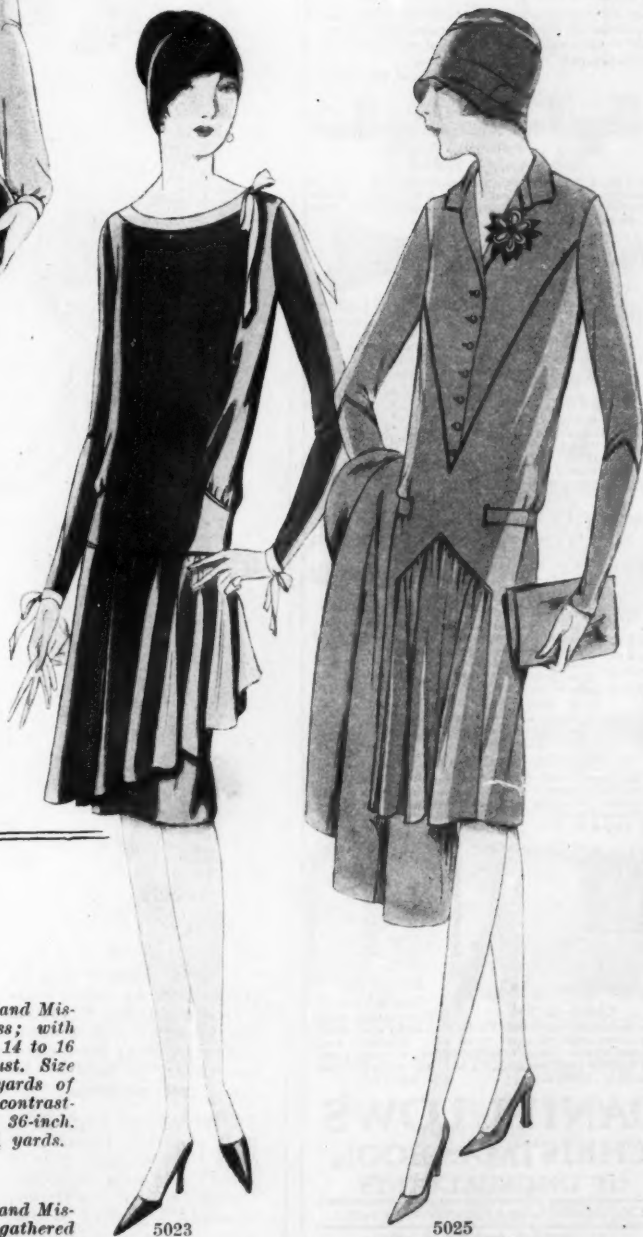
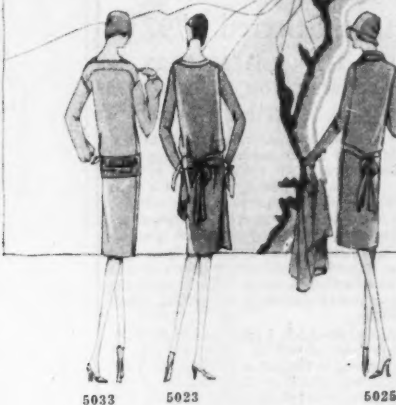
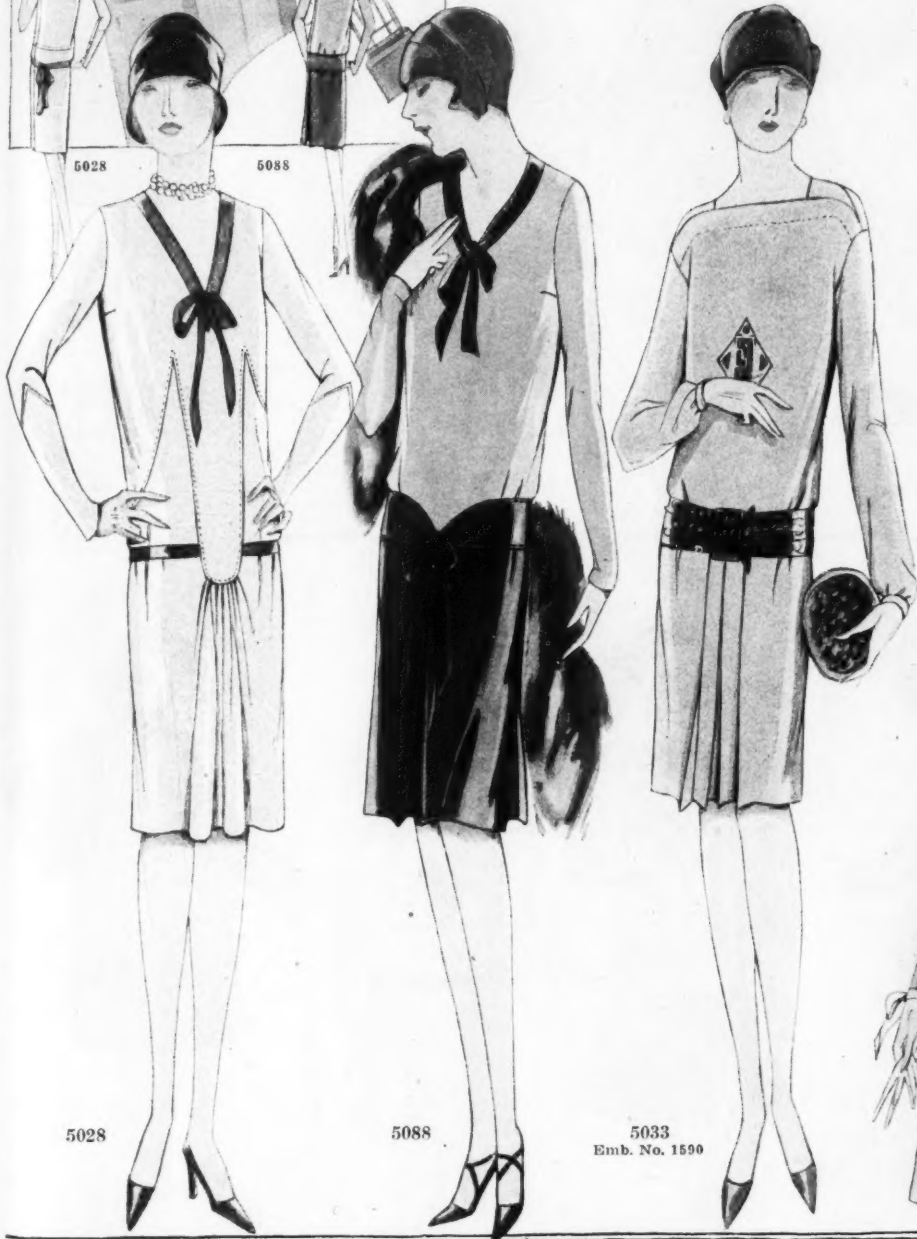
No. 5105. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; waist and skirt joined in an irregular line. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5026. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; lengthened by straight gathered flounce. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 5030. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; long fitted sleeves. Sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1539 may be used to trim.



L'ECHO DE PARIS



THE NEW COLORS

PARIS puts the flag of victory on blue this season. Chanel and Patou chose it to dominate their fall collections. Probably flag blue will lead all the others. Blue hats, blue belts, big blue suede flowers and dark blue leather handbags are the smartest of accessories. Beige appears often, also bottle green. Beige coats carry collars of red fox shading to pale yellow. Gray and cinnamon brown are popular, black of course holds its own.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5028. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; long fitted sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5088. Ladies and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt with front inset. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch light material; 2½ yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 5033. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch; belt, 1½ yards of 5-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Monogram No. 1590 in satin-stitch may be used.

No. 5023. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with front tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5025. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with gathered front inset. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards. Flower may be made with Design No. 1585.

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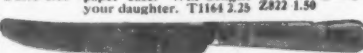
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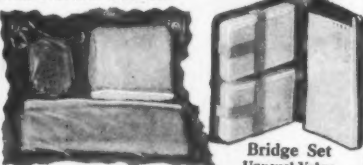
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L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



4977



4776

4952



5032



5079



4898



5078

Emb. No. 1546

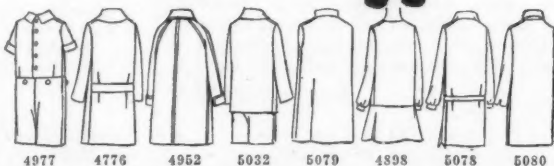


5080

No. 5079. Child's Slip-On Dress; with tie collar. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting inset, bands and collar, 1/4 yard of 32-inch material.

No. 4977. Little Boy's Suit; knee trousers; blouse with short sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires, blouse, 1 yard of 36-inch material; trousers, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4776. Boy's Overcoat and Cap; coat with convertible collar. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; lining requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.



No. 4898. Girl's Dress; with circular skirt and long gathered sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards 40-inch; skirt, 1 yard 40-inch material.

No. 5078. Girl's Slip-On Dress; long gathered sleeves; convertible collar. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1546 may be used to trim.

No. 5080. Girl's Coat; convertible collar; one-piece set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 11 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; lining requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5032. Boy's Suit; knee trousers; jacket with two collars. Sizes 4 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; detachable collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4952. Boy's Single-Breasted Overcoat with raglan sleeves and patch pockets. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

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L'ECLO DE PARIS



4436



5079

4530
Emb. No. 1589



5024



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5093
Emb. No. 1522



4886

5096
Emb. No. 1590



5081
Emb. No. 1528

No. 5081. Girl's Dress; closing at shoulder. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch light; 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch dark. Appliqué No. 1528 would make a smart decoration.

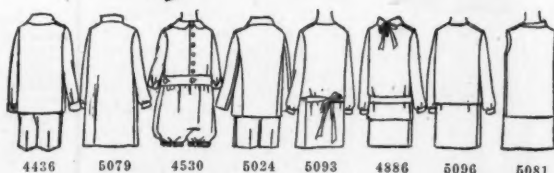
No. 5024. Boy's Three-Piece Suit; knee trousers buttoned to blouse. Sizes 1 to 10 years. Size 8 requires, jacket and trousers, 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; blouse, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

No. 4530. Child's Romper; dropped back. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Motif may be made with Embroidery No. 1589.

No. 5093. Girl's Slip-On Dress; dropped shoulder. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1522 would add a decorative touch in daisy and rambler-stitch.

No. 4436. Little Boy's Suit; knee trousers; long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

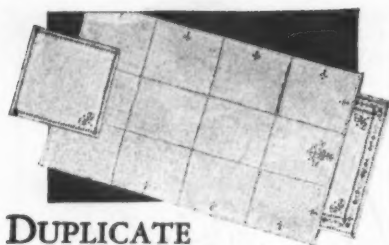
No. 5079. Child's Slip-On Dress; with gathered sleeves; contrasting panel. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.



No. 4886. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; skirt attached to underwaist. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch plaid.

No. 5096. Girl's Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards 40-inch; jacket, 3/4 yard 40-inch. Motif may be worked from Embroidery No. 1590.

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5021

5094

5094
Emb. No. 1590



5078

5078

4949

4875

4936

4875

4936

No. 4875. Girl's Coat; shawl collar; inverted pleat at each side front. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5021. Girl's Slip-On Dress; four-piece skirt with shirrings at front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting 1/2 yard of 40-inch.

No. 5078. Girl's Slip-On Dress; convertible collar; long gathered sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch of 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5094. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Monogram Motif No. 1590 may be worked in satin and outline stitch.

No. 4936. Child's Double Breasted Coat; with convertible shawl collar; one-piece set-in sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. No. 4949. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with two-piece straight skirt and short set-in sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

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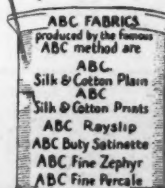
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Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 106.

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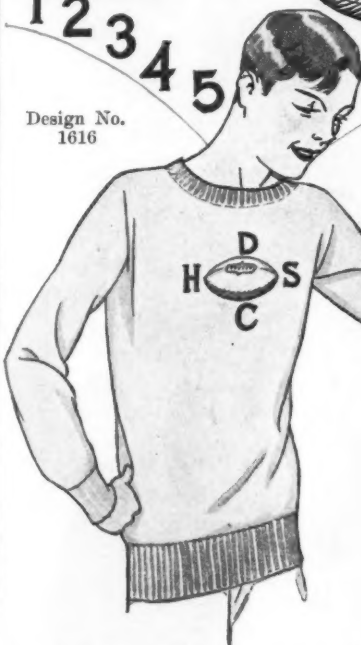
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The Sports in High School Togs

by Elisabeth May Blondel



Design No. 1616

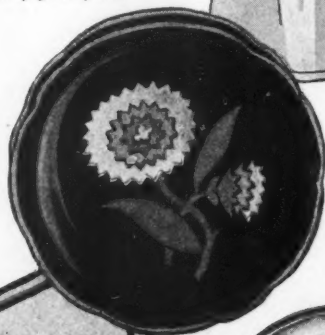


No. 1616. Washable sport prints that can be impressed in fast navy blue are very popular on sweat shirts, middie blouses, bathing suits, etc. Girls as well as boys wear them—a flapper head, an Indian, a bull dog, team initials and figures, etc.

No. 1602. Every high school boy or girl adores to wear the sticker with the new silhouette motifs that can be painted in with India ink following the outlines. They are simple to do, decorative and new.



Design No. 1602



1601. Pillows of sateen or felt are smartened by colored felt motifs stitched on. See below.



1601



1601

1601. Polo pony of black felt; rider, green, white, red, tan; golf girl (9 inches high) in vivid cerise, orange, green; flower in two shades of rose and green; all ready to stitch.

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Stars

of the screen use this trusted eye beautifier

80% of movie stars questioned say that they use *Murine* to keep their eyes always clear and luminous, and to relieve eye strain caused by working under glaring studio lights and the brilliant California sun.

Used night and morning, *Murine* will keep your eyes free of irritating particles, relieve strain and promote a clear, bright, attractive condition. Contains nothing harmful. Try it!

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Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 92, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for booklet checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

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There's a way to keep your hair just-so, without any of that objectionable, "plastered-down" look. Just use a few drops of Danderine—comb it through hair, or use a Danderine-dampened towel—you'll be amazed at the way your hair then behaves, and its beautiful lustre!

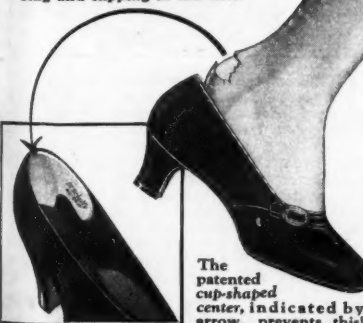
Any permanent wave or water wave lasts much longer and looks much nicer when Danderine is used instead of water to "set" the wave. Of course, you know what Danderine does to dandruff! Dissolves every bit of it. Puts scalp in the pink of condition. Invigorates hair and hair-roots. Why use anything else?

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Get a bottle of Danderine and start its benefits today. Every drugstore in America has it, for only 35c. For the finest dressing you could find, and the best aid to hair health yet discovered, just try—

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Prevents wearing out and staining at the heel; stops shoes rubbing and slipping at the heel.



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At trifling cost, you can prevent your hose from wearing out and staining at the heel, and at the same time enjoy the added comfort of wearing shoes that do not slip or rub at the heel. These are the benefits you get by attaching Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liners in your shoes. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoes. Sold in shoe, drug and dept. stores everywhere—30 cents per pair. Insist on getting the genuine, with the cup-shaped center. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

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Voguish Embroidered Touches by Elisabeth May Blondel



4991 Dress and Bloomers with Emb. design.

No. 4991. The 8 to 10 year old school girl wears a tailored frock finished with embroidery at the belt line. Especially smart worked in colored wools. Adapted to 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years.

Emb. No. 1565. Dress 5097.



Dress 4624

No. 1565. A snappy costume for the girl student features a diagonal band worked with colorful wools, chenille or silk floss, and sleeve motifs that repeat the gaily mixed colors. The model is No. 5097, adapted to 14 and 16 years, 36 to 42 bust.

Emb. No. 1610. Dress 5049.



No. 1610. An inverted V-Motif embroidered in the simple straight-stitch shown in detail above, lends charm to this model, No. 5049 (sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). A corresponding 2 1/4-inch banding finishes the belt; embroidery adaptable to wool or chenille.

No. 1615. For the small tot's dress, smocking is the most desirable and effective trimming. Dainty in pink, blue and lavender, following instructions row by row. Child's Dress with Bloomers No. 4624, adapted to sizes 2, 4, 6 years.

Smocking Design No. 1615.

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EVERYONE is wearing smart cotton prints today. It is a beautiful vogue that is sponsored by Paris. But to be certain of superior quality, absolutely original, charming patterns, and guaranteed fast colors, be sure to see "Genuine Fast Color Peter Pan" on the selva.

GUARANTEE "We will replace any garment made of Genuine PETER PAN if it fades."

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About Babies



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Waxed Flowers are in Fashion by Elisabeth May Blondel



1611. Waxed flower bouquets, a new handcraft.



1611. Life-like in form and coloring are these three specimens; rose, cornflower and sweet pea.

No. 1611. Artificial flowers have risen to the rank of a fashionable art craft. And the process of waxing the crepe paper blossoms to give them a protective finish, is not difficult to learn. Nature's own exquisite colorings are now cleverly reproduced in crepe paper, which is quite inexpensive, and each individual flower form can be copied to look almost life-like, by the use of cutting diagrams and instructions contained in this design. As a decorative medium, these waxed hand-made bouquets are considered in excellent taste, and command high prices in the better shops. The list contains such attractions as dogwood, tulip, narcissus, nasturtium, rose, lilies, oriental poppy, etc.



1609. Showing one of the set of gaily colored labels, 7/8 x 2 inches.

No. 1609. As gay and attractive as can be imagined is this modern bathroom cabinet, for the bathrooms of today have joined the rest of the household in the free expression of color. Decorative floral medallions, colored in rose, blue, lavender, green and yellow, are easily pasted on the various bottles and accessories that go to make a well equipped bathroom. The pieces are adapted to 12 labels with names (Witch Hazel, Mouth Wash, Face Lotion, etc.), and 14 assorted motifs suitable for glasses, towel rack, etc. A coat of varnish gives a durable and washable finish.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 106.



They love this "candy" and it stops their coughs

Ever since the days when grandma was a tomboy, Smith Brothers Cough Drops have been giving safe protection against coughs and colds. They gently medicate the throat tissues, quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Absolutely pure—and a treat to children! 5c.—S. B. or Menthol.

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May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form. Just dissolve one in your mouth.

No matter what the cause of your impure breath, stomach, teeth, food, smoking, drink, it will go... instantly.

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May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form

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Have Saved
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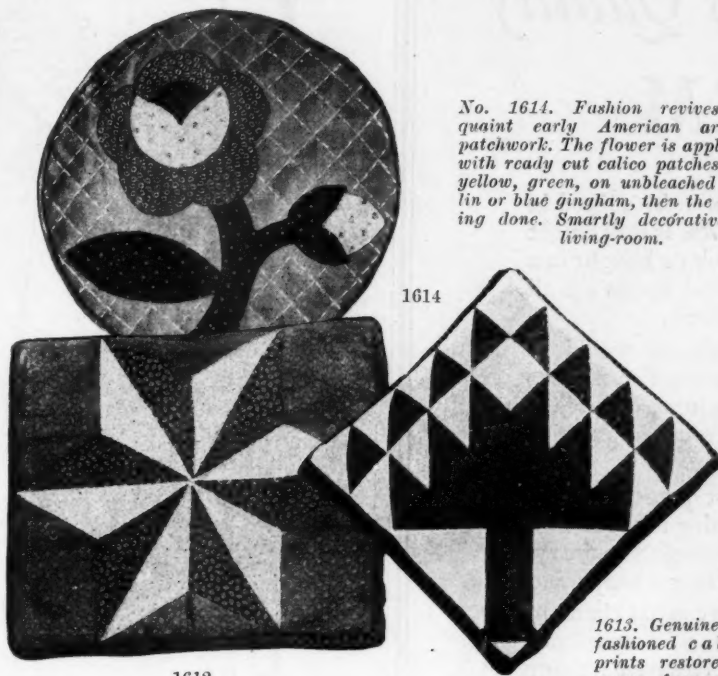
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Patchwork Pillows a New Vogue

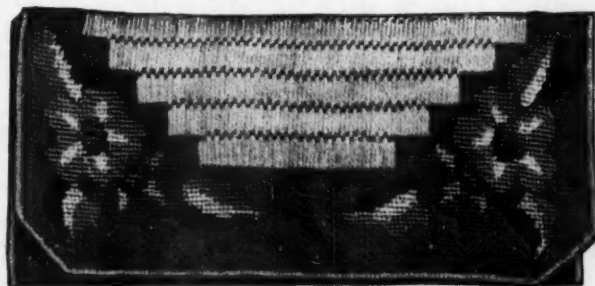
by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1612. Numerous triangles of calico ready-cut are fitted together to make this lovely old Colonial "Star of the East" design, 11 1/4 x 13 inches. Materials all ready cut simplify the work to the requirements of modern women, and happily restore an art dear to our grandmothers. Assorted red, yellow and green ready-cut triangles, 4 oblong pieces and pillow back provided.

No. 1613. Another genuine model that will be recognized by the older generation is this "Pine Tree" pillow (11 x 11 inches), made of triangles, half of them green calico prints, half white unbleached muslin. All ready cut, they are easy to fit from the accompanying diagrams and instructions; even a child could work it in the spirit of a game.

No. 1600. Quaint samplers that follow closely old museum originals are fascinating to work today, and they are often found adorning the wall of a guest or living-room. This charming design is procurable on linen and the cross-stitched figures and details are to be worked with strand cottons in the appointed colors. Size, 10 x 13 inches.



No. 1599. A handy envelope bag that is worked by its owner is a continual joy, especially when it is up-to-date in style and coloring, and when a design such as this can be had on canvas all ready for working. It may be worked in wools or with crepe twist. In this illustration, wool was used, the flower corners in petit-point stitch, the two-tone background easily filled with long uneven stitches. The back has a flower motif in center. Size closed, 4 3/4 x 9 3/4 inches.

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—[THIS IS NO. 4 OF A SERIES]—

The Glamorous Quality CHARM

THERE ARE no rules for charm. It isn't listed in the correspondence school courses. It isn't taught in schools or taken out of a book or bought in a shop. Yet schools and shops and books are all used by the woman who has charm.

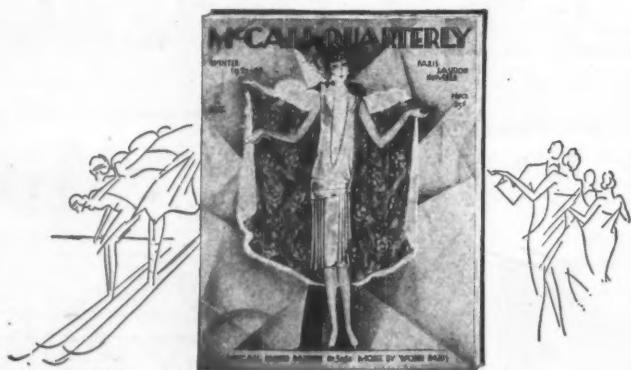
The shops contribute clothes. He would be foolish who said that clothes created charm, but women who possess this glamorous quality express it in their clothes as in every other thing they touch.

It's true that charm is most particularly the quality of being pleasing—pleasing to the soul. If it includes the quality of being pleasing to the eye that is so much the more charming a happening.

At their lowest value, clothes can aid charm by refusing to dim it with crass colors or crude lines. At their highest, clothes themselves have a charm—the charm of blended shades, smooth lines, exquisite textures. Yes, charming women consider carefully their clothes!

As you must consider yours.

Consider them with the McCall Quarterly of Styles between your fingers—with the pages of new fashions spread out in a miniature review for your appraisal. Choose each separate garment with dispassionate attention—first for its lack of all that is unpleasing, then for its possession of all that most nicely matches your mood, your person and the occasion. Choose your clothes as though each garment were to be worn in one hour of all hours when you would wish to look your best—and then, live up to them though the heavens fall!



WINTER ISSUE McCALL QUARTERLY

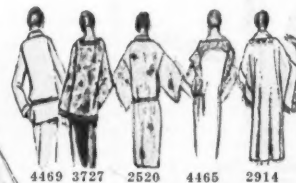
Now on Sale—McCall Pattern Departments
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2520

4465
Emb. No. 1426

2914

4469
Emb. No. 1590

No. 4465. Ladies' and Misses' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, large, extra large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Lace bands, 3 1/2 yards of 3 3/4-inch. Embroidery No. 1426 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 2520. Ladies' and Misses' Japanese Kimono. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, 4 yards of 36-inch; bands, 1 1/2 yards 4 1/4 inches.

No. 2914. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, 4 3/4 yards 36-inch. No. 4469. Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Monogram Motif No. 1590 may be worked in satin- and out-line-stitch.

No. 3727. Ladies' Pajamas. Sizes 34 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch.



3727

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THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

story closely. There are three or four rearrangements, shiftings of the events for stage purposes, and all these, as rarely happens in dramatizations of novels, are distinct improvements. The effective settings for the story are retained; that vivid court that has seen golden days in its time, aristocratic balls where ambassadors danced, family tradition, a delicate and lovely life long passed from its old walls, which shelter now these negro lodgers; the wild island with its tides and jungles and humming sands; the panelled room with its great bay window looking on the sea with Fort Sumpter against the skyline.

The fine sense of dialect, with traces of the South Carolina "Gullah," shows even more in the play than it does in the book. And above all, the gentle feeling, the humanity of sentiment of *Porgy* has not been lost, nor that loving understanding of the sweetness and childishness and emotional richness of the negro nature. And in their dramatization Dorothy and Du Bose Heyward have finely preserved that same division between the two races, so well conveyed all through the book and especially in the scene where Archdale comes to the court to inquire for Porgy and nobody there has ever heard of him or heard his name, till they learn that Archdale comes as a friend. We feel constantly this gulf between white and black, so poignant, vivid and dramatic.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

company with others of his race he stakes out a quarter section of land and begins cultivation. What befalls is more or less in line with the accepted hardships of pioneers. There are famine and cold, superstition and ignorance. By the time the tale is done, a great section of prairie has become a new granary of mankind.

The incidents in *Giants in the Earth* are seldom dramatic. Perhaps the chief zest of the book is the gusto that pervades its writing. Rølvaag knows his Norsemen and he feels their immensities of spirit, their great appetites for land, for food, for children. There is poetry in the comic zest of Per Hansa and his mates. There is comedy in their relationships. There is epic force in their work upon the land.

Giants in the Earth is proof that there will never be one novel which can embrace all of America. The racial variants and backgrounds that interweave our patchwork civilization cannot all be woven into the pattern of one book. Here is a strong thick novel, filled with poetry of earth and man, that does no more than study one short wagon train of farmers from one small European state.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

traordinarily poignant moving story of August Schilling, a German-American bank cashier in Milwaukee. One fateful day his employers send him on a mission to Chicago with a packet of negotiable securities, and in the course of the journey his path is crossed by a comely but far from scrupulous blonde. The culmination of this story provides a dramatic climax of intense strength—one which gives Mr. Jannings a magnificent opportunity for the display of his vast emotional power. Indeed, *The Way of All Flesh* enables him to do more than he has ever done before; he does it amazingly well.

The Way of All Flesh (which, by the way, has no connection with Samuel Butler's novel) is evidence of the fact that the artistic gulf between Hollywood and Berlin is becoming ever narrower.

Also recommended: *The Patent Leather Kid, Resurrection, The King of Kings, Seventh Heaven, Stark Love, Chang, What Price Glory, Old Ironsides, Beau Geste, The Big Parade.*



Care of Babies

This baby has never had a day's sickness and never a cross or fretful spell that lasted an hour. And what do you suppose is responsible for this healthy, happy condition? Not diet, for he has eaten just about anything and everything a child could eat. Not drugs, for he has not been dosed with opiates; he has never had a drop of paregoric. Nor has his sensible mother ever made him taste castor oil. Yet his nerves are sound and his little bowels are strong, and when he does seem the least restless or wakeful, or out of sorts—or likely to be—his mother has him all serene again in ten or fifteen minutes!

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WINONA WILCOX



LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

✻✻✻ WINONA WILCOX ✻✻✻

I AM going to vary the pattern of the page this month. In two letters which are peculiarly and typically modern, which show the newer angles of our changing thought, which reveal departures from certain popular opinions and prejudices, I am going to present the opposite sides of a much discussed matter.

We frequently hear that woman's ideas about motherhood are changing. Now if nature's obvious object is the reproduction of the species, it is important that every marriageable girl should have a definite attitude toward maternity. She should know whether in her own heart she honestly desires a family; or whether she merely will endure maternity as an unavoidable incident of matrimony; or whether she actually will resent maternity because it interferes with her social or business success; or whether she desires marriage without motherhood because she supposes that love alone will inspire her to perfect self-expression.

The following letters may arouse approval or criticism, but they at least will enlighten, although they may astound, many of the normal-thinking, normal-living persons who are endeavoring to maintain our social equilibrium.

Dear Winona Wilcox: All my life, without one single person trying to set me against motherhood, I have been antagonistic to the whole business of it. I am now a mature woman yet there never has been a day when I sighed for "the clasp of little arms about my neck." That seems to be the principal maternal chant of the "womanly woman."

Please understand me. I do not claim that women in general should feel as I do. I do not undervalue those women who truly crave children and domesticity. Not providing they can come through with a clean bill of good blood and good health for their offspring, they are the ones to provide the community with fine children who will become splendid citizens.

But it is not true that all women are essentially maternal, that they subconsciously long for motherhood. I stand as an unmistakable example of the type whom maternity repels beyond measure.

I am a writer of plays. I have had those plays successfully presented.

I love the intellectual life, the fascination of a successful professional career, and I do not ask what is wrong in my make-up, for I know that if they would be fearless enough to tell the truth, a great many other women would confess the feeling just the same as do I.

So, without being the least bit worried about myself, or my aversion to the domestic tie in the shape of bondage (bondage to me at least) of wifehood shackled to motherhood, I simply send this letter for you to use in your column, if you wish to do so, to show that a perfectly healthy, perfectly sane and normal woman, such as myself, may and does infinitely prefer other fields of life to what men—also some other women—are pleased to call her "natural sphere," wifehood and motherhood.—T—a.

Here we have a presentation of the individualism women lately have developed. Already this individualism is influencing marriage, probably is doing its share in disintegrating it. Marriage was devised in order that a man's children might inherit his property, the work of his hands. Its sole object in the beginning was to guarantee to a father the surety that his own son and not another man's should inherit the wealth he accumulated by the sweat of his brow.

Marriage was not invented for love's sake, not to safeguard the wife and mother for her own sake. And today by some queer break of fate (dare I say of justice?) the es-

Motherhood versus a career—motherhood as a career—which offers modern woman her most lasting happiness?

These and kindred questions come to this department with increasing repetition. Let's talk it over!

If you prefer an immediate personal reply by mail write, enclosing a stamped, self addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



sential idea in matrimony which completely ignores woman's individuality has become the weakest point in the maintenance of marriage according to our traditional code.

For, if not children for a wife who prefers her individual career, then why any marriage at all? If we are going to be honest, let us be altogether so.

I am not expressing any personal bias in the matter, I merely am trying to show how far reaching are some of the new theories which are developing from women's modern need to live up to her own natural endowment unhampered by maternity.

A conspicuously modern aspect of the above letter is the division of women into two classes, women for motherhood and women for a career. This is the queen bee and the worker bee theory. Another famous classification adds a third division, women as entertainers. With this third class happiness is the sum and substance of existence and it is in this class that the great mass of girls desire to place themselves and also to maintain themselves. The song, the dance, *joie de vivre*, beauty, fine clothes, leisure, tenderness—this is what the first phase of love means to most girls, and seldom does it mean anything else to the young woman. Thousands of women never become adult in love but remain to the end of their days in this juvenile attitude toward their romantic experiences.

Nature has devised marvelously intricate and deceiving emotional traps to further the reproduction of the species, and this conviction that love ought to produce nothing except joy is evidence that maternity in itself is not a sought-for and longed-for phase of experience. And the fact that nature must take such elaborate and circuitous psychic measures in order to accomplish her simple end proves that maternity has defects which must be concealed from the female under a romantic glamor if nature's greed for more and more life is fulfilled.

This psychic trap, one of nature's most successful traps, is the first step in the reproduction of the species. It is no wonder that women seldom outgrow the romantic conviction that marriage ought to be a state of uninterrupted bliss; no wonder that although they may become mother and worker, they also insist upon reconciling the position of playmate with maternity and a career. Certainly they never cease to be jealous of the woman who occupies that coveted place. In almost any social circle there is some beautiful, childless, care-free, pleasurable wife whose lot is coveted by all her friends.

Every woman who dedicates herself to domesticity or "a good job" feels that she also is entitled to a share of joy, and whether it is "a show" or a hotel dinner, a book or a hike or a world tour, she plays best and she is happiest when she

shares her play spirit with a man. This feeling has a great deal to do with the present evasion of maternity.

If the sincerity of the above letter causes any girl to analyze her own motives, she may discover that a good deal of the prattle about her ardent longing for her babies is sheer nonsense and affectation. What she actually wishes is the love of her lover. And that is all she wants until she marries and the fact of maternity awakens in her a new and different kind of love—a genuine devotion to her offspring.

A business girl contributes to this discussion a very old point of view but she displays it in a very modern light:

Dear Winona Wilcox: You have occasionally stressed the idea that wifehood rather than motherhood is what we modern girls yearn for. I can't agree.

The modern girl's situation is unlike that of the women of any former period of history and her independence of men has given her an analytical attitude toward them which perhaps is not for her good in the long run. Nevertheless, sometimes as she may sometimes feel about men and marriage, when it comes to babies, oh! that's a different story!

My dealings with men, both socially and in business, have taken all glamor from them. Were I to marry, it never could be because of a romantic passion. If my husband proved devoted, agreeable and faithful, I would be surprised and always I would be grateful. But should he prove disloyal, if my marriage should end in tragedy, why then my children would make work worth doing and life worth living.

Regardless of how much a business woman enjoys her position, her independence, her pretty clothes and various human contacts, there comes a day when everything seems futile. To almost every business woman, looking forward twenty years brings a panicky feeling. But it always has seemed to me that regardless of how much mothers suffer because of their husband's delinquencies, they find compensation in their children, they find in them an outlet for their pent emotions.

I believe that marriage, with or without children, can be supremely happy relation if a man and a woman are true partners, but my point is that modern men seldom maintain that relationship, and that to make up for the hurt of the neglect, we women long for our children.—J. V. B.

With the above writer, I also wonder if it is for her own good that woman has discovered all she now knows about the impermanence of romantic love. I am inclined to believe that woman's nearest approach to ideal marriage which includes faith in her husband, tenderness, ease, security and happiness is in the decades immediately behind her rather than in the quite sophisticated decade immediately before her.

Today loyalty in love is considered a romantic fiction. Women have lost a good deal by finding this out, but they have lost more. Because modern woman takes at its face value the transient emotion man hands from girl to girl, man now bereft of the complimentary idealism and exaltation the hero-worship woman formerly contributed to his casual romancing. But there remains another more vital fact.

Paternity develops and improves a man exactly as maternity improves a woman. Whenever a modern wife refuses to bear children for any reason whatsoever, for even the most admirable reason, she is depriving her husband of the chief opportunity to make the best of himself as a rounded human being.

These are not involved and abstract ideas beyond the reach of the average girl. Rather, they are easily understood and they ought to be understood by every girl who is old enough to fall in love.

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MR. CHARLES LE MAIRE, New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous.



"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"

New York City

"OF ALL THE FORMS of theatrical work that of the costume designer is one of the most strenuous. He is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals lasting perhaps all night.

"I continued in this routine for a number of years. As the strain became greater I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"I followed a friend's suggestion, eating Fleischmann's Yeast before meals and often while I worked at my sketches. In a short time I found myself again willing

to attack difficult scenes. After three or four months, I was quite my normal self again. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. My enthusiasm for work and for play was renewed. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

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ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it.

"I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman.

"I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was nervous, irritable, always constipated, his skin full of pimples. I gave him Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake in the morning and one at night. Today he is sturdy and well, with a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Marion Declercq, Detroit, Mich.

RIGHT

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a great lover of the outdoors, but my digestion got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. I now eat any kind of food and am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I wish to recommend Fleischmann's Yeast without qualification to any one with indigestion."

A. J. Johnson, Dallas, Texas



Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

WHAT do you say
when you are
mad?

Do you say a lot of silly, inconsequential things, just for the fun of making things worse?

Do you say aggravating things, and make false accusations, with the deliberate intention of inflicting hurts that will not soon heal?

Or do you say what you really mean? Do you say all the mean, vicious things, and make all the criticisms, accusations and threats when you are angry that you lack the courage to explode at any other time? Do you allow all the petty grievances that you have been hoarding for months, and that you have accumulated in your heart, to burst forth in one grand explosion?

Some people seem to enjoy quarreling—they think it is fun—but they do not realize what dangerous business it is. To drag forth another's mental or moral defects, air them, and laugh at them, is a very serious proposition; and such thoughtless proceedings often leave scars that do not heal.

I have listened to many quarrels running the gamut all the way from childish squabbles to heated arguments between people old enough to know better. None of them are elevating; none of them are entertaining; but some of them are vastly enlightening; some of them are interesting from a psychological standpoint. To anyone who makes a study of human nature, as I always have, it is of interest to know just how far anger will carry one; it is of interest to learn whether they stick to the truth, or whether they resort to malicious lies in order to prove a point. And when all is said and done, have they proven their point, and if they have, what good have they accomplished? What good does it do to cut and slash and hurt feelings needlessly? Most people are sensitive beings, and their feelings should be respected.

I have heard an individual deliberately pick a quarrel, and then dismiss the whole affair with a flippant, "Oh, that will do him good!" But *does* it do him good? Or does it only wound his pride (and do not forget that wounded pride is about the worst hurt there is, and the one that cuts the deepest) and send him away feeling more resentful than repentant?

Young married folks have many useless quarrels. They doubtlessly love each other, but they are full of ardor and youthful enthusiasm—their dispositions have not yet been tempered by the lessons of life which come with experience—they have not yet learned patience, which is one of our greatest virtues. There is nothing so glorious as youth, though youth has its faults; and one of them is that it does not take kindly to advice. Youngsters must see, and find out for themselves; they do not willingly profit by the experience of father and mother. They may be hurt and disillusioned during the process but eventually they will learn. Life may be depended upon to teach her lessons well.



WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU ARE MAD?

QUARRELS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



wound, and as utterly
useless.

Love is not blind, it has a clarity of vision not to be denied or hidden. Therein lies the danger of wrangling—we see and know, and yet we purposely wound. We only fight with our families and friends—we do not take the time or energy to argue with casual acquaintances.

And that brings me to another question—when you are wrong, do you admit it, and say you are sorry? Here lies another great danger of arguments and disagreements: it seems the most difficult thing in the world for people to admit they are wrong. Yet this should not be so—there is no merit in stubbornness. It is no disgrace to be wrong, and no disgrace to admit it. The fellow who will admit he is wrong, and who will say he is sorry, is always the biggest character, and the one which commands the most respect.

People seem to feel that they are disgraced forever if they make a mistake—but they are not. They are only disgraced when they show the smallness of their souls by failing to admit they are wrong. If you dread to say you are wrong—if you dread to say you are sorry—just remember that in many cases you can save yourself all that unpleasant apologizing by keeping your temper, and by not making rash, untruthful statements which require retraction.

There is much difference between a quarrel and a friendly argument. An argument often gives people a better understanding—it clears the air—oftentimes it does a great deal of good. You learn the opinions and honest viewpoints of others; you can see and understand their attitudes and sympathize with them, whether or not you agree with them. Discussing difficult situations wisely and sanely is a great relief. Busy hands and hearts have no time to quarrel. I find myself restless and irritable when I am not working, a mental condition which just revels in arguments and disputes. I cannot understand these people whose only ambition is to be an ornament in the world, who only want to look on as the procession of life passes.

and not be a part of it. When they are dead, they are dead indeed, they have left nothing that lives behind them. So keep busy. I have always been at work, and I am proud of it. I have trained my daughter the same way. Idleness breeds mischief and discontent and quarrels follow.

In any event, quarrels are the most senseless, useless things in the world; but we always have had them and I presume we always will. It does seem as if sane human beings should be able to adjust their differences without resorting to such common methods. There is nothing dignified or uplifting about wrangling; it is only degrading and humiliating. But if you must quarrel, maintain as much dignity and self-respect as possible by being honest and truthful; it is possible to still be a lady or a gentleman, even in a heated discussion.

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